THE GOLDEN PATHWAY

TO

A TREASURY OF KNOWLEDGE

Knowledge inspired by interest through
Pictures, Legends, Poetry, Stories
and Special Articles by
Authorities

SPECIAL INTRODUCTIONS BY
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INTRODUCTION

THE VALUE OF THE STUDY OF HISTORY

P. R. Cole, M.A., Ph.D., F.C.P.

ONE day Thomas Jones, thinker by nature and reader by choice, began to ask questions. " At school I have an outline of history " he said " but the ground is stony, and the green shoots die away. I blunder into tangled thickets of men and laws and battles ; but fail to find a clear path. There are mounds of weeds that ought to be cleared away, names and dates without meaning. I get lost among them ; but no flowers bloom, and no birds sing. I am sure that the past was not a matted jungle of names and dates, of laws and battles. There were people of flesh and blood like ourselves, people who had joy as well as trouble, people about whom I should like to know."

(Thomas Jones wanted to read something like the happy story of James V. of Scotland or the tragic account of the death of James I. of Scotland, both rich in human feeling).

A friend suggested " Try the Golden Pathway." Thomas tried it. He sat up at night to read the books. " This is what I want " quoth he. " I am coming to know Dean Colet and Lady Jane Grey, who are little more than names in the schoolbooks, much as they lived and spoke". (Stories in Section IV).

" I stand " added Thomas Jones " on the edge of an enchanted forest. A noble path lies clear before me. A way has been cut through the matted thickets and the tangled jungle. The Golden Pathway lets in the light of knowledge and the soft rain of feeling. The dried-up shoots take on new life. The names and dates, the laws and battles begin to grow into the beauty of leaf and bud. The trees send out new branches, the flowers blossom, the birds flit and sing among them, so that history becomes a glorious riot of colour and of song."

(Thomas found " a halo of romance " about the story of the bold buccaneers who sailed the Spanish Main, about the sad chronicle of the Children's Crusade, and indeed about all the tales from history that he found along his new trail).

After he had read for some time, and had made his way into the enchanted forest, Thomas Jones again began to ask questions. " If I had a guide " he said, " a scout who knows this woodland, I should understand more of what I read than when I travel alone. What am I to look for ? Is there any value besides joy to be had from this pleasant journey ? Is there a tree that will live for ever, a shrub that will always bloom, a flower that will never fade ? I should like to remember what is of lasting value, and to forget what will soon pass away.

" Perhaps the little book (Romance of Great Lives) may help me. Why, it is about myself and my travels through the enchanted forest. Let it be my guide and friend, my scout and pioneer, to cut away the branches that whip across my eyes. So shall I be able to see the way that lies ahead."

Yes, Thomas Jones, this Introduction and that booklet are both written for you and for the thousands who share in your aims. Come with me and let us make a rapid survey of the scene.

The forest that you see about us has a magic all its own, for it has produced all the goodly growth, as well as the rank weeds of people and nations, of laws and battles, of hopes and fears in the midst of which we live. Only by knowing certain parts of this great forest can you understand yourself and others. Your life is bound up with that of your nation ; and your nation has sprung from these woods. It is related to other nations ; these also you can trace as we go. That wildwood is Austria. Here we behold France ; notice how gaily the flowers bloom ! There, where the song-birds are active, lies Italy. Yon great field of foliage is the United States ; and so on.

(The story of the boy Mozart (in Section IV) takes Thomas to Austria. Thence he flies with Joan of Arc, or the naturalist Fabre, (same section) to France ; and thence, with Bruno, the martyr to science, to Italy).

" It is beautiful " replies Thomas. " I see that the Pathway leads through a dense jungle. Many of the trees and shrubs, the songs and flowers appear to be British. Britain, though not a large country in herself, seems to fill a great part of the enchanted forest. Is it that her seed has spread to other nations ? "

My dear Thomas Jones, you hardly need a guide. Soon you will be finding your way through the enchanted forest blindfold. Up to a certain point the story of the British Isles is itself the story of the United States, Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, India and other parts of the world. Wisely the road makers have clung to it !

(From the Roman Road to the Unknown Warrior who is buried in Westminster Abbey, how long, how endearing a trek !)

" Is it not possible " says Thomas " to understand the present without travelling through the past ? Not that I wish to avoid the journey ; I love it for its own sake."

No my doubting Thomas, you cannot understand the present without the past. The present is but a moment in the vast history of mankind. It has no more meaning without the past than a grain of sand has without the beach to which it belongs. We study history in order to be able to understand the present. As your guide and scout, that is the second thing I should wish you to remember.

" What, may I ask, is the first thing ? "

What you told me yourself, that we read history for the joy of it. Is it a small matter that the green shoots grow, and set forth branches and leaves ; that the buds form, the flowers bloom, and the birds play and sing in the heart of the reader ?

" The school text book used to give me little joy. Yet as we pass along the GOLDEN PATHWAY, I see trees which remind me of that book. Yon noble tree with many splendid branches, a few of which are withered or cut short, is it not a tree of kings and queens ? And what is the tall, slender palm that rises beside it ? "

Only a date-tree, Thomas.

" I see that we cannot get away from dates ; but they do not crowd the road which we travel. If I understand you rightly, my guide and scout, I am to read for pleasure and for interest, but am also to watch for those ideas and facts which will help me to understand myself, my countrymen, my nation and the world. Still there is a third thing which I want to study. It is all very well to enjoy my journey ; but I wish to examine the beauties around us in order to take away some of the beauty of history in my heart ".

Let it be so, Thomas. What you now seek is culture. Some of the branches are ideas of power and beauty ; some of the flowers are words of spirit and grandeur. Choose those twigs and flowers which you prefer ; cull them and take them for your own. It is a good plan to press those which you like best into the pages of a notebook—your own pen and ink will do it !

(Fine thoughts, well expressed, and worthy to be remembered, will be found in such passages as that from Robert Southey's Life of Nelson, or that from Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson in Section VIII).

Again Thomas spoke. " Is there anything else to gather on the way ? If there were nothing else I should be happy. I shall read for pleasure, to understand the past, and to cultivate my mind after the manner of great thinkers and writers. Yet I have an uneasy feeling that there is something else, something great and precious that escapes me. What say you, my guide and scout ? "

Right again, my dear Thomas. There is in this forest a grand and lonely mountain, which cannot be climbed or even reached by man. Some years ago I read, in the French of Anatole France, a more detailed description of this mountain than I can offer here. It is made of pure gold. As we drive along the Pathway you may catch a glimpse of it here and there, where the mists lift for a moment and the precious metal gleams and glistens. In the course of time, some grains of pure gold have been borne down from this mountain to the levels which we poor human beings can reach.

Here with questing and delving, with washing and rocking, you may hope to gather some specks of the golden truth for yourself. This can only be done in the hard way ; that is, by pains and care and labour. The search for truth is science ; and seeing you to be a lad of sense and insight, Thomas Jones, you may begin to study the science of history.

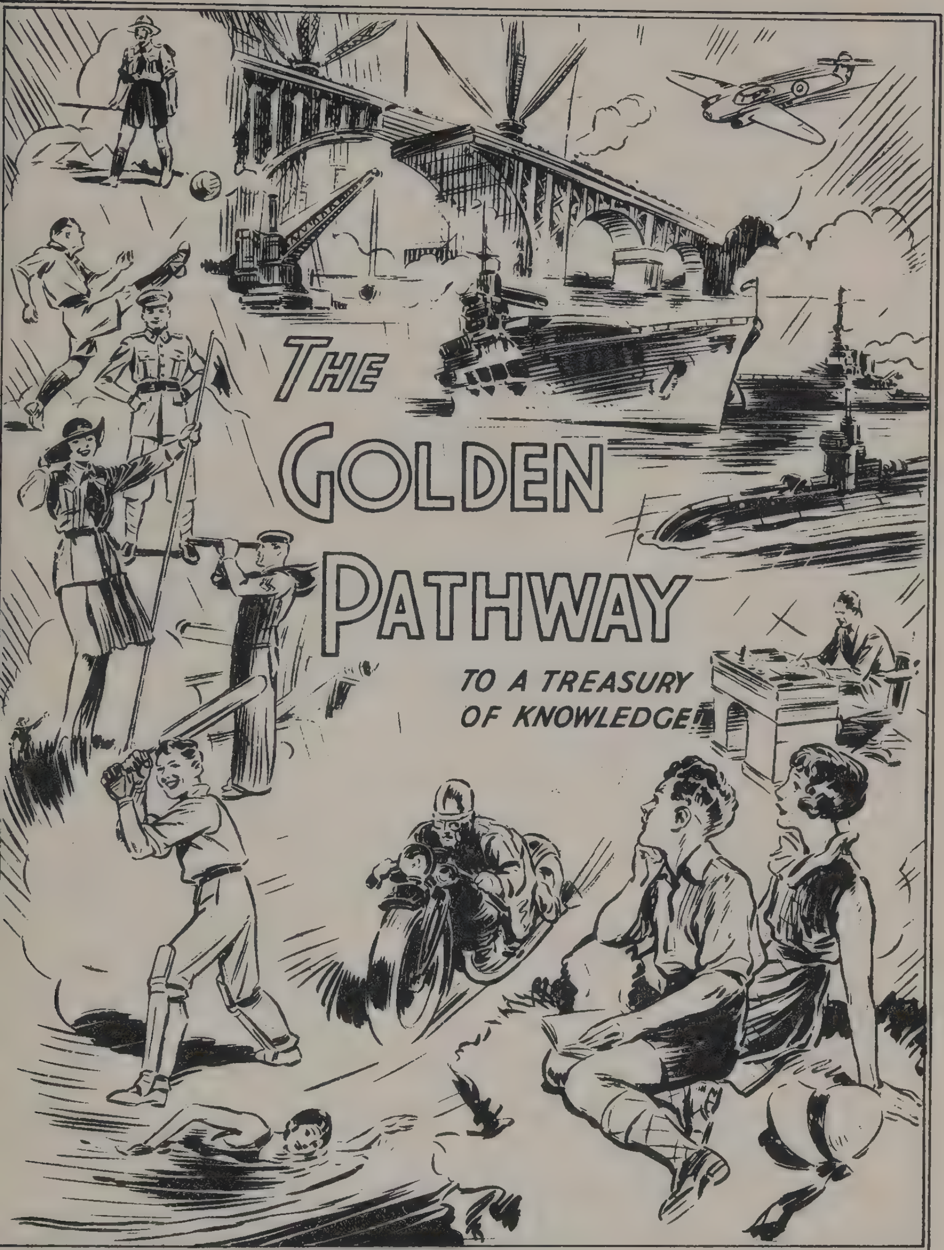
(History is treated as a science in Man, Ancient and Modern in Section V ; in The Great Plague in London ; and in other passages which Thomas and our other readers may prefer to dig out for themselves.)

How can you know them ? Seek after cause and effect ; and above all, exercise your own judgment, for if you only look where you are told, you will find that the gold has been already taken, and the pocket is bare. It is always possible that a fresh young mind may see something which others have overlooked. In the enchanted forest there is room for new discoveries, an obscure grain, a neglected nugget, a hidden reef. Yet make no mistake, Thomas, to this kind of work, as to a holy life, many are called, but few chosen !

" I think I understand " replies Thomas Jones. " I am not to expect to find nuggets of gold lying about on the surface of history. History is not an El Dorado. The golden truth lies buried under the sands of ignorance and prejudice, piled higher by the winds of time. Yet I am not to take what any historian says for granted. With the best will in the world, he cannot discover all the truth, and I may notice something that he has missed. Even if I fail to do so, I must still use my own judgment in order to decide what is pure gold, and what is but alloy."

(Read the extracts from Boswell in Section VIII Thomas, and tell me this. Does your own judgment of the character of Dr. Johnson agree at all points with the judgment of Boswell ; or have you formed an opinion of your own ?)

You learn quickly, Thomas Jones, and I can guide you no farther. You are now ready to go alone and on foot over the ground which we have covered at such a rapid pace. There is no royal road to learning ; but there is a GOLDEN PATHWAY to set you on your course. Read history for joy, for understanding, for culture and for truth ; and the greatest of these is truth.


THE
GOLDEN
PATHWAY
TO A TREASURY
OF KNOWLEDGE!

VOLUME VII

BEHIND THE SCENES OF HISTORY

HOW QUINTUS ARRIUS DEFEATED THE PIRATES

From " Ben Hur "

Lew Wallace

EVERY soul aboard, even the ship, awoke. Officers went to their quarters. The marines took arms, and were led out, looking in all respects like legionaries. Sheaves of arrows and armfuls of javelins were carried on deck. By the central stairs the oil-tanks and fire-balls were set ready for use. Additional lanterns were lighted. Buckets were filled with water. The rowers in relief assembled under guard in front of the chief. As Providence would have it, Ben-Hur was one of the latter. Overhead he heard the muffled noises of the final preparations—of the sailors furling sail, spreading the nettings, unslinging the machines, and hanging the armour of bull-hide over the sides. Presently quiet settled about the galley again ; quiet full of vague dread and expectation, which, interpreted, means *ready*.

At a signal passed down from the deck and communicated to the hortator by a petty officer stationed on the stairs, all at once the oars stopped.

What did it mean ?

Of the hundred and twenty slaves chained to the benches, not one but asked himself the question. They were without incentive. Patriotism, love of honour, sense of duty, brought them no inspiration. They felt the thrill common to men rushed helpless and blind into danger. It may be supposed the dullest of them, poising his oar, thought of all that might happen, yet could promise himself nothing ; for victory would but rivet his chains the firmer, while the chances of the ship were his ; sinking or on fire, he was doomed to her fate.

Of the situation without they might not ask. And who were the enemy ? And what if they were friends, brethren, countrymen ?

There was little time, however, for such thought with them.

A sound like the rowing of galleys astern attracted Ben-Hur and the *Astræa* rocked as if in the midst of countering waves. The idea of a fleet at hand broke upon him—a fleet in manœuvre—forming probably for attack. His blood started with the fancy.

Another signal came down from the deck. The oars dipped, and the galley started imperceptibly. No sound from without, none from within, yet each man in the cabin instinctively poised himself for a shock ; the very ship seemed to catch the sense, and hold its breath, and go crouched tiger-like.

In such a situation time is inappreciable so that Ben-Hur could form no judgment of distance gone. At last there was a sound of trumpets on deck, full, clear, long-blown. The chief beat the sounding-board until it rang ; the rowers reached forward full-length, and, deepening the dip of their oars, pulled suddenly with all their united force. The galley, quivering in every timber, answered with a leap. Other trumpets joined in the clamour—all from the rear, none forward—from the latter quarter only a rising sound of voices in tumult heard briefly.

There was a mighty blow ; the rowers in front of the chief's platform reeled, some of them fell ; the ship bounded back, recovered, and rushed on more irresistibly than before. Shrill and high arose the shrieks of men in terror ; over the blare of trumpets, and the grind and crash of the collision, they arose ; then under his feet, under the keel, pounding, rumbling, breaking to pieces, drowning, Ben-Hur felt something overridden. The men about him looked at each other afraid. A shout of triumph from the deck—the beak of the Roman had won! But who were they whom the sea had drunk? Of what tongue, from what land were they?

No pause, no stay! Forward rushed the *Astræa*; and, as it went, some sailors ran down, and plunging the cotton balls into the oil-tanks, tossed them dripping to comrades at the head of the stairs: fire was to be added to other horrors of the combat.

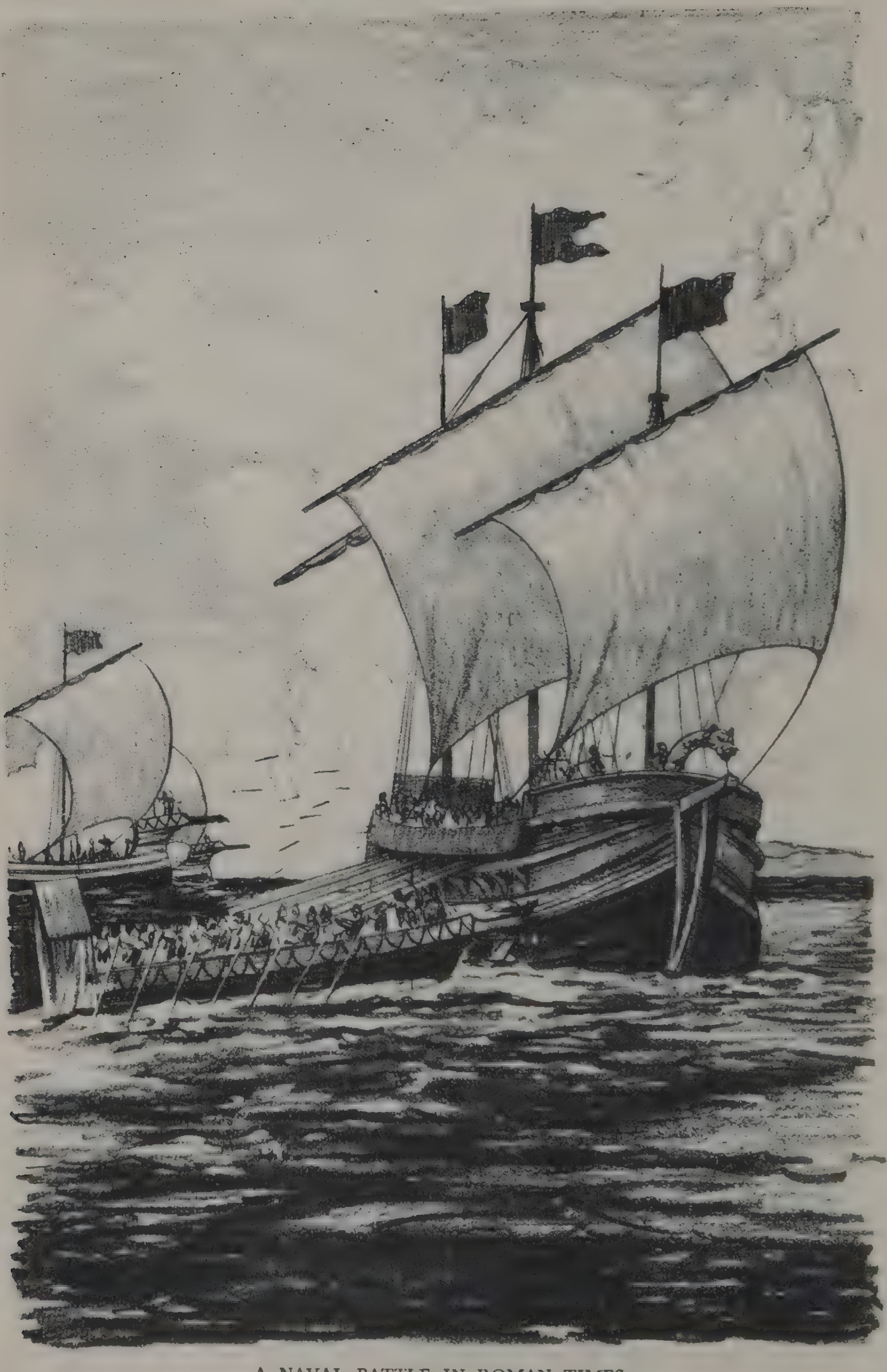
Directly the galley heeled over so far that the oarsmen on the uppermost side with difficulty kept their benches. Again the hearty Roman cheer, and with it despairing shrieks. An enemy vessel, caught by the grappling-hooks of the great crane swinging from the prow, was being lifted into the air that it might be dropped and sunk.

The shouting increased on the right hand and on the left; before, behind, swelled an indescribable clamour. Occasionally there was a crash, followed by sudden peals of fright, telling of other ships ridden down, and their crews drowned in the vortexes.

Nor was the fight all on one side. Now and then a Roman in armour was borne down the hatchway, and laid bleeding, sometimes dying, on the floor.

Sometimes, also, puffs of smoke, blended with steam, and foul with the scent of roasting human flesh, poured into the cabin, turning the dimming light into yellow murk. Gasping for breath the while, Ben-Hur knew they were passing through the cloud of a ship on fire, and burning up with the rowers chained to the benches.

The *Astræa* all this time was in motion. Suddenly she stopped. The oars forward were dashed from the hands of the rowers, and the rowers from their benches. On deck, then, a furious trampling, and on the sides the grinding of ships afoul of each other. For the first time the beating of the gavel was lost in the uproar. Men sank on the floor in fear, or looked about seeking a hiding-place. In the midst of the panic a body plunged or was pitched headlong down the hatchway, falling near Ben-Hur. He beheld the half-naked



A NAVAL BATTLE IN ROMAN TIMES.

carcass, a mass of hair blackening the face, and under it a shield of bull-hide and wicker-work—a barbarian from the white-skinned nations of the North whom death had robbed of plunder and revenge. How came he there ? An iron hand had snatched him from the opposing deck—no, the *Astræa* had been boarded ! The Romans were fighting on their own deck ?

A chill smote the young Jew : Arrius was hard pressed—he might be defending his own life. If he should be slain ! God of Abraham forfend ! The hopes and dreams so lately come, were they only hopes and dreams ? Mother and sister —house—home—Holy Land—was he not to see them after all ? The tumult thundered above him ; he looked around ; in the cabin all was confusion—the rowers on the benches paralysed ; men running blindly hither and thither ; only the chief on his seat imperturbable, vainly beating the sounding-board, and waiting the orders of the tribune—in the red murk illustrating the matchless discipline which had won the world.

The example had a good effect upon Ben-Hur. He controlled himself enough to think. Honour and duty bound the Roman to the platform ; but what had he to do with such motives then ? The bench was a thing to run from ; while, if he were to die a slave, who would be the better of the sacrifice ? With him living was duty, if not honour. His life belonged to his people. They arose before him never more real ; he saw them, their arms outstretched ; he heard them imploring him. And he would go to them. He started —stopped. Alas ! a Roman judgment held him in doom. While it endured escape would be profitless. In the wide, wide earth there was no place in which he would be safe from the imperial demand ; upon the land none, nor upon the sea. That which he required was freedom according to the forms of law, so only could he abide in Judea and execute the filial purpose to which he would devote himself ; in other land he would not live. Dear God ! How he had waited and watched and prayed for such a release ! And how it had been delayed !

But at last he had seen it in the promise of the tribune. What else the great man's meaning ? And if the benefactor so belated should now be slain ! The dead come not back to redeem the pledges of the living. It should not be—Arrius should not die. At least, better perish with him than survive a galley-slave.

Once more Ben-Hur looked around. Upon the roof of the cabin the battle yet beat ; against the sides the hostile vessels yet crushed and ground. On the benches, the slaves struggled to tear loose from their chains, and, finding their efforts vain, howled like madmen ; the guards had gone upstairs ; discipline was out, panic in. No, the chief kept his chair, unchanged, calm as ever—except for the gavel, weaponless. Vainly with his clangour he filled the lulls in the din. Ben-Hur gave him a last look, then broke away—not in flight, but to seek the tribune.

A very short space lay between him and the ladder of the hatchway aft. He took it with a leap, and was half-way up the steps—up far enough to catch a glimpse of the sky blood-red with fire, of the ships alongside, of the sea covered with ships and wrecks, of the fight closed in about the pilot's quarter, the assailants many, the defenders few—when suddenly his foothold was knocked away, and he pitched backward. The floor, when he reached it, seemed to be lifting itself and breaking in pieces ; then, in a twinkling, the whole after-part of the hull broke asunder, and, as if it had all the time been lying in wait, the sea, hissing and foaming, leaped in, and all became darkness and surging water to Ben-Hur.

The influx of the flood tossed him like a log forward into the cabin, where he would have drowned but for the refluence of the sinking motion. As it was, fathoms under the surface, the hollow mass vomited him forth, and he rose along with the loose debris. In the act of rising, he clutched something, and held to it. With a great gasp he filled his lungs afresh, and, tossing the water from his hair and eyes, climbed higher upon the plank he held, and looked about him.

Smoke lay upon the sea like a semi-transparent fog, through which here and there shone cores of intense brilliance. A quick intelligence told him that they were ships on fire. The battle was yet on ; nor could he say who was victor. Within the radius of his vision, now and then ships passed, shooting shadows athwart lights. Out of the dun clouds farther on he caught the crash of other ships colliding.

The danger, however, was closer at hand. When the *Astræa* went down, her deck, it will be recollected, held her own crew, and the crews of the two galleys which had attacked her, at the same time, all of whom were engulfed. Many of them came to the surface together, and on the same plank or support of whatever kind continued the combat. With their struggles he had nothing to do ; they were all his enemies : not one of them but would kill him for the plank upon which he floated. He made haste to get away.

About that time he heard oars in quickest movement, and beheld a galley coming down upon him. The tall prow seemed doubly tall, and the red light playing upon its gilt and carving gave it an appearance of snaky life. Under its foot the water churned to flying foam.

He struck out, pushing the plank, which was very broad and unmanageable. Seconds were precious—half a second might save or lose him.

In the crisis of the effort, up from the sea, within arm's reach, a helmet shot like a gleam of gold. Next came two hands with fingers extended—large hands were they, and strong—their hold once fixed, might not be loosed. Ben-Hur swerved from them appalled. Up rose the helmet and the head it encased—then two arms, which began to beat the water wildly—the head turned back, and gave the face to the light. The mouth gaping wide ; the eyes open, but sightless, and the bloodless pallor of a drowning man—never anything more ghastly ! Yet he gave a cry of joy at the sight, and as the face was going under again, he caught the sufferer by the chain which passed from the helmet beneath the chin, and drew him to the plank.

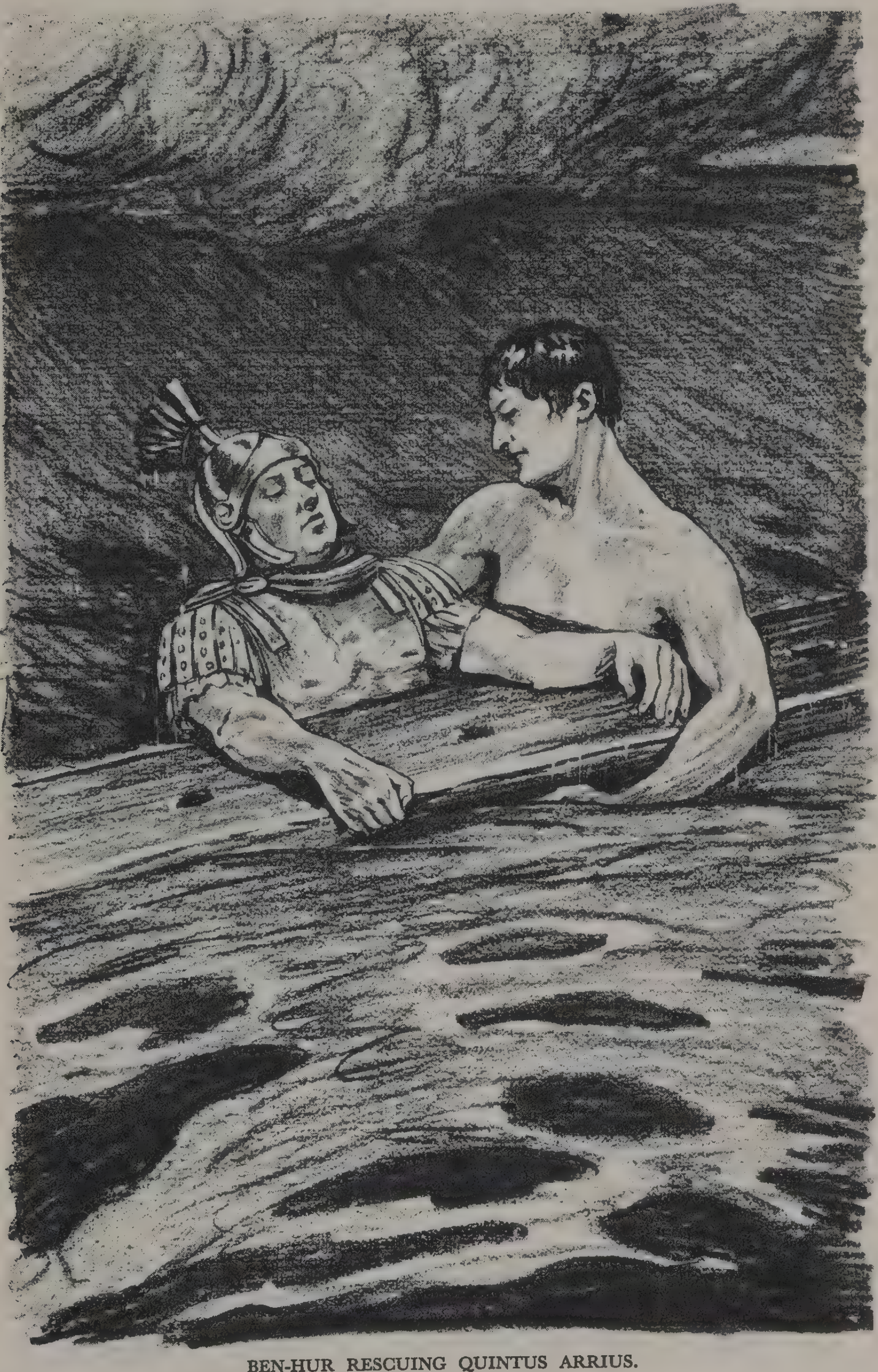
The man was Arrius, the tribune.

For a while the water foamed and eddied violently about Ben-Hur, taxing all his strength to hold to the support and at the same time keep the Roman's head above the surface. The galley had passed, leaving the two barely outside the stroke of its oars. Right through the floating men, over heads helmeted as well as heads bare, she drove, in her wake nothing but the sea sparkling with fire. A muffled crash, succeeded by a great outcry, made the rescuer look again from his charge. A certain savage pleasure touched his heart—the *Astræa* was avenged.

After that the battle moved on. Resistance turned to flight. But who were the victors ? Ben-Hur was sensible how much his freedom and the life of the tribune depended upon that event. He pushed the plank under the latter until it floated him, after which all his care was to keep him there. The dawn came slowly. He watched its growing hopefully, yet, sometimes afraid. Would it bring the Romans or the pirates ? If the pirates, his charge was lost.

At last morning broke in full, the air without a breath. Off to the left he saw the land, too far to think of attempting to make it. Here and there men were adrift like himself. In spots the sea was blackened by charred and sometimes smoking fragments. A galley up a long way was lying to with a torn sail hanging from the tilted yard, and the oars all idle. Still farther away, he could discern moving specks, which he thought might be ships in flight or pursuit, or they might be white birds a-wing.

An hour passed thus. His anxiety increased. If relief came not speedily, Arrius would die. Sometimes he seemed already dead, he lay so still. He took the helmet off, and then, with greater difficulty, the cuirass ; the heart he found fluttering. He took hope at the sign, and held on. There



BEN-HUR RESCUING QUINTUS ARRIUS.

was nothing to do but wait, and, after the manner of his people, pray.

The throes of recovery from drowning are more painful than the drowning. These Arrius passed through, and at length, to Ben-Hur's delight, reached the point of speech.

Gradually from incoherent questions as to where he was, and by whom and how he had been saved, he reverted to the battle. The doubt of the victory stimulated his faculties to full return, a result aided not a little by a long rest—such as could be had on their frail support. After a while he became talkative.

" Our rescue, I see, depends upon the result of the fight. I see also what thou hast done for me. To speak fairly, thou hast saved my life at the risk of thy own. I make the acknowledgment broadly ; and, whatever cometh, thou hast my thanks. More than that, if fortune doth but serve me kindly, and we get well out of this peril, I will do thee such favour as becometh a Roman who hath power and opportunity to prove his gratitude. Yet—yet it is to be seen if, with thy good intent, thou hast really done me a kindness ; or, rather, speaking to thy goodwill "—he hesitated—" I would exact of thee a promise to do me, in a certain event, the greatest favour one man can do another—and of that let me have thy pledge now."

" If the thing be not forbidden, I will do it " Ben-Hur replied.

Arrius rested again.

" Art thou, indeed, a son of Hur, the Jew ? " he next asked.

" It is as I have said."

" I knew thy father and loved him. It cannot be that thou, a son of his, hast not heard of Cato and Brutus. They were very great men, and never as great as in death. In their dying, they left this law—A Roman may not survive his good fortune—Art thou listening ? "

" I hear."

" It is a custom of gentlemen in Rome to wear a ring. There is one on my hand. Take it now."

He held his hand to Judah, who did as he asked.

" Now put it on thine own hand."

Ben-Hur did so.

" The trinket hath its uses " said Arrius next. " I have property and money. I am accounted rich even in Rome. I have no family. Show the ring to my freedman, who hath control in my absence ; you will find him in a villa near Misenum. Tell him how it came to thee, and ask anything, or all he may have ; he will not refuse the demand. If I live, I will do better by thee. I will make thee free, and restore thee to thy home and people ; or thou mayst give thyself to the pursuit that pleaseth thee most. Dost thou hear ? "

" I could not choose but hear."

" Then pledge me. By the gods——"

" Nay, good tribune, I am a Jew."

" By thy God, then, or in the form most sacred to those of thy faith, pledge me to do what I tell thee now, and as I tell thee ; I am waiting, let me have thy promise."

" Noble Arrius, I am warned by thy manner to expect something of gravest concern. Tell me thy wish first."

" Wilt thou promise then ? "

" That were to give the pledge, and—Blessed be the God of my fathers ! yonder cometh a ship ! "

" In what direction ? "

" From the north."

" Canst thou tell her nationality by outward signs ? "

" No. My service hath been at the oars."

" Hath she a flag ? "

" I cannot see one."

" A Roman in triumph would have out many flags. She must be an enemy. Hear now," said Arrius, becoming grave again, " hear, while yet I may speak. If the galley be a pirate, thy life is safe ; they may not give thee freedom ; they may put thee to the oar again ; but they will not kill thee. On the other hand, I——"

The tribune faltered.

"Perpol !" he continued resolutely. "I am too old to submit to dishonour. In Rome, let them tell how Quintus Arrius, as became a Roman tribune, went down with his ship in the midst of the foe. This is what I would have thee do. If the galley prove a pirate, push me from the plank and drown me. Dost thou hear ? Swear thou wilt do it."

"I will not swear" said Ben-Hur firmly ; "neither will I do the deed. The Law, which is to me most binding, O tribune, would make me answerable for thy life. Take back the ring "—he took the seal from his finger—" take it back, and all thy promises of favour in the event of delivery from this peril. The judgment which sent me to the oar for life made me a slave, yet I am not a slave ; no more am I thy freedman. I am a son of Israel, and this moment, at least, my own master. Take back the ring."

Arrius remained passive.

"Thou wilt not ?" Judah continued. "Not in anger, then, nor in any despite, but to free myself from a hateful obligation, I will give thy gift to the sea. See, O tribune !"

He tossed the ring away. Arrius heard the splash where it struck and sank, though he did not look.

"Thou hast done a foolish thing" he said ; "foolish for one placed as thou art. I am not dependent upon thee for death. Life is a thread I can break without thy help ; and if I do, what will become of thee ? The ring was the only witness of my will available in this situation. We are both lost. I will die regretting the victory and glory wrested from me ; thou wilt live to die a little later, mourning the pious duties undone because of this folly. I pity thee."

Ben-Hur saw the consequences of his act more distinctly than before, yet he did not falter.

"In the three years of my servitude, O tribune, thou wert the first to look upon me kindly. No, no ! there was another."

The voice dropped, the eyes became humid, and he saw plainly as if it were then before him the face of the boy who helped him to a drink by the old well at Nazareth. " At least " he proceeded, " thou wert the first to ask me who I was ; and if, when I reached out and caught thee, blind and sinking the last time, I too had thought of the many ways in which thou couldst be useful to me in my wretchedness, still the act was not all selfish ; this I pray you to believe. Moreover, seeing as God giveth me to know, the ends I dream of are to be wrought by fair means alone. As a thing of conscience, I would rather die with thee than be thy slayer. My mind is firmly set as thine ; though thou wert to offer me all Rome, O tribune, and it belonged to thee to make the gift good, I would not kill thee. Thy Cato and Brutus were as little children compared to the Hebrew whose law a Jew must obey."

Both became silent, waiting.

Ben-Hur looked often at the coming ship. Arrius rested with closed eyes, indifferent.

" Art thou sure she is an enemy ? " Ben-Hur asked.

" I think so " was the reply.

" She stops and puts a boat over the side."

" Dost thou see her flag ? "

" Is there no other sign by which she may be known, if Roman ? "

" If Roman, she hath a helmet over the mast's top."

" Then be of cheer. I see the helmet."

Still Arrius was not assured.

" The men in the small boat are taking in the people afloat. Pirates are not humane."

" They may need rowers " Arrius replied, recurring possibly to times when he had made rescues for the purpose.

Ben-Hur was very watchful of the actions of the strangers. " The ship moves off " he said presently.

" Whither ? "

" Over on our right there is a galley which I take to be deserted. The new-comer heads towards it. Now she is alongside. Now she is sending men aboard."

Then Arrius opened his eyes, and threw off his calm.

"Thank thou thy God" he said to Ben-Hur, after a look at the galleys, "thank thou thy God, as I do my many gods. A pirate would sink, not save, yon ship. By the act and the helmet on the mast I know a Roman. The victory is mine. Fortune hath not deserted me. We are saved. Wave thy hand—call to them—bring them quickly. I shall be duumvir, and thou! I knew thy father, and loved him. He was a prince indeed. He taught me a Jew was not a barbarian. I will take thee with me. I will make thee my son. Give thy God thanks, and call the sailors. Haste! The pursuit must be kept. Not a robber shall escape. Hasten them."

Judah raised himself upon the plank, and waved his hand, and called with all his might; at last he drew the attention of the sailors in the small boat, and they were speedily taken up.

Arrius was received on the galley with all the honours due a hero so the favourite of Fortune. Upon a couch on the deck he heard the particulars of the conclusion of the fight. When the survivors afloat upon the water were all saved and the prize secured, he spread his flag of commandant anew, and hurried northward to rejoin the fleet and perfect the victory. In due time the fifty vessels coming down the channel closed in upon the fugitive pirates, and crushed them utterly; not one escaped. To swell the tribune's glory, twenty galleys of the enemy were captured.

Upon his return from the cruise, Arrius had a warm welcome on the mole at Misenum. The young man attending him very early attracted the attention of his friends there; and to their questions as to who he was the tribune proceeded in the most affectionate manner to tell the story of his rescue and introduced the stranger, omitting carefully all that pertained to the latter's previous history. At the end of the narrative he called Ben-Hur to him, and said, with a hand resting affectionately upon his shoulder:

" Good friends, this is my son and heir, who, as he is to take my property—if it be the will of the gods that I leave any—shall be known to you by my name. I pray you all to love him as you love me."

Speedily, as opportunity permitted, the adoption was formally perfected. And in such manner the brave Roman kept his faith with Ben-Hur, giving him happy introduction into the imperial world. The month succeeding Arrius' return, the Armilustrium* was celebrated with the utmost magnificence in the theatre of Scaurus. One side of the structure was taken up with military trophies ; among which by far the most conspicuous and most admired were twenty prows, complemented by their corresponding aplustra†, cut bodily from as many galleys—and over them, so as to be legible to the eighty thousand spectators in the seats, was this inscription :

TAKEN FROM THE PIRATES IN THE GULF OF EURIPUS
BY
QUINTUS ARRIUS
DUUMVIR

---

*ARMILUSTRIUM—A religious festival celebrated by the Romans on October 19th for the consecration of weapons.

†APLUSTRA—The ornamented sterns of ships.

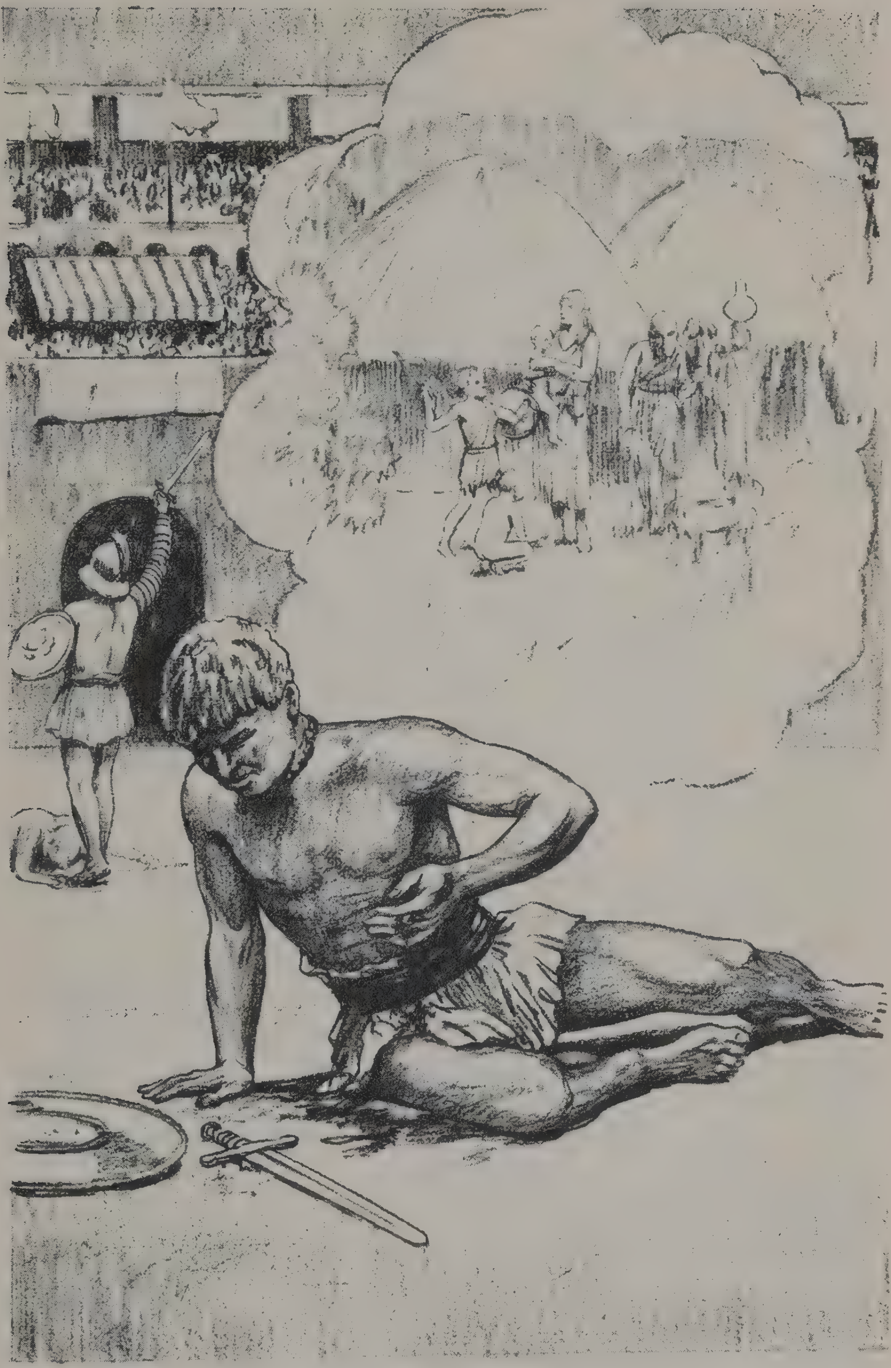
THE DYING GLADIATOR

(From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage")

Lord Byron

I SEE before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away ;
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday—
All this rushed with his blood—Shall he expire
And unavenged ? Arise ! ye Goths, and glut your ire !



"HIS HEART . . . WAS FAR AWAY."

THE SPIRIT OF STONEHENGE

(From " Lavengro ")

George Borrow

(After trying in vain for some years to make a living as a writer in London, George Borrow took to the open road, more or less as a tramp. He had been ill, however, and walking soon tired him, so he boarded the first coach that overtook him, and rode on this through the night. Just before the dawn he was set down in a small country town.)

AFTER standing still a minute or two, considering what I should do, I moved down what appeared to be the street of a small straggling town ; presently I passed by a church, which rose indistinctly on my right hand ; anon there was the rustling of foliage and the rushing of waters. I reached a bridge, beneath which a small stream was running in the direction of the south. I stopped and leaned over the parapet, for I have always loved to look upon streams, especially at the still hours. " What stream is this, I wonder ? " said I, as I looked down from the parapet into the water which whirled and gurgled below.

Leaving the bridge, I ascended a gentle acclivity, and presently reached what appeared to be a tract of moory undulating ground. It was now tolerably light, but there was a mist or haze abroad which prevented my seeing objects with much precision. I felt chill in the damp air of the early morn, and walked rapidly forward. In about half an hour I arrived where the road divided into two, at an angle or tongue of dark green sward. " To the right or the left ? " said I, and forthwith took, without knowing why, the left-hand road, along which I proceeded about a hundred yards, when, in the midst of the tongue of sward formed by the two roads, collaterally with myself, I perceived what I at first conceived to be a small grove of blighted trunks of oaks, barked and grey. I stood still for a moment, and then, turning off the road, advanced slowly towards it over the sward ; as I drew nearer, I perceived that the objects which had attracted my curiosity, and which formed a kind of circle, were not trees, but immense upright stones. A thrill pervaded my system ; just before me were two, the mightiest of the whole, tall as the stems of proud oaks, supporting on their tops a huge transverse stone, and forming a wonderful doorway. I knew now where I was, and, laying down my stick and bundle, and taking off my hat, I advanced slowly, and cast myself—it was folly, perhaps, but I could not help what I did—cast myself, with my face on the dewy earth, in the middle of the portal of giants, beneath the transverse stone.

The spirit of Stonehenge was strong upon me !

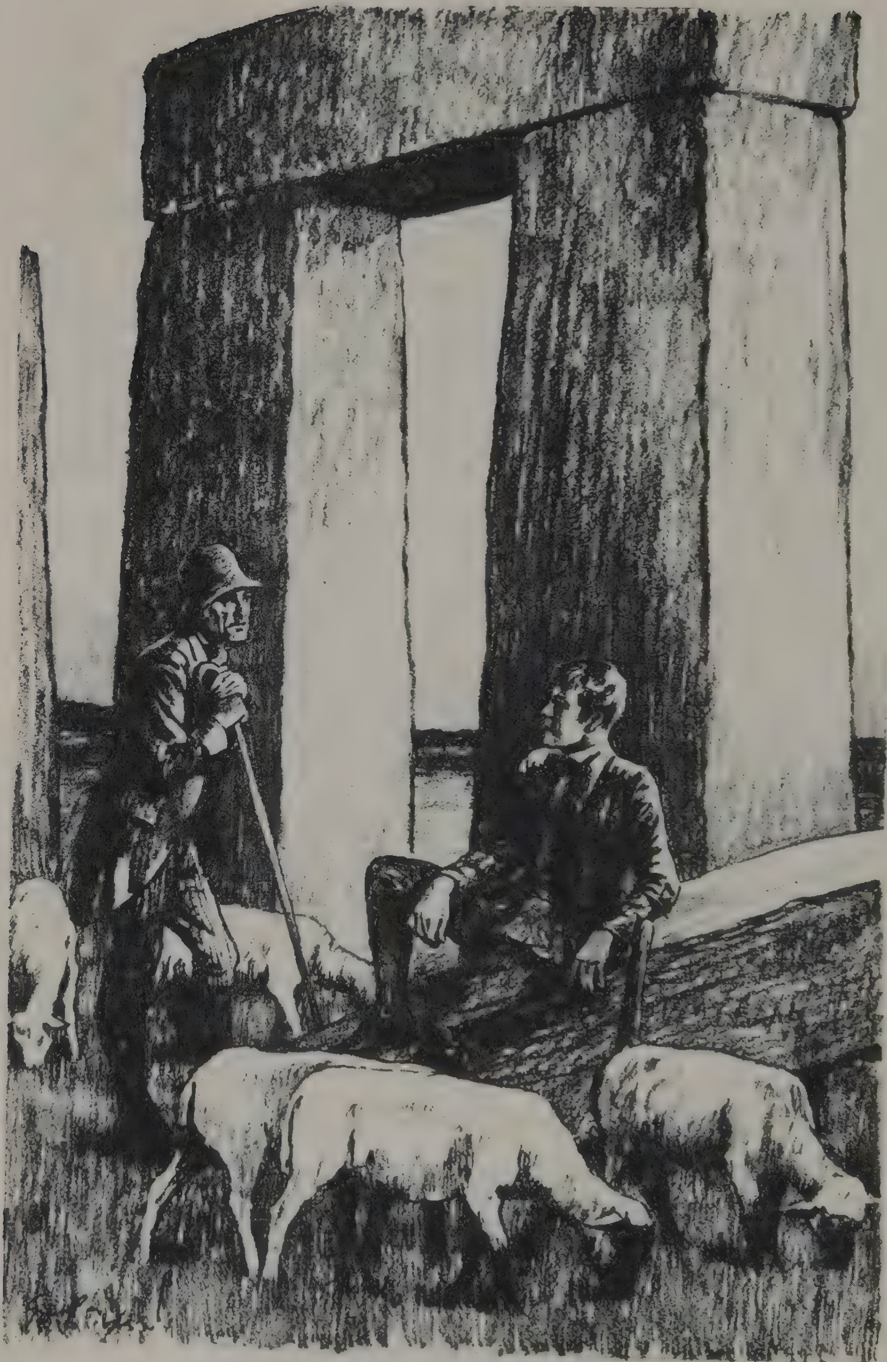
And after I had remained with my face on the ground for some time, I arose, placed my hat on my head, and, taking up my stick and bundle, wandered around the wondrous circle, examining each individual stone, from the greatest to the least ; and then, entering by the great door, seated myself upon an immense broad stone, one side of which was supported by several small ones, and the other slanted upon the earth ; and there in deep meditation I sat for an hour or two, till the sun shone in my face above the tall stones of the eastern side.

And as I still sat there, I heard the noise of bells, and presently a large number of sheep came browsing past the circle of stones ; two or three entered, and grazed upon what they could find, and soon a man also entered the circle at the northern side.

" Early here, sir " said the man, who was tall, and dressed in a dark green slop, and had all the appearance of a shepherd ; " a traveller, I suppose ? "

" Yes " said I " I am a traveller ; are these sheep yours ? "

" They are, sir ; that is, they are my master's. A strange



LAVENGRO AT STONEHENGE.

place this, sir " said he, looking at the stones ; " ever here before ? "

" Never in body, frequently in mind."

" Heard of the stones, I suppose ; no wonder—all the people of the plain talk of them."

" What do the people of the plain say of them ? "

" Why, they say—How did they ever come here ? "

" Do they not suppose them to have been brought ? "

" Who should have brought them ? "

" I have read that they were brought by many thousand men."

" Where from ? "

" Ireland."

" How did they bring them ? "

" I don't know."

" And what did they bring them for ? "

" To form a temple, perhaps."

" What is that ? "

" A place to worship God in."

" A strange place to worship God in."

" Why ? "

" It has no roof."

" Yes, it has."

" Where ? " said the man, looking up.

" What do you see above you ? "

" The sky."

" Well ? "

" Well ! "

" Have you anything to say ? "

" How did those stones come here ? "

" Are there other stones like these on the plains ? " said I.

" None ; and yet there are plenty of strange things on these downs."

" What are they ? "

" Strange heaps, and barrows, and great walls of earth built on the top of hills."

“ Do the people of the plain wonder how they came there? ”

“ They do not.”

“ Why ? ”

“ They were raised by hands.”

“ And these stones ? ”

“ How did they ever come here ? ”

“ I wonder whether they are here ? ” said I.

“ These stones ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ So sure as the world ” said the man ; “ and as the world, they will stand as long.”

“ I wonder whether there is a world.”

“ What do you mean ? ”

“ An earth and sea, moon and stars, sheep and men.”

“ Do you doubt it ? ”

“ Sometimes.”

“ I never heard it doubted before.”

“ It is impossible there should be a world.”

“ It ain’t possible there shouldn’t be a world.”

“ Just so.” At this moment a fine ewe attended by a lamb rushed into the circle and fondled the knees of the shepherd. “ I suppose you would not care to have some milk ? ” said the man.

“ Why do you suppose so ? ”

“ Because, so be, there be no sheep, no milk, you know ; and what there ben’t is not worth having.”

“ You could not have argued better ” said I ; “ that is, supposing you have argued ; with respect to the milk you may do as you please.”

“ Be still, Nanny ” said the man ; and producing a tin vessel from his scrip, he milked the ewe into it. “ Here is milk of the plains, master ” said the man, as he handed the vessel to me.

“ Where are those barrows and great walls of earth you were speaking of ? ” said I, after I had drunk some of the milk ; “ are there any near where we are ? ”

" Not within many miles ; the nearest is yonder away," said the shepherd, pointing to the south-east. " It's a grand place, that, but not like this ; quite different, and from it you have a sight of the finest spire in the world."

" I must go to it " said I, and I drank the remainder of the milk ; " yonder, you say ? "

" Yes, yonder ; but you cannot get to it in that direction, the river lies between."

" What river ? "

" The Avon ? "

" Avon is British " said I.

" Yes " said the man ; " we are all British here."

" No, we are not " said I.

" What are we then ? "

" English."

" A'n't they one ? "

" No."

" Who were the British ? "

" The men who are supposed to have worshipped God in this place, and who raised these stones."

" Where are they now ? "

" Our forefathers slaughtered them, spilled their blood all about, especially in this neighbourhood, destroyed their pleasant places, and left not, to use their own words, one stone upon another."

" Yes, they did " said the shepherd, looking aloft at the transverse stone.

" And it is well for them they did ; whenever that stone, which English hands never raised, is by English hands thrown down, woe, woe, woe to the English race ; spare it, English ! Hengist spared it !—Here is sixpence."

" I won't have it " said the man.

" Why not ? "

" You talk so prettily about these stones ; you seem to know all about them."

" I never receive presents ; with respect to the stones, I say with yourself, How did they ever come here ? "

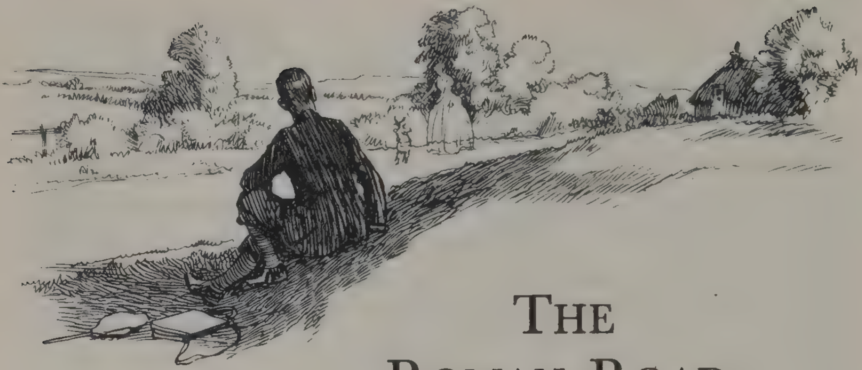
" How did they ever come here ? " said the shepherd.

Leaving the shepherd, I bent my way in the direction pointed out by him as that in which the most remarkable of the strange remains of which he had spoken lay. I proceeded rapidly, making my way over the downs covered with coarse grass and fern ; with respect to the river of which he had spoken, I reflected that, either by wading or swimming, I could easily transfer myself and what I bore to the opposite side. On arriving at its banks, I found it a beautiful stream, but shallow, with here and there a deep place, where the water ran dark and still.

Always fond of the pure lymph, I undressed, and plunged into one of these gulfs, from which I emerged, my whole frame in a glow, and tingling with delicious sensations. After conveying my clothes and scanty baggage to the farther side, I dressed, and then with hurried steps bent my course in the direction of some lofty ground ; I at length found myself on a high road, leading over wide and arid downs ; following the road for some miles without seeing anything remarkable, I supposed at length that I had taken the wrong path, and wended on slowly and disconsolately for some time, till, having nearly surmounted a steep hill, I knew at once, from certain appearances, that I was near the object of my search. Turning to the right near the brow of the hill, I proceeded along a path which brought me to a causeway leading over a deep ravine, and connecting the hill with another which had once formed part of it, for the ravine was evidently the work of art. I passed over the causeway, and found myself in a kind of gateway which admitted me into a square space of many acres, surrounded on all sides by mounds or ramparts of earth. Though I had never been in such a place before, I knew that I stood within the precincts of what had been a Roman encampment, and one probably of the largest size, for many thousand warriors might have found room to perform their evolutions in that space, in which corn was now growing, the green ears waving in the morning wind.

After I had gazed about the space for a time, standing in the gateway formed by the mounds, I clambered up the mound to the left hand, and on the top of that mound found myself at a great altitude ; beneath, at the distance of a mile, was a fair old city, situated amongst verdant meadows, watered with streams, and from the heart of that old city, from amidst mighty trees, I beheld towering to the sky the finest spire in the world.

After I had looked from the Roman rampart for a long time, I hurried away, and, retracing my steps along the causeway, regained the road, and, passing over the brow of the hill, descended to the city of the spire.



THE ROMAN ROAD

Thomas Hardy

THE Roman Road runs straight and bare
As the pale parting-line in hair
Across the heath. And thoughtful men
Contrast its days of Now and Then,
And delve, and measure, and compare ;

Visioning on the vacant air
Helmed legionaries, who proudly rear
The Eagle, as they pace again
The Roman Road.

But no tall brass-helmed legionnaire
Haunts it for me. Uprises there
A mother's form upon my ken,
Guiding my infant steps, as when
We walked that ancient thoroughfare,
The Roman Road.

GREAT RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD

ONE of the most popular days in the year is Christmas Day, when we celebrate the Birth of Jesus. It is this birth that marks for us a division in time. We have years B.C. (Before Christ) and years A.D. (Anno Domini, in the year of our Lord).

Christ was born to start a new religion, a religion which in time extended over the Roman Empire. It had a hard struggle at first because it only relied on moral persuasion, but early in the fourth century the Emperor Constantine became a Christian and made Christianity the official religion.

It is very interesting during a touring holiday to visit Churches, especially those old Cathedrals which date back hundreds of years. Church building started with the conversion of Constantine. The Christians could come out into the open, and build their places of assembly for the worship of God. Sometimes they took over one of the old heathen temples and turned it into a Christian Church. An example of this change is the Pantheon at Rome.

Another great example of a place of worship built for one religion being used for another is found in St. Sophia (the Church of the Holy Wisdom) at Constantinople. When the Mohammedans, about whom we shall hear later, captured Constantinople in 1453, they changed this Church into a Mosque for the worship of their faith.

The Roman Empire divided into two, Eastern and Western; and in course of time the Christian Church also became two, the split taking place finally in 1054. On the one side is the Church of Rome, on the other the Greek Orthodox Church.

Another split came at the time of the Reformation in the sixteenth century, when the Western Church was divided between Roman Catholics and Protestants. But they are all united in the belief that Christianity is the one and only true religion.

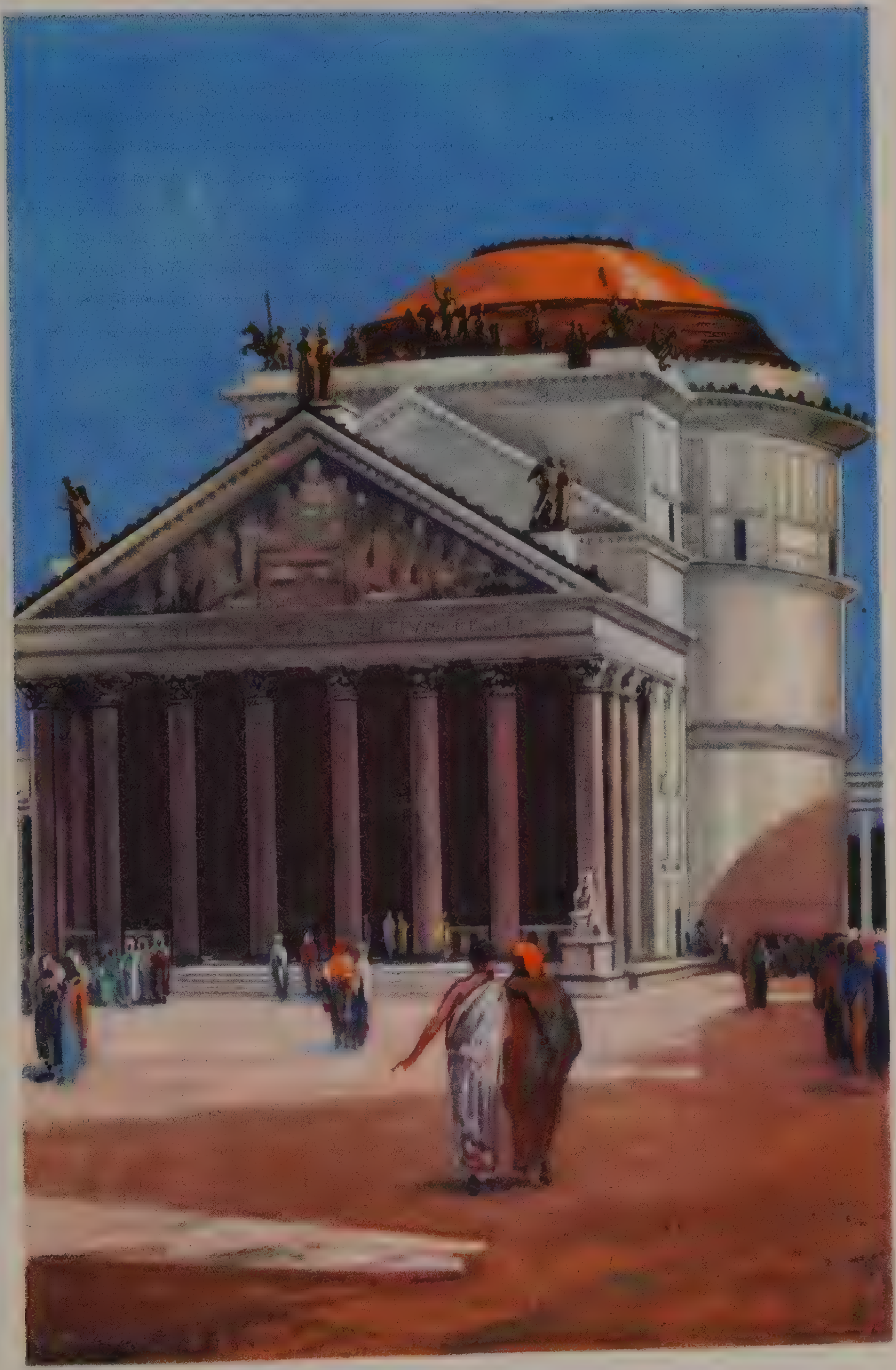
In one way we can count the Birth of Christ as the beginning of Christianity; but in another way it goes back to the call of Abraham, when God told him to leave Haran and in him all the families of the earth would be blessed (Gen. xii, 3).

With Abraham started a great religion, now known as Judaism, not great in the sense of numbers to-day, but great in its belief in One God, and one God, not merely for a tribe, but for the whole world.

It came to be realised that the way in which all nations of the earth were to be blessed was that from the descendants of Abraham would be born the Messiah, who would set up the kingdom of God on earth. In Jesus the Christians see this Messiah, but the Jews of Christ's day as a whole did not accept Him, and He was put to death. Thus Judaism has remained as a separate religion.

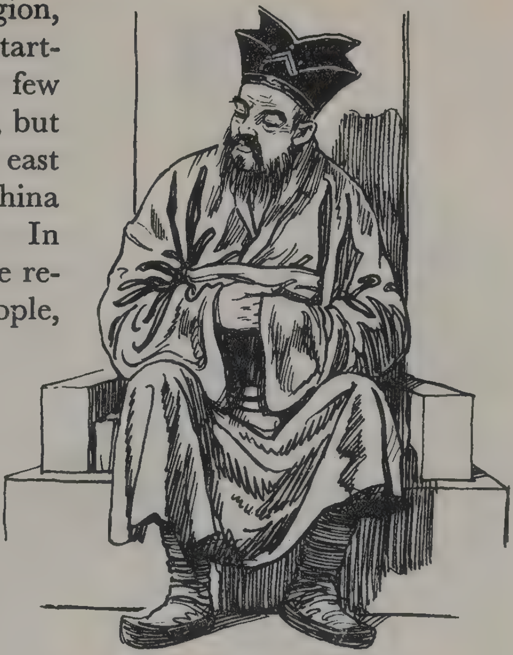
There was a time when Christian people could see no good in other religions at all, but this idea has passed away, we hope, for ever. It would be strange, if there is only one God for the whole world, if He should choose out just one people, the Jews, to whom to reveal truth and leave all the rest of the peoples of the world in absolute darkness. So Christians have realised that, in the sacred books of the East, God has been speaking to eastern peoples; and they have taken a great interest in what is called the comparative study of religions.

In the sixth century before Christ appeared a young prince in Northern India, Gautama Siddartha, who became the Buddha, or the "Enlightened One." He gave up everything to find out the truth as far as he could, and became the



THE PANTHEON IN ROME

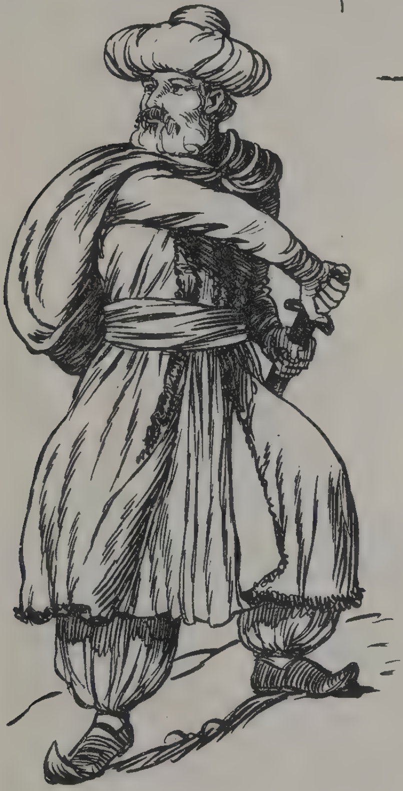
founder of a great religion, Buddhism. Though it started in India, there are few Buddhists in India now, but they are powerful to the east of India, in Burma, China and Japan especially. In Burma, Buddhism is the religion of most of the people, and has widespread influence.



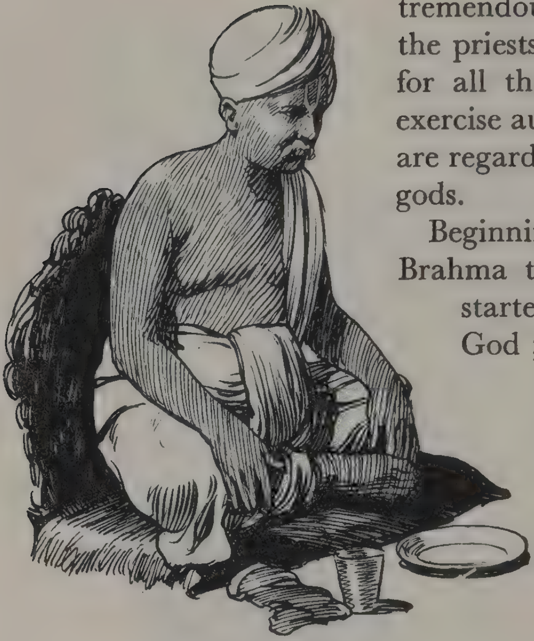
CONFUCIUS.

But Buddhism was an offshoot of a much older religion in India, Hinduism. This goes back into the far distant past and nobody knows its origin. Its peculiar feature is the caste system, which has done much for the stability of India, but has been a great drawback, because a man cannot rise above the caste in which he is born ; though he may lose his caste and sink lower.

The highest caste in Hinduism is the Brahman caste. The Brahmans wield



MAHOMET--FROM AN OLD PRINT.

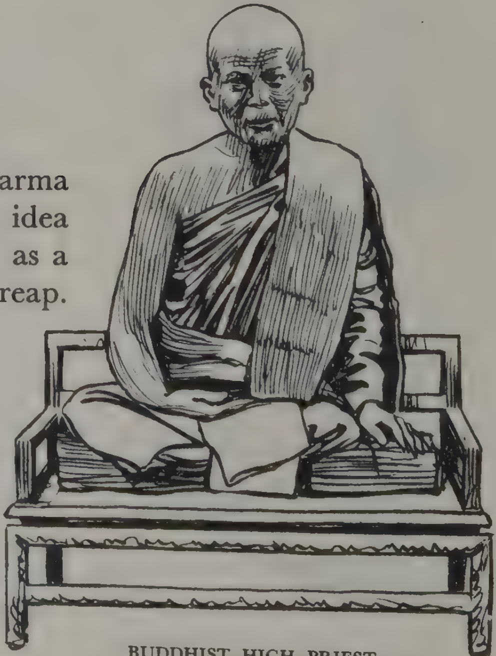


BRAHMAN PRIEST.

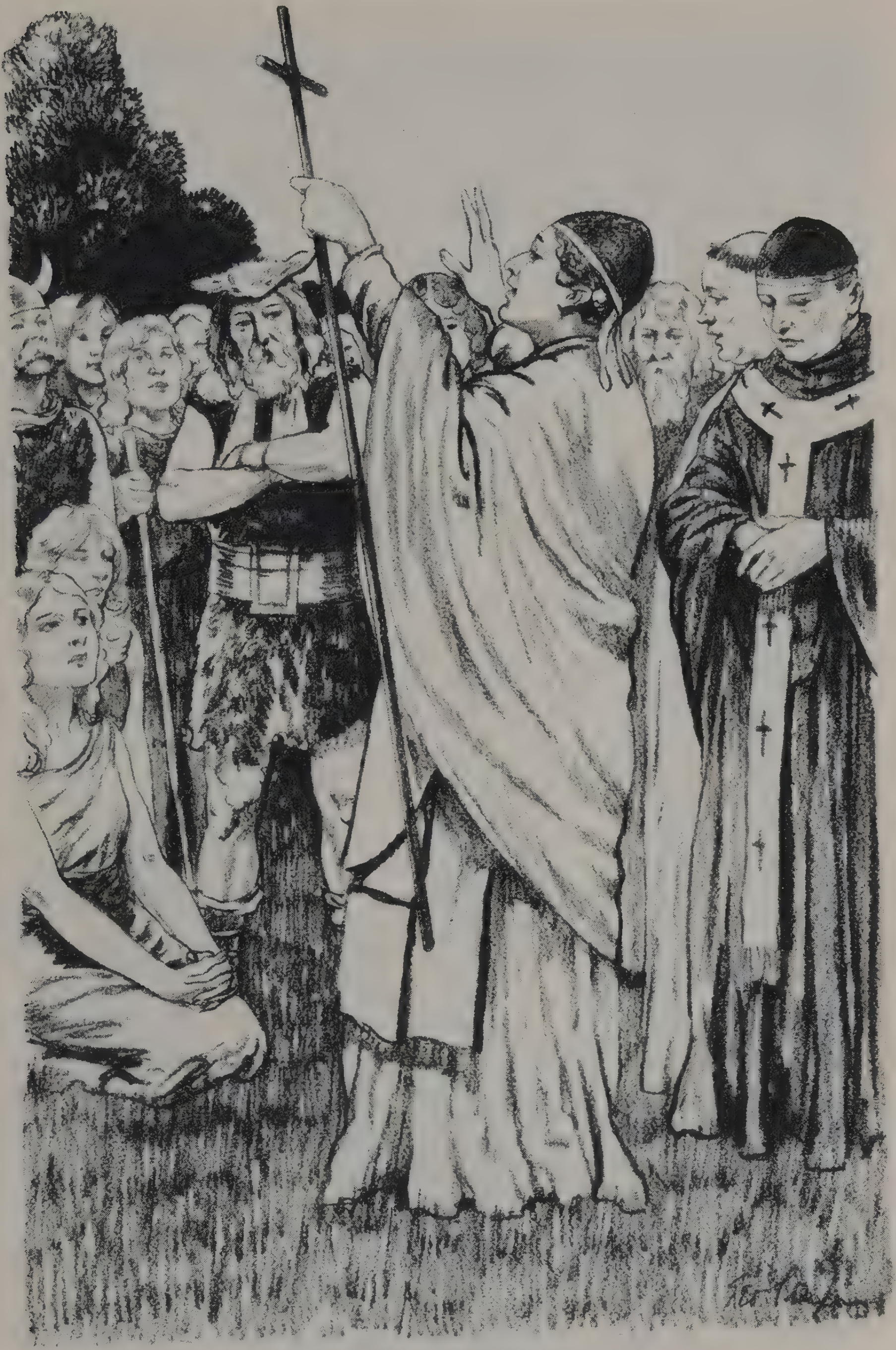
tremendous influence as they are the priests, teachers and lawyers for all the other castes. They exercise authority in religion and are regarded as the chosen of the gods.

Beginning with a belief in Brahma the Creator, Hinduism started with faith in one God ; but there arose beliefs in Vishnu the Preserver and Siva the Destroyer. Each of these has a Sakti or " wife." Thus the one God became many.

Hindus believe in Karma and Reincarnation. The idea of Karma is simply that, as a man sows, so shall he reap. And the reaping takes place in another incarnation or birth in this world. A person is born time after time on this earth, and what he is in one life depends on what he has been in his previous life.



BUDDHIST HIGH PRIEST.



EARLY CHRISTIAN PRIESTS CONVERTING THE PAGANS.

In China, Buddhism was introduced in the first century of the Christian era, but it found two great religions already in possession, Confucianism and Taoism.

Confucius was born about the same time as Buddha, the one in China, the other in India. The aim of Confucius was to preserve all that was best in the ancient customs of China. To this end he laboured and taught, and in later years he was honoured almost as though he had founded the Chinese philosophy. His teaching included something very like the Golden Rule, for he said people should not do to others, what they would not like done to themselves. He was essentially a moralist, being much more interested in conduct than in " the gods."

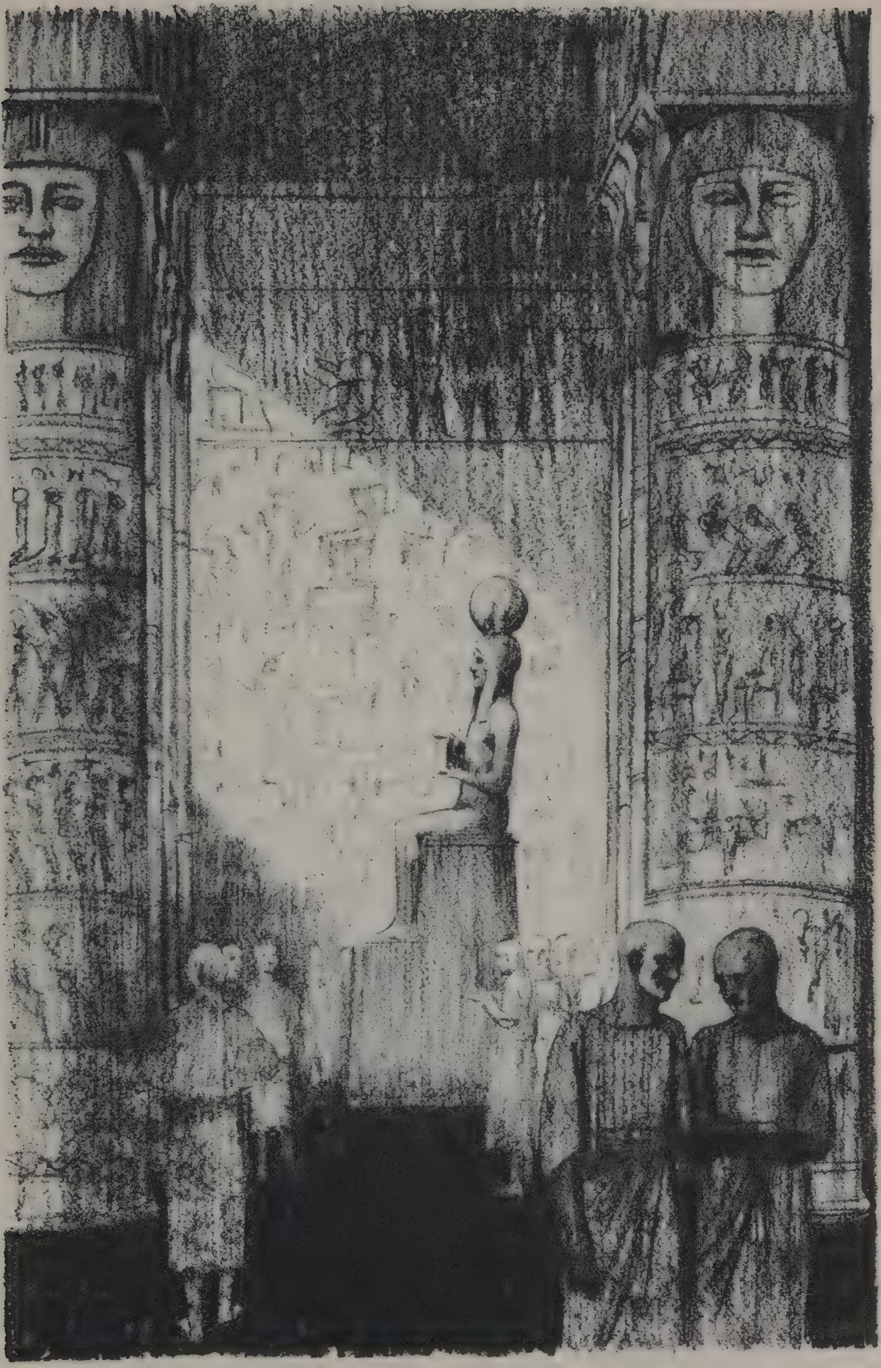
Lao Tse, the founder of Taoism, was born some fifty years before Confucius. Like Confucius he made use of the ideas already in existence. " Tao " means the way, and both Confucius and Lao Tse taught the way, but Confucius thought Lao Tse was not practical enough.

As a matter of fact, Confucianism, Taoism and Buddhism in China are very closely related nowadays, people being ready to make use of anything in all three which is capable of helping them.

A distinctive feature of Chinese religion is the worship of ancestors, and the reverence paid by children to their parents.

In Japan the religion is a compromise between Confucianism, Buddhism, and their earliest religion, Shinto. Shinto is a kind of nature worship. Ancestor worship came from China, and Buddhism came to Japan from Korea in the sixth century A.D.

The religions we have so far mentioned had their beginnings before the birth of Christ. Only one great religion has appeared since then, and that is Mohammedanism. Mahomet was born in 570 A.D. He was moved to destroy idolatry and set up the worship of the one and only God, the God of Abraham, and he thought he was the last of the great



INSIDE AN EGYPTIAN TEMPLE.

prophets. So the Mohammedan creed is simple: " There is no God but Allah, and Mahomet is his Prophet."

Seeing that he could not win by moral suasion, Mahomet took up arms, and gradually became powerful throughout Arabia. After his death his religion was further extended, by conquest, into India on the east and as far as Spain on the west. This extension took only a century to accomplish from the death of Mahomet in 632.

Mohammedanism is not regarded as a heathen religion. It is regarded as an offshoot of Judaism or Christianity. Mahomet used to be looked upon as a great heresiarch ; that is, a leader of a heresy from Christianity.

The Bible of the Mohammedans is the Koran, in which are set down the teachings of Mahomet. Another name for Mohammedanism is Islam, which means " resignation ", and probably originally had none of the fatalism attached to it later, meaning much the same as Christians do when they say " God's will be done."

These are the great religions to-day, but religion has been almost if not quite universal. Some have died out altogether. Thus the ancient religion of Egypt gave way to Christianity, and then Christianity to Mohammedanism ; our illustration shows a temple belonging to the ancient religion of Egypt.

St. Paul declared to the Athenians that God " made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth " (Acts xvii, 26) ; and we have seen how great prophets have arisen and founded new religions. We may well hope that one day mankind will acknowledge one God as the source of all religions, and that this will be followed by the brotherhood of man.

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS : 1066

From " Old English History for Children "

E. A. Freeman

No sooner had King Harold defeated his brother Tostig and Harold Hardrada, King of Norway, at the Battle of Stamford Bridge in Yorkshire than news reached him that William, Duke of Normandy, who claimed to be the rightful king of England, had landed with a large army on the south-east coast near Pevensey. King Harold straightway marched southward collecting farmers and ploughmen during the journey to strengthen his forces against William.

KING HAROLD stayed about six days in London, gathering men together from all parts, and he made ready to go forth to the war against Duke William. And a story is told how Earl Gyrth his brother counselled him to abide in London and gather more men, and to let him, Gyrth, go forth with the host to the war.

" Thou hast sworn " he said, " to the Duke, and perchance thou mayest meet him in battle face to face, and it were not well to meet one to whom thou hast sworn. But I have sworn to no man save to thee, and I can meet any man in the world with a safe conscience. Let me then go forth and fight, and do thou abide here, and gather fresh troops, and then go forth and lay waste all the land as thou goest, that the Frenchmen may not be able to find food."

And King Harold answered " Thy counsel is wise, my brother ; yet may not a King of the English fall back before the foe. And God forbid that I should ever lay waste mine own land and harm mine own folk ! Hath not this people chosen me to be their King ? I must therefore guard them and fight for them while I live, and I will never lay waste their land."

You may believe this story or not as you please ; it is only Norman writers who tell it ; but anyhow it sets before us how even his enemies knew Harold for a King who loved his people and would not harm his own land.

So King Harold set forth from London, with Earl Gyrth his brother and Earl Leofwine his brother, and all his housecarls, and the men of London and of Kent and very many of the men of all the southern and eastern shires of England.

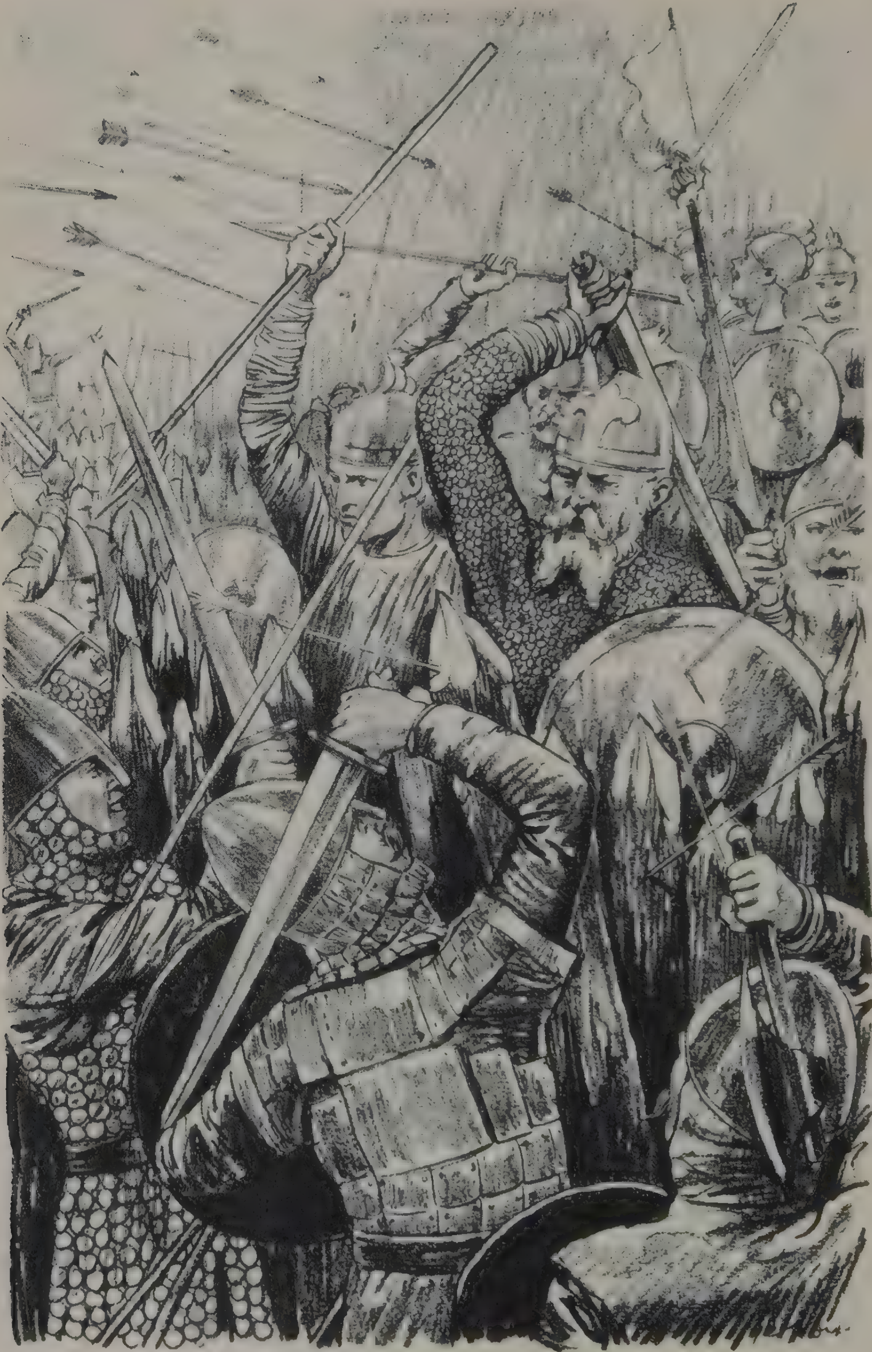
Now King Harold had an uncle whose name was Ælfwig ; he was the brother of Earl Godwine, and he was a monk, and he was Abbot of the New Minster at Winchester. But when Duke William landed and harried the land, and when King Harold his nephew called all men to join his standard, then Ælfwig thought that those were times when even priests and monks ought to fight. So he and twelve of his monks put harness over their monks' garb and went forth and joined King Harold on his march. And Leofric the Abbot of Peterborough, who was the nephew of the great Leofric the Earl, came also from his monastery of Peterborough, which men call the Golden Borough, and he too joined the King's standard. And the King marched on through the land of the South-Saxons, and he came to the hill which men then called Senlac, whereon now is the town of Battle, and there he pitched his camp by the hoar apple-tree.

The place was then all wild, seemingly without any house or church or anything ; but it was a very strong post, being the last spur of the hill country in the north of Sussex, standing out like a sort of peninsula, as it were, to meet the hills that are nearer to the sea. A little way off to the south is a small detached hill, which I fancy was made use of as an outpost.

On the main hill King Harold took up his post and fenced it in with a palisade. I wish you to mark how wise a captain our great King was, and how well he suited his way of fighting to the enemies whom he had to fight against. The Norwegians and the English fought very much in the same way, forming with the shield-wall, hurling their javelins, and then fighting hand to hand with their great swords and axes. But now Harold had to deal with an enemy who fought in quite another way. The English, even their greatest men, fought on foot, while among the Normans and other French all at least who were gentlemen fought on horseback. Also the Normans had many very skilful archers, while the English had scarcely any. Now you will at once see that it would never have done for our men to charge, axe in hand, on the Norman horsemen, as they had done on Harold Hardrada's shield-wall. The best thing for them was to encamp on a place where the Normans would have to attack them, where they could make their own shield-wall as strong as possible, and where the Norman horses would be of the least possible use.

So King Harold pitched his camp on the hill, so that it would be the hardest thing in the world for the Norman horsemen to ride up the sides. For as they were coming up, the English would hurl their javelins at them, and when they came close they could not well ride up through the barricades, with our men behind the barricades with their axes ready to cut down any one who came near. I am no soldier myself, but, as far as I can understand such matters, King Harold seems to me to have been one of the greatest generals that ever lived, and if all his troops had only done as he bade them, it is quite certain that the Normans never could have won the battle.

The English seem to have stayed only one night on the hill. The stories of the messages which passed between Harold and William are so confused that it is hard to tell whether they all took place while Harold was still in London or whether any of them happened after he had reached Senlac. But there is one story how King Harold sent a spy to the Norman camp, and how the spy came back and said that among the Frenchmen there were many times more priests than there were soldiers. He called them priests be-



KING HAROLD AT THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

cause they had their upper lips shaven. But King Harold told him that he would find these French priests right valiant soldiers indeed. And another story is that King Harold and his brother Earl Gyrth rode out themselves to spy the Norman camp, and how they quarrelled and nearly fought, but that when they got back to the camp they let no one know that they had quarrelled. How could any Norman know about this ? That some messages passed between the armies, and that Harold refused either to give up his crown or to stake it on a single combat, is likely enough, but I can tell you nothing for certain.

It was now Friday evening, the 13th of October, 1066, and all men in both armies knew that the fight would be on the morrow. The English ate and drank and were merry, and they sang the old songs of their fathers. Cannot you fancy them sitting by their fires and singing the songs about Brunanburh and Maldon ? I do not think they would fight any the worse for doing so. And they had priests and monks in their army too to pray with them and bless them, and no doubt they did so. But we have no account of these things from any English writer, and the Normans wish to make out how much more pious they were than the English. They tell us how, while the English did nothing but drink and sing, the Duke's army spent the night in prayers, and processions, and how Bishop Odo of Bayeux went through the camp exhorting and blessing and hearing confessions. Most likely Abbot Ælfwig and Abbot Leofric did the same. But however either army spent the night, it is quite certain that both sides were equally ready for very sharp work in the morning.

So on Saturday morning, being the feast of Saint Calixtus the Pope, Duke William arose early in the morning, and heard mass and received the holy communion, and then marshalled his army and made a speech to them. He told them that he had come into England to assert his just right to the crown which King Edward had left him, and to punish Earl Harold, who had become his man and had broken his oath to him. He reminded them of the fame of the Normans in war, how they had won their land in Gaul with their own swords, and how they had given law to the Kings of the Franks, and how they had conquered all their enemies everywhere. But the English, he told them, had never been famed in war ; the Danes had conquered them and taken their land whenever they pleased. Then he went on to tell of all the wrongs which he said the felon English had done : how they had slain the Danes, the kinsmen of the Normans, on the day of Saint Brice ; how they had betrayed and slain their own Ætheling Ælfred, the Duke's cousin, and the Normans who came with him ; how they had driven out Archbishop Robert and so many other Normans at the time when Godwine came back from banishment. All these wrongs he said he had come to avenge ; and God, he knew, would maintain their righteous cause.

The army then marched from Hastings to the hill which is called Telham, whence they could see the English camp on Senlac. There the knights put on their coats of mail and changed the light horses on which they rode from Hastings for the war-horses which they were to use in battle. Then Duke William called for his coat of mail, and went about to put it on, but the fore part of the coat was turned backwards. Then said Duke William " Now is this a good sign and a lucky ; the Duke shall this day be turned into a King." Then the Duke looked out on the English camp on Senlac and he saw King Harold's Standard, and he vowed that where that Standard stood he would build a great minster in honour of Saint Martin the Apostle of the Gauls. And so in after time he did. And now all was ready and the host marched forward in battle array.

Now the host was marshalled in three parts. On the left were the Bretons and Poitevins and men of Maine. Their captain was Alan of Britanny. On the right were all the hired men and adventurers of all kinds from France and Picardy and other places. They were led by Roger of

Montgomery, a mighty man among the Normans. And in the midst of the host were the Normans themselves, under the command of the Duke himself. In each division were archers, and heavy-armed foot and horse. And in the centre of all rode Duke William. He rode on a noble horse given him by Alfonso, King of Galicia in Spain. Round his neck he wore the choicest of the relics on which he said that Harold had sworn, and in his hand he carried, not a sword or a spear, but a mace of iron. Close by him rode his brother Bishop Odo; he was the son of the Duke's mother Herleva, who after Duke Robert's death had married a knight named Herlwin. This Odo had the Bishopric of Bayeux given him when he was only about twelve years old, and he was now quite a young man, and as fond of fighting as if he had not been a priest. He too, like the Duke, had a mace of iron; for the laws of the Church said that a priest might not shed blood; so Odo would not fight with sword or spear, but he said that it was not shedding blood to smite men with his mace of iron. Hard by these two great ones rode William's other half-brother, Robert, another son of Herlwin and Herleva, to whom William had given the county of Mortain and who had afterwards great estates in England and was Earl of Cornwall. So the three brothers were near together, and close by them rode a knight called Toustain the White, who carried the banner which Pope Alexander had sent to the Duke. So they rode across the ground between Telham and Senlac till they came to the foot of the hill.

King Harold had also risen early and had put his men in order. On the slope of the hill, just in the face of the army as it came from Hastings, he planted the two ensigns which were always set up in an English royal army, and between which the King had his royal post. The one was the golden Dragon, the old ensign of Wessex, of which we have heard so long ago as when Æthelhun carried it so bravely at the battle of Burford. The other was the Standard, which seems to have been the King's own device. King Harold's Standard was a great flag, richly adorned with precious stones and with the figure of a fighting-man wrought upon it in gold. As the English thus had two ensigns, they had also two war-cries. They shouted " God Almighty " which I take to have been the national war-cry, and they also shouted " Holy Cross " that is no doubt the Holy Cross of Waltham which King Harold held in such reverence. Perhaps this last was the cry of the King's own men. For you must remember that there were in the English army two very different sorts of men. There were King Harold's own followers, his own kinsmen and friends and Thanes and house-carls, the men of whom the Northmen said that any one could fight any other two men. These were in short the men who had won the fight of Stamfordbridge. These wore coats of mail, and they had javelins to hurl at the beginning of the fight, and their great two-handed axes to use when the foe came to close quarters. And with these picked troops I suspect were reckoned the men of Kent and London, who are spoken of in a special way. But besides these tried soldiers there were the men who came together from the whole south and east of England, who were armed as they could arm themselves, many of them very badly. Most of them had no coats of mail or other armour, and many had neither swords nor axes. Most of them had pikes, forks, anything they could bring ; a very few seem to have had bows and arrows. Now in a battle on the open ground these men would have been of no use at all ; the Norman horsemen would have trampled them down in a moment. But even these badly armed troops, when placed on the hill side, behind the barricades, could do a good deal in driving the Normans back as they rode up.

King Harold put these bad troops in the back, towards what we may call the isthmus of the peninsula, where the worse troops on the other side were likely to make the attack. But his picked men he put in front, where the best troops of the enemy were likely to come. So when they were all in order, King Harold rode round the hill to see that they were all ready, and he, like Duke William, made a speech to his men. He told them plainly that Duke William had come across the sea to conquer them if he could: they had nothing to do but to stand firm and defend themselves against him. He told them that the Norman horsemen were most brave and terrible soldiers; if they once got on the hill, there would be very little hope; but, if the English only kept firm in their ranks, they never could get on the hill. Let the English only stand still and cut down every one who came near the barricades, and the day was sure to be theirs. When the King had gone all round, he rode to the Standard, alighted from his horse, prayed to God for help, and stood ready with his axe till the enemy drew near. An English King, as you know, always fought on foot, that he might share all the dangers of his people, and that, where the King fought, no man might think of flight. By the King stood his brothers Gyrth and Leofwine and his kinsfolk and chief friends. If we were on the hill of Senlac, I could show you within a few feet where the Standard was pitched and where King Harold stood. For in after times, when King William the Conqueror built his great minster there, called the Abbey of the Battle, the high altar of the minster was placed where King Harold's Standard had stood. So it is easy to find the place.

Thus the English stood on the hill ready for the French host, horse and foot, who were coming across from Telham to attack them. About nine o'clock on Saturday morning they came near to the foot of the hill, and now began the great Battle of Senlac or Hastings. The Duke's army I told you was in three parts. Alan and the Bretons had to attack on the left, to the west of the abbey buildings. Roger of Montgomery with the French and Picards were on the right, near where the railway station is now. Duke William himself and the native Normans were in the midst, and they came right against the point of the hill which was crowned by the Standard, where King Harold himself stood ready for them.

And now began the great battle. First of all, the Norman archers let fly their arrows against the English ; then the heavy-armed foot were to come up ; and lastly the horsemen. They hoped, of course, that the shower of arrows would kill many of the English and put the rest into confusion, and that the heavy-armed foot would then be able to break down the barricades, so that the horsemen might ride up the hill. But first of all a man named, or rather nicknamed, *Taillefer* or *Cut-iron*, rode out alone from the Norman ranks. He was a juggler or minstrel, who could sing songs and play tricks, but he was a brave man all the same, and he asked Duke William's leave that he might strike the first blow, hand to hand. So Taillefer the minstrel rode forth, singing as he went, like Harold Hardrada at Stamfordbridge, and, as some say, throwing his sword up in the air and catching it again. Now perhaps you will wonder when I tell you what his song was about, for he sang of the Emperor Charles the Great and of Roland his captain, how he died in the fight of Roncesvalles in the Pyrenees. For French people had even then begun to fancy that the great German King was a Frenchman, and they had begun to tell stories and to sing songs about him by his French name of Charlemagne. So Taillefer now sang about Charlemagne, as about a hero of his own land, just as our men no doubt sang about Alfred and Æthelstan. As he came near to the English line, he managed to kill one man with his lance and another with his sword, but then he was cut down himself. Then the French army pressed on at all points, shouting " God help us " while our men shouted " God Almighty " and " Holy Cross." They tried very hard, first the foot and then the horse, to break down the barricade.

But it was all in vain. The English hurled their javelins at them as they were drawing near, and when they came near enough, they cut them down with their axes. The Norman writers themselves tell us how dreadful the fight was, and how the English axe, in the hand of King Harold or of any other strong man, cut down the horse and his rider with a single blow. Duke William and his army tried and tried again to get up the hill, but it was all in vain; our men did not swerve an inch, and they cut down every Frenchman who came near, King Harold himself and his brothers fighting among the foremost. Soon the French lines began to waver; the Bretons on the right turned and fled, and soon the Normans themselves followed. The English were now of course sorely tempted to break their lines and pursue, just what King Harold had told them not to do. Some of them, seemingly the troops in the rear, where the Bretons had first given way, were foolish enough to disobey the King's orders, and to follow their flying enemies down into the plain. It seemed as if the French were utterly beaten, and a cry was raised that Duke William himself was dead. So, just as our King Edmund had done at Shenstone, he tore off his helmet that men might see that he was alive, and cried out "I live, and by God's help I will conquer." Then he and his brother the Bishop contrived to bring their men together again. They turned again to the fight; those who were pursued by the English cut their pursuers in pieces, and another assault on the hill began.

Duke William this time had somewhat better luck. He again tried to get straight to the Standard and meet King Harold face to face. This however he never actually did at any time of the battle. We hear much of the exploits of both Harold and William, but they never met face to face. But just at this stage of the battle they were nearer meeting than at any other. William got so near to the barricade just before the Standard that Earl Gyrth, who we know fought near his brother the King, was able to hurl a spear directly at him. It missed the Duke, but his horse was killed and fell under him, as two others did before the day was out. Duke William then pressed on foot, and met Gyrth face to face, and slew him with his own hand. Earl Leofwine too was killed about the same time, and Roger of Montgomery and his Frenchmen to the right contrived to break down part of the barricade on that side.

So this second attack was by no means so unsuccessful as the first. The two Earls were killed, and the barricade was beginning to give way. Still Duke William saw that he could never win the battle by making his horsemen charge up the hill in the teeth of the English axes. He saw that his only chance was to tempt the English to break their shield-wall, and come down into the plain. So he tried a very daring and dangerous trick. He had seen the advantage which by his good generalship he had contrived to gain out of the real flight of his men a little time before ; so he ordered his troops to pretend flight, and, if the English followed, to turn upon them. And so it was ; the whole French army seemed to be fleeing a second time ; so a great many of the English ran down the hill to chase them. As far as I can make out, it was only the light-armed, the troops on the right, who did this ; I do not think that any of King Harold's own housecarls left their ranks. So the Normans seemed to fly, and the English followed after them. But presently the Normans turned, and now the English had to fly. It was most foolish of them to disobey the King's orders, and this disobedience lost the battle, and lost everything ; still we must say that those who had made this great mistake did their best to make up for it. Some managed to seize the little hill which I before spoke of, and thence they hurled down their javelins and stones on those who attacked them, and thus they completely cut off a party who were sent against them. Others, who knew the ground well, led the Frenchmen who chased them to a place near the isthmus—I wish we were there that I might show it you—where the ground is very rough, and where there is a little narrow cleft with steep sides, all covered with bushes and low trees. So the Normans came riding on, and their horses came tumbling head over heels into the trap which was thus ready for them, and the English who were flying now turned round and killed the riders.

All this was bravely and cleverly done ; but it could not recover the battle, now that King Harold's wise orders had once been disobeyed. The English line was now broken; the hill was defenceless at many points; so the Normans could now ride up, and the battle was now fought on the hill. The fight was by no means over yet; the English had lost their great advantage of the ground; but King Harold and all his mighty men were still there; so they still formed their shield-wall and fought with their great axes.

Now if you think a moment, you will easily see that the English must have got tired much sooner than the Normans. It is a very wearying thing to stand still for a long time together, watching for the moment when one has to strike or to do anything. It is far more wearying to do this than to ride or walk or run backwards and forwards, which is what the Normans had to do. I suppose it was through sheer weariness that the English seem to have gradually lost their close array, so that the battle changed into a series of single combats; here one or two Frenchmen cutting down an Englishman, here one or two Englishmen cutting down a Frenchman. Very valiant deeds of this sort were done by many men in both armies. They had now been fighting ever since nine in the morning, and twilight was now coming on. Luck had no doubt now turned against the English; still they were by no means beaten yet, and it is by no means clear that they would have been beaten after all, if King Harold had only lived till night-fall.

Here, as always in these times, everything depended on one man. Harold still lived and fought by his Standard, and it was against that point that all the efforts and all the devices of the Normans were now aimed. The Norman archers had begun the fight and the Norman archers were now to end it. Duke William now bade them shoot up in the air that the arrows might fall like bolts from heaven. This device proved the most successful of all; some men were pierced right through their helmets; others had their eyes put out; others lifted up their shields to guard their heads, and so could not wield their axes so well as before. King Harold still stood—

you may see him in the Tapestry—standing close by the golden Dragon, with his axe in his hand, and his shield pierced with several arrows. But now the hour of our great King was come. Every foe who had come near him had felt the might of that terrible axe, but his axe could not guard him against this awful shower of arrows. One shaft, falling, as I said, from heaven, pierced his right eye; he clutched at it and broke off the shaft; his axe dropped from his hand, and he fell, all disabled by pain, in his own place as King between the two royal ensigns. Twenty Norman knights now swore to take the Standard, now that the King no longer defended it; they rushed on; most of them were killed by the English who still fought around their wounded King; but those who escaped succeeded in beating down the Standard of the Fighting Man and in bearing off the Golden Dragon. That ancient ensign, which had shone over so many battle-fields, was never again carried before a true English King. Then four knights, one of whom was Count Eustace, rushed upon King Harold as he lay dying; they killed him with several wounds, and mangled his body. Such was the end of the last native King of the English, Harold the son of Godwine. He fell by the most glorious of deaths, fighting for the land and the people which he had loved so well.

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

E. & R. Power

IT was spring in the year 1212. In the woods round the little French hamlet of Clôyes early primroses and anemones nestled among last year's fallen leaves. The hills were green and wet with dew, and down the grassy slopes sheep wandered at will, for Stephen, the shepherd boy, was dreaming, his eyes as blue and remote as the cloudless sky.

As he lay on his back in the sun, picture after picture passed before his eyes. He could neither read nor write and had never seen a book, save the priest's illuminated missal, but his mind was a treasure-house of stories; for his native village lay on the road to Chartres, and many a stranger passed that way and talked to the blue-eyed shepherd boy. Sometimes it was a priest, who told him stories from the Bible, adding sorrowfully that the tomb of Christ was in the hands of the Saracens, so that men could no longer worship there in peace. Sometimes a pilgrim passed, and sitting beside the lad talked of the Holy Land and of the Pope, who was urging every Christian to fight against the heathen or to raise money for a holy war. Perhaps, too, a knight would pass, and tell how, twenty years ago, he, a stout-hearted youth, had followed Philip of France or Richard the Lion of England on a vain quest to Palestine, how they had fought and suffered but had not delivered Jerusalem.

The word "Crusade" was on every lip, and all hearts turned towards Jerusalem; so the people who passed through Clôyes could always tell the boy something of the Holy Land.

To-day he lay thinking of Jerusalem, and his mind was so filled with the glamour of the East that he did not notice his wandering flocks nor the silent stranger who had climbed the little hill and now stood beside him.

" Asleep or awake ? " asked the stranger.

" I was dreaming of the Holy Land " he said. " You carry a palmer's staff. Talk to me."

The stranger gathered his robe about him, and sitting on the ground began to talk. And as he spoke, Stephen forgot the green hills of France and the little hovels of Clôyes, forgot that he was a poor shepherd lad, scarcely twelve years of age ; but he saw before him a golden city with domes and minarets, saw the sun shining upon desert sands, and peeping through the iron bars of prisons, where Christian knights lay moaning and in chains ; saw, too, the Saracen laughing beside the tomb of Christ and dismissing the weary pilgrims with scornful words. The picture faded and he saw another. Thousands of children carrying banners and crosses were scaling the walls of the Holy City and crowding through the golden gates. Singing, they passed through Jerusalem. Prison doors flew open at their touch. The heathen Saracens kissed their hands and were baptised. The tomb of Christ was delivered.

And a voice cried " You, Stephen, shall lead the Children's Crusade."

Dazed with the vision, Stephen staggered to his feet. Minarets and domes faded. The singing voices grew dim and ceased. Slowly the boy looked about him. The mysterious stranger had disappeared. The sun was setting, and the hills which he knew so well were turning faintly purple. Scarcely knowing what he was doing, Stephen collected his scattered sheep, and whispering " I have seen Christ " stumbled down the hill to the door of his father's cottage.

He never again herded sheep in the lonely fields. From that day Stephen believed that the children of France would deliver Jerusalem and that God had chosen him to be their leader.

Dressed in his shepherd's coat, a little crook in his hand, and a wallet at his side, he left his father's cottage and took to the road. He passed through Chartres and Paris, through hamlet and village, and everywhere he preached the Children's Crusade. Followers gathered behind him and his fame spread before him, until at last he came to the town of St. Denys.

Now in those days people made pilgrimages to St. Denys to visit a sacred shrine. From distant provinces children came with their parents. At the door of the church, in the market-place and in lane and alley, they heard Stephen preaching. " He is our prophet " they said, and when their pilgrimage was over they returned to their homes and, like Stephen, preached the new Crusade.

And so the movement spread, regardless of the feuds of rulers, of different governments, and of wars. It reached Brittany, where the English ruled, Normandy, Aquitaine and Auvergne, Provence, where the King of Aragon held sway, Toulouse, and Gascony. It spread to Germany, where a child of ten, called Nicolas, gathered together thousands of children and set out across the Alps to win Jerusalem. Everywhere the voice of Stephen found a ready echo. From their homes and their gardens, from the high-road and the by-way came the children ; and when once they had come they did not return. The peasant lad left the ploughshare and the young baron put the falcon from his wrist. Little girls donned their brother's clothes and slipped away from embroidery frame and spinning-wheel. Fathers and mothers were powerless to stop them. Neither bolt nor bar, punishment nor threats, could hold them. " Wait till you are older " pleaded the parents. " God cannot wait " answered the children, and with scarcely a backward glance sped from their homes to join the Crusade.

That spring, the whole of the country now called France saw procession after procession of children marching towards Vendôme, which Stephen had chosen as the meeting-place. Recruits came daily, until many thousands had joined the army.

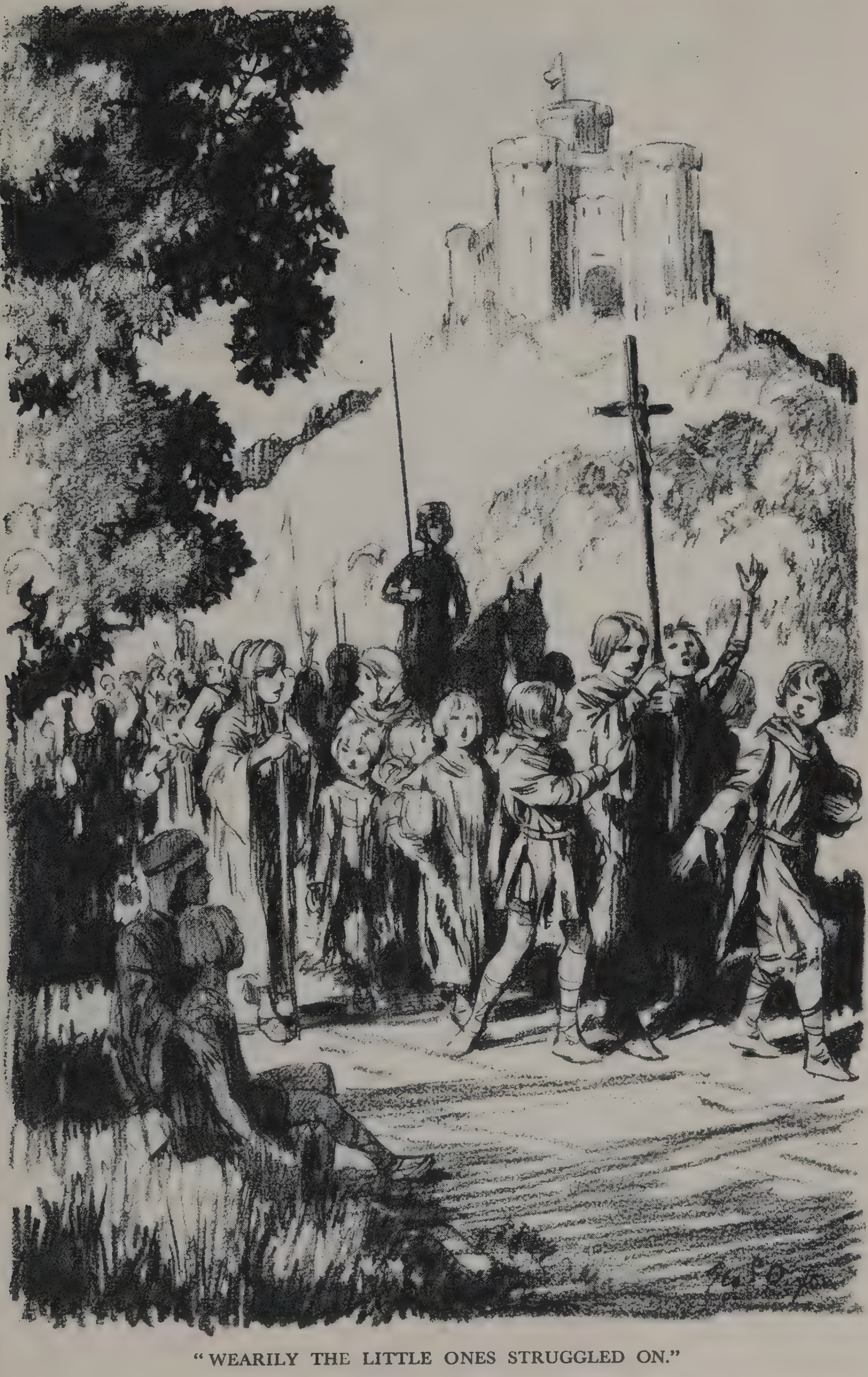
When the last little soldier had arrived, the children set out for Marseilles. They were a strange, motley crowd, each wearing a cross upon his coat. Some swung censers, others carried crosses or candles. Rich and poor walked together and beguiled the time by singing hymns or telling stories.

The way to Marseilles lay through Blois, across the Loire and the Rhone, through Burgundy and Provence. For weeks the children marched, sleeping in the fields or at the roadside. But the journey was not easy. Evil men and women followed the procession, robbed the children of their money and their food, and even seized the stragglers and set them to work in the fields. Shoes wore out. Feet were bleeding and blistered. In the unpeopled districts there was no food and very little water, and many lay down by the way to die. Some of the smaller ones did not even know that the sea lay between them and the Holy Land. " Is that Jerusalem ? " they would ask when the castle of some great baron stood out against the sky. " Not yet " was the answer, and wearily the little ones struggled on.

Stephen did his best to encourage the faint-hearted. He was now no longer the simple shepherd boy who dreamed dreams. He was a king. He rode in a cart covered with rare carpets. Over his head hung a canopy of richly coloured drapery. A bodyguard of noble youths, mounted on chargers and carrying lances, rode beside him. At noon, when the army halted, and in the evening before the children lay down to sleep, Stephen stood in his cart and addressed them. They crowded about him so eagerly that some of the smaller ones were crushed to death.

Day after day the army marched and grew more weary. There was no longer any discipline. The children struggled on as best they might. At last a day came when they climbed a hill and saw the blue sea dashing against the shores of Marseilles.

Cries of joy floated down the wind, banners were unfurled, crosses were held high. With a tumultous shout " It is



"WEARILY THE LITTLE ONES STRUGGLED ON."

God's will ! " a vast crowd of children swept down the hill like some great tidal wave and clamoured outside the city wall.

The amazed people opened their gates. Friendly hands gave bread and alms. Convents, monasteries, and manors housed as many children as they could, while the others slept on the shore. Blistered feet and hunger were forgotten. The old enthusiasm returned and Stephen paced the shore, promising that next day the sea would divide, as it had done for the Israelites, and the children would march, dry-shod, to Palestine.

When morning dawned eager feet came hurrying to the beach, eager eyes scanned the horizon, and a dancing, mocking sea crept nearer and nearer to the land. All day long the children waited. The white foam sparkled in the sun, the blue waves lapped against the rocks. When evening came, " Stephen has lied to us " wept the children, and hundreds wandered through the city and tried to find their way home.

At that time, there lived in Marseilles two merchants, called Hugo Ferreus and William Porcus. They watched the disappointed children and made a plan. " Dry your eyes, little brother " they said to Stephen, " for we will give you seven ships, food for your journey, and men well-versed in the art of sailing." Crying " God has found a way " Stephen marshalled his host.

Within a few days the ships were ready. They were small sailing-vessels and to-day we should think them very frail. Many of the children, afraid now that the great moment had come, crept away and hid ; but the others, filled with gratitude for the kind merchants, embarked and waved a joyous farewell.

From this moment we know no more of Stephen, for the old chronicles, which tell the story, never again mention his name. Doubtless he set sail and shared the adventures of his comrades.

Night and day the ships sailed, until south-west of Sardinia they sighted the isle of San Pietro. The sky grew overcast, winds buffeted the fragile barques, and the shrieks of frightened children were drowned by the roaring of the waves. Five ships braved the storm, but two were lost. When the winds had lulled and the sun rose over San Pietro, among the rocks and broken spars a thousand little bodies were washed backwards and forwards by the waves.

The other ships sailed on until, after many days, they approached the coast of Africa. " Are we there at last ? " asked the children, when they saw the pointed minarets and white walls of Bujeiah, that beautiful Saracen city, at the very height of its power. But the sailors laughed a little mocking laugh ; and, gazing at the shore, the children saw boats, manned by Saracens, skimming across the water. When they saw the fierce, dark faces, the strange garments, and curved swords, the children shrieked with fear. " Save us ! " they cried ; but the sailors dropped anchor and in a few minutes the five ships were surrounded.

Huddled together, praying, weeping, and calling for " Father " or " Mother " the little Crusaders watched the dark-skinned Saracens board their vessels. There was no escape. Behind them was the sea, all around them enemies, and in front the Saracen stronghold. Fainting with terror, the children were lashed together with ropes and chains and sold in the slave-market of Bujeiah. Some were sent to distant lands, others to the vineyards round Alexandria, while the strongest and most beautiful were chained together, destined for the slave-markets of Bagdad.

It was a long way from Bujeiah to Bagdad. The route lay across the delta of the Nile, through the desert and into Palestine. And so the little band of Crusaders reached the Holy Land.

Far away in France men and women waited for news that never came. There were empty chairs in the castles, empty places in the huts. Year after year, when people spoke of the Holy City, lonely parents thought of children who never came home.

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

H. W. Longfellow (Adapted)

WHAT is this I read in history,
Full of marvel, full of mystery,
Difficult to understand ?
Is it fiction, is it truth ?
Children in the flower of youth,
Heart in heart, and hand in hand,
Ignorant of what helps or harms,
Without armour, without arms,
Journeying to the Holy Land !

Who shall answer or divine ?
Never since the world was made
Such a wonderful crusade
Started forth for Palestine.
Never while the world shall last
Will it reproduce the past ;
Never will it see again
Such an army, such a band,
Over mountain, over main,
Journeying to the Holy Land.

Like a shower of blossoms blown
From the parent trees were they ;
Like a flock of birds that fly
Through the unfrequented sky,
Holding nothing as their own,
Passed they into lands unknown,
Passed to suffer and to die.

O the simple child-like trust!
  O the faith that could believe
What the harnessed, iron-mailed
  Knights of Christendom had failed
By their prowess, to achieve,
  They, the children, could and must! . . . .

From the gates that summer day
  Clad in robes of hodden gray,
With the red cross on the breast,
  Azure-eyed and golden-haired,
Forth the young crusaders fared;
  While above the band devoted
Consecrated banners floated,
  Fluttered many a rag and streamer,
And the cross o'er all the rest!
  Singing lowly, meekly, slowly,
"Give us, give us back the holy
  Sepulchre of the Redeemer!"
On the vast procession pressed.

Ah! what master hand shall paint
  How they journeyed on their way,
How the days grew long and dreary,
  How their little feet grew weary,
How their little hearts grew faint! . . . .

Now around them, white with snow,
  Closed the mountain peaks. Below,
Headlong from the precipice
  Down into the black abyss
Plunged the cataract, white with foam;
  And it said, or seemed to say
"Oh return, while yet you may,
  Foolish children to your home,
There the Holy City is!"

A FIRESIDE TALK
ABOUT
GEOFFREY CHAUCER

YOU must all have heard of Geoffrey Chaucer, the first great English poet, who lived over five hundred years ago. Perhaps you have read some of his poems, and have long wished you were living in those glorious ages of romance and chivalry, so vividly portrayed in our story-books. But in reality those times were not so " glorious ", and were it possible for you to drift back to them you would, I think, soon wish to be back again in the twentieth century.

England in the time of Chaucer was very different from what it is to-day. The art of road-making, introduced by the Romans, had long since been lost during the centuries when our island was being overrun by northern invaders, and the roads had become merely rough tracks which were almost impassable in winter owing to the thick mud and deep holes filled with slush. All the year round robbers and murderers lurked in the wayside hedges to attack the weary travellers as they came along on horseback. Even the knights were not all so chivalrous as we sometimes imagine them to have been. There were some, of course, who went off to join the Crusades, but many were cruel men who, when not fighting in some war abroad, spent much of their time at home fighting against each other and leading wicked lives.

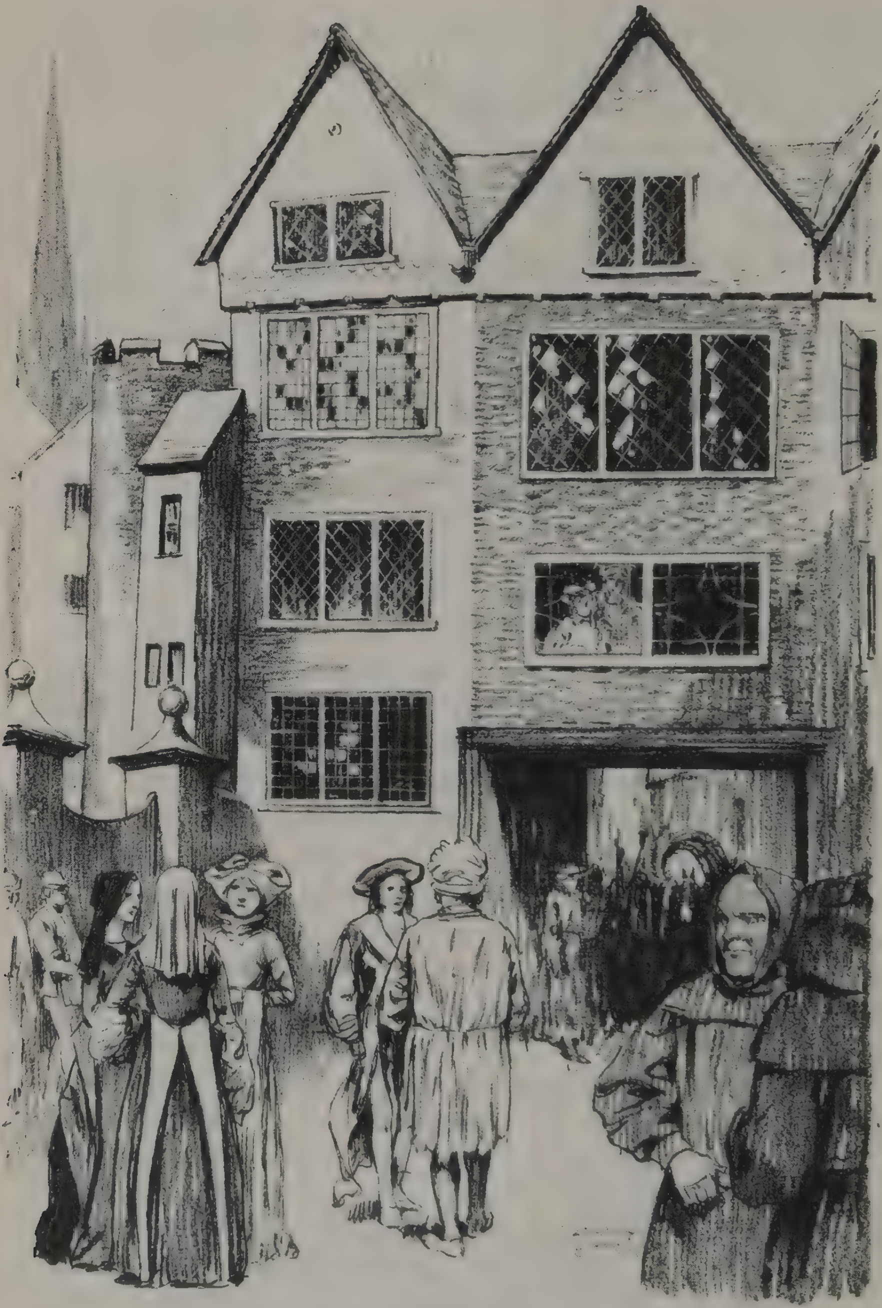
There were no such things as dustbins in those days, the rubbish from the houses being thrown into the roughly cobbled streets, which had small channels down the middle to enable the water during the wet weather to run away. These streets were so narrow that Mrs. Housewife had no difficulty in gossiping with the woman who lived in the house opposite. Little fresh air or sunshine could penetrate into these narrow streets, so that in hot, dry weather the air became so poisonous on account of the generally filthy conditions prevailing in the towns that people were constantly being stricken with serious diseases.

In 1349, when Chaucer was about nine years old, the terrible plague, called the Black Death, swept over England, and within a short time wiped out nearly a half of the population. But even plagues, which were always hovering over mediæval England, did not make people realise the necessity of cleanliness. The butcher still killed his cattle outside his shop, and the street continued to be regarded as the best place to deposit all kinds of refuse. It could not have been a very pleasant experience for a passer-by to have a shower of filthy water dropped from an upstairs window on to his Sunday-best clothing. Nevertheless it was all part of the life of fourteenth century England ; and in these conditions Geoffrey Chaucer was brought up.

As far as we can estimate, Chaucer was born about the year 1340. Little is known of his childhood, but his father, John Chaucer, was a prosperous wine-trader living in Thames Street, London. His trade brought him in touch with all types of people who arrived from distant lands at the Port of London, and we can well imagine him sitting by the fire in the evening with his little son Geoffrey, relating some exciting story he had heard that day from a foreign merchant.

We first hear of Chaucer when he was about seventeen years of age. At this time he had become a page to the Lady Elizabeth, wife of the Duke of Clarence, but two years later he went off to France to take part in the long struggle between the English and the French which is known as the Hundred Years' War. During the campaign he was taken prisoner near Rheims, but after the Treaty of Bretigny, which brought the war temporarily to a close, a sum of money, to which King Edward III. himself contributed, was paid for his release, and he was allowed to return home to England.

A few years later Chaucer married Philippa Roet, whose



A LONDON SCENE IN CHAUCER'S DAY.

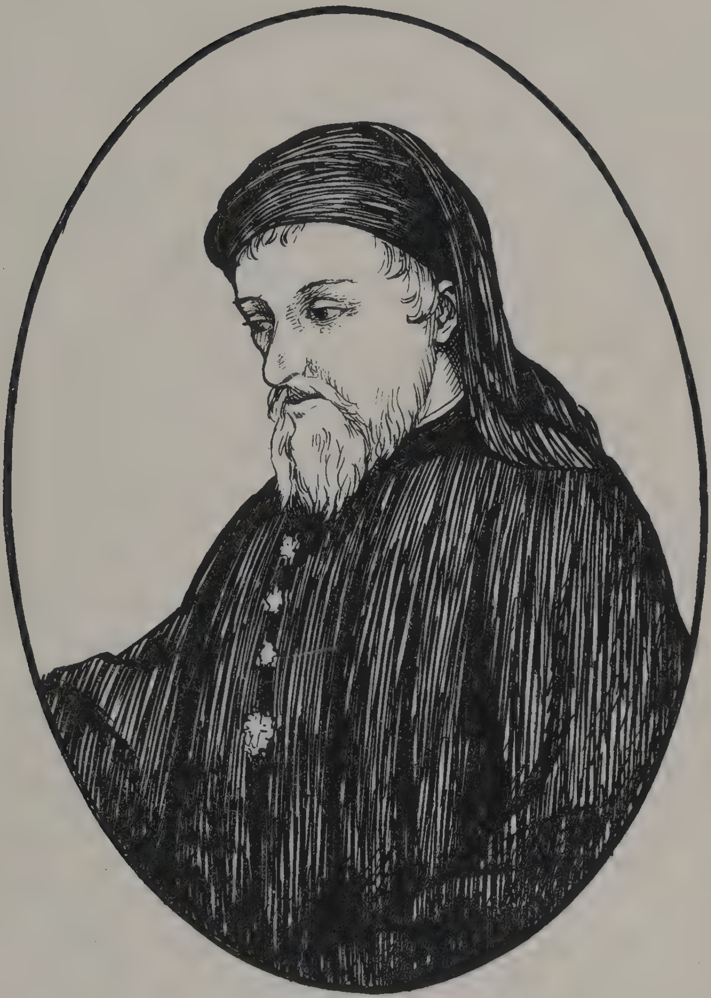
sister Katherine became the third wife of John of Gaunt. These two marriages are important because they help to show us how Chaucer came to be regarded with such favour by John of Gaunt—one of the most powerful men in England during the latter half of the fourteenth century. There is no doubt that Chaucer in later years profited greatly from the favour extended to him by his patron, and we shall see how he became later a wealthy man and a knight of the shire of Kent.

At the time of his marriage Chaucer had risen to the position of valet of the King's Chamber, and was enjoying the pleasures and luxury of court life. But he was soon in France again taking part in another campaign against the French, who had decided to renew the war against England. He seems to have acquitted himself well and enhanced his reputation, for in the years following he was sent, sometimes as an ambassador, on missions to France and Italy. This period is perhaps the most important in Chaucer's life, for it was during his travels abroad that he gained a knowledge of foreign people and foreign literature, all of which was to exercise a great influence over his writings.

Up to this time, Chaucer had been little more than experimenting in poetry ; he had written several poems, but none as yet to compare with those he was to write in later life. His experiences in foreign lands, however, broadened his outlook on life ; he gained a keen insight into human nature by coming into contact with all types of people. And so these years were for him a period of preparation. Without knowing it Chaucer was preparing himself for the time when he was to take up his pen and write those great poems " Troilus and Creseyde " and his " Canterbury Tales." On his second visit to Italy he had occasion to remain several months in that land, and took the opportunity of learning the language and studying closely the writings of Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio. The work of these famous Italians created a deep impression on Chaucer and when he came back to England he soon turned his attention once more to poetry with renewed enthusiasm, and wrote some of his finest poems, " The Parlement of Foules," " The Legende of Goode Women," and " Troilus and Creseyde."

It was about six years later that Chaucer is believed to have undertaken that memorable pilgrimage to Canterbury which was afterwards to be immortalised in the " Canterbury Tales." This pilgrimage, about which you shall hear more in the next chapter, gave him the idea of using his journey to Canterbury in company with a motley band of pilgrims as a framework for a long poem, which would enable him to make use of the hundreds of tales he had been collecting and storing in his mind since early childhood. And so, within a few years, he commenced his great task, using some of the stories he had already written in verse some time previously. But, although during the remainder of his life he worked at intervals on the " Canterbury Tales ", he died before it was completed ; and so this long poem, like some of his others, remained unfinished.

When he returned to England from his second visit to Italy, Chaucer became a prosperous gentleman. After being made comptroller of the Petty Customs of the Port of London, he was elected, four years later, one of the two knights of the shire of Kent. But his good fortune did not last very long. When John of Gaunt went off to Spain to establish his title of King of Castile, Chaucer was deprived of both his offices, probably by his patron's political enemies who, led by the Duke of Gloucester, seized control of the Government and took away much of the King's power. It was a worrying time for Chaucer ; being short of money and with no influential person near to render him assistance, he soon found himself in great difficulties. This ill-fortune was to prove of great benefit to English Literature ; for Chaucer, having no longer to carry out the duties which his former office entailed, found himself with many hours of leisure, and so devoted



GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

much of his time to writing poetry, especially his "Canterbury Tales."

On his patron's return from Spain three years later, Chaucer's fortunes once more took a turn for the better, and he was appointed Clerk of the King's Works. Soon afterwards in 1399 he was made also a commissioner to look after the banks of the Thames between Woolwich and Greenwich. In the remaining years of his life he was granted a pension by King Richard II., but this did not free him from financial worries, and he seems to have been constantly short of money and in debt. In 1399 King Richard abdicated in favour of Henry of Bolingbroke, the son of John of Gaunt, and Chaucer quickly wrote the "Compleynt to his Purs" which inspired the newly crowned king, Henry IV., to bestow upon the poet an additional pension! Chaucer now took a house in Westminster; but his life was swiftly drawing to a close, and in the following year he died at the age of about sixty. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, London, and those of you who cherish his memory may see to-day, in that part of the Abbey now known as the Poets' Corner, the final resting place of our first great English poet.

Perhaps many of you do not yet fully appreciate Chaucer, chiefly because you find the Old English spelling difficult to understand. But do not be discouraged; you will soon master it with a little perseverance. Then you will learn to love reading those Canterbury Tales; you will realise too what a wonderful insight into human nature he possessed; and you will roar with laughter at his sometimes boisterous fun and the playful jokes he cracks at the hypocritical types of people with which his life brought him in touch. He was a man who looked on the bright side of life; if he saw wickedness, as he frequently did, he preferred to ridicule it rather than condemn it in a thunderous voice. He wrote often of fresh mornings in Spring, and that is characteristic of the man. He might have turned his attention to all the evils, the filth and strife of his times, as did his contemporary, Langland, who wrote a poem called " Piers the Plowman." But no, Chaucer in his poetry goes out, as it were, into the open air to revel in the freshness of a spring morning.

No one can tire of Chaucer. His poetry, like William Shakespeare's, is " not of an age but for all time." After five hundred years people still laugh at his humour and find enjoyment in reading the stories he wrote for fourteenth century England. And in all probability five hundred years hence people will experience the same delight that we do now and as did our ancestors in the past. Read Chaucer's poetry, and you will soon understand why.

CHAUCER

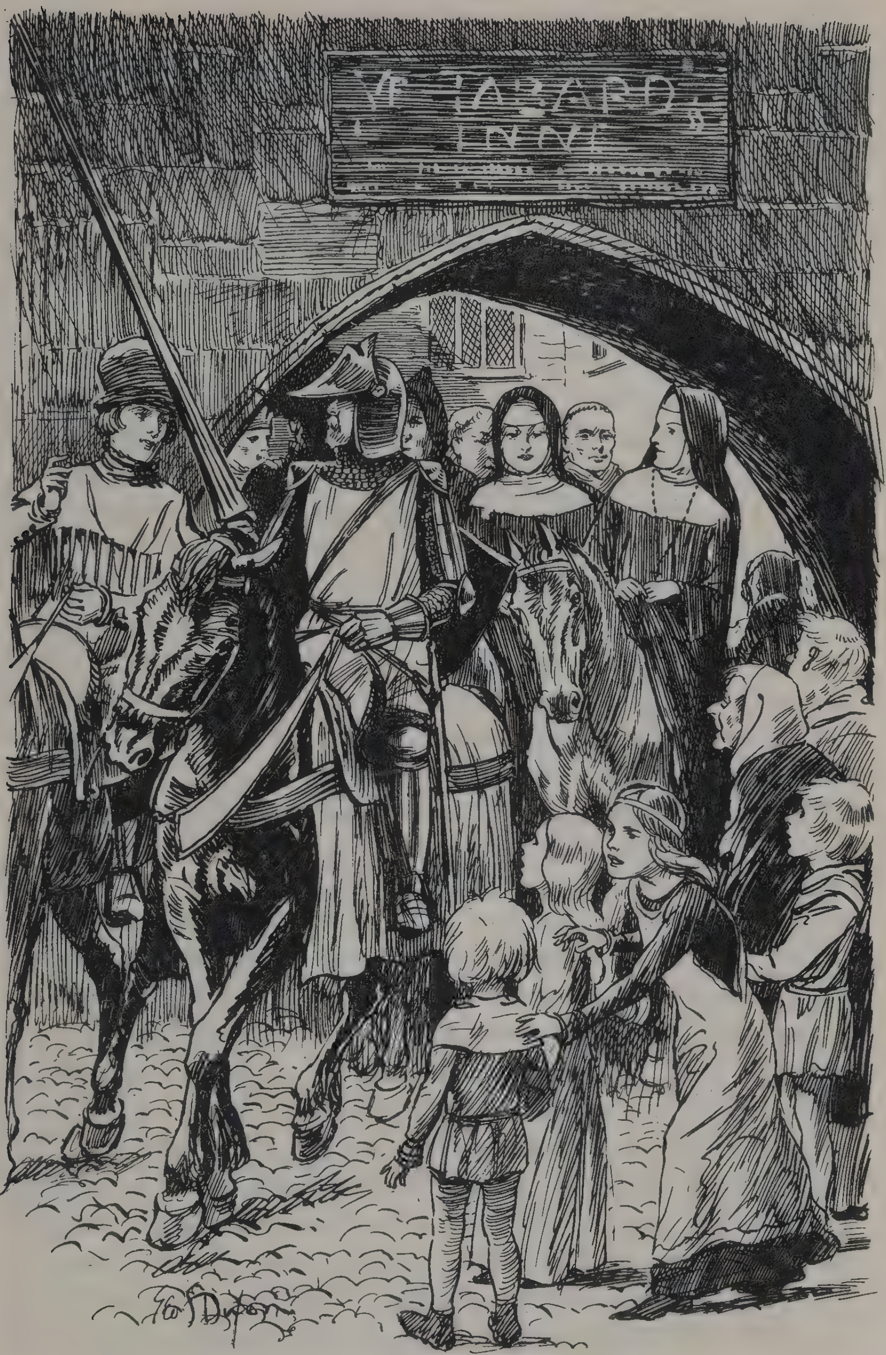
H. W. Longfellow

AN old man in a lodge within a park ;
The chamber walls depicted all around
With portraitures of huntsman, hawk and hound,
And the hurt deer. He listeneth to the lark,
Whose song comes with the sunshine through the dark
Of painted glass in leaden lattice bound ;
He listeneth and he laugheth at the sound,
Then writeth in a book like any clerk.
He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote
The Canterbury Tales, and his old age
Made beautiful with song ; and as I read
I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note
Of lark and linnet, and from every page
Rise odours of ploughed field or flowery mead.

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY PILGRIMAGE

GEOFFREY CHAUCER'S most famous poem, "The Canterbury Tales," tells us all about a pilgrimage to Canterbury. In the fourteenth century pilgrimages were very popular in Europe ; they gave people a chance of escaping for a while from the dirty towns and enjoying the fresh air of the countryside. In these early times it was no uncommon sight to see a company of people cheerfully wending their way along the muddy tracks to some distant place where they might worship at the shrine of a famous saint. Many people even travelled abroad to Rome or the Holy Land, while others went sometimes alone, but more often in large numbers, to some shrine in their own country. These folk were called Pilgrims and the journey they undertook was called a Pilgrimage. In England the most popular shrine was that of Saint Thomas Becket, who had been murdered in Canterbury Cathedral in 1170 during the reign of Henry II. From near and far pilgrims came to worship at this tomb, and it is still possible to trace the track known as the Pilgrims' Way which was followed by those coming from the Continent and the South of England.

All kinds of people went together on these pilgrimages. Some were inspired to undertake the journey solely through religious motives, others by the thought of spending a cheery holiday in the open air. On Chaucer's pilgrimage, for example, the company was composed of the most motley crowd imaginable who, having no desire to ride along as "dumb as stone", passed the time telling each other tales and laughing, chatting and, sometimes, quarrelling as they made their way towards Canterbury. Let us hear what Chaucer has to say about it.


Ye Tabard's Inne

CHAUCER'S PILGRIMAGE.

He tells us how he himself was staying one evening at the Tabard Inn at Southwark prior to setting off on a pilgrimage to Canterbury on the following day. In the evening just before supper there arrived at the inn a company of twenty-nine people of every type and station in life, and after making enquiries Chaucer learned that they too were on a pilgrimage to Canterbury. He soon mixed among them, and found them to be so jolly a company that he decided to join them on their travels the next day.

That evening the Host of the Inn, a jovial fellow, named Harry Bailey, joined the pilgrims during supper, and greatly amused everyone with his lively conversation. He suggested that on the journey each member of the company should tell four tales—two on the way there, two on the way back—and the person who told the best tale should be given a good dinner at the expense of the others. He then promised that he himself would join the pilgrimage and be the guide. The pilgrims were delighted with this suggestion, and readily agreed that their host should be the judge of their tales.

The following morning their Host was up before the cock had commenced its crowing, and quickly roused everyone and gathered them together in preparation for the pilgrimage. It was a beautiful spring morning, and all the pilgrims were in the highest spirits as they made their way out of the Inn yard and set off for Canterbury. After travelling some distance the Host decided that it was time to draw lots as to who should tell the first tale. The lot fell to the Knight, and so he " set the ball rolling " with a story of chivalry, which you will find great enjoyment in reading for yourselves sometime.

Chaucer was one of the company, but he did not talk very much. And when the time came for him to entertain his companions with a tale, he recited a poem about Sir Topaz which did not appear to interest the Host at all, for he stopped Chaucer in the middle of the recitation saying that it was the poorest poem he had ever heard. Poor Chaucer was rather annoyed at this interruption, but was given another chance, and so commenced a tale about Melibeus and Prudence, which was not very much more successful than the first, for ere he had reached the end he was conscious of certain of his comrades beginning to yawn!

As the pilgrims merrily continued their way laughing, chatting, and relating tales in turn, Chaucer rode along in silence. But he was not asleep nor did he tire of their company. He was listening all the time to their idle but jolly talk, and gaining information about the character and the modes of living of each one. Let us hear what he has to say of some of his companions.

He first mentions the Knight who rode in front on a horse. This Knight symbolises the ideal man of Mediæval England—the brave and honourable soldier of whom we read a great deal in our story books. He had taken part in fifteen mortal battles in foreign lands, and had also fought for the Christian Faith against the infidels in Turkey. We can easily see that this gentle though dignified man, and his quiet conversation, greatly impressed Chaucer who regarded him as a good example of " a parfit gentil knight." With the knight rode his son, the Squire, and the Squire's Yeoman. The Yeoman was clad in a green coat and hood, and under his belt he carried a number of arrows, while " in his hand he bar a mighty bowe." At his side hung a sword and a dagger. And this fully armed forester walked by the side of his master, his brown face glistening in the morning sun.

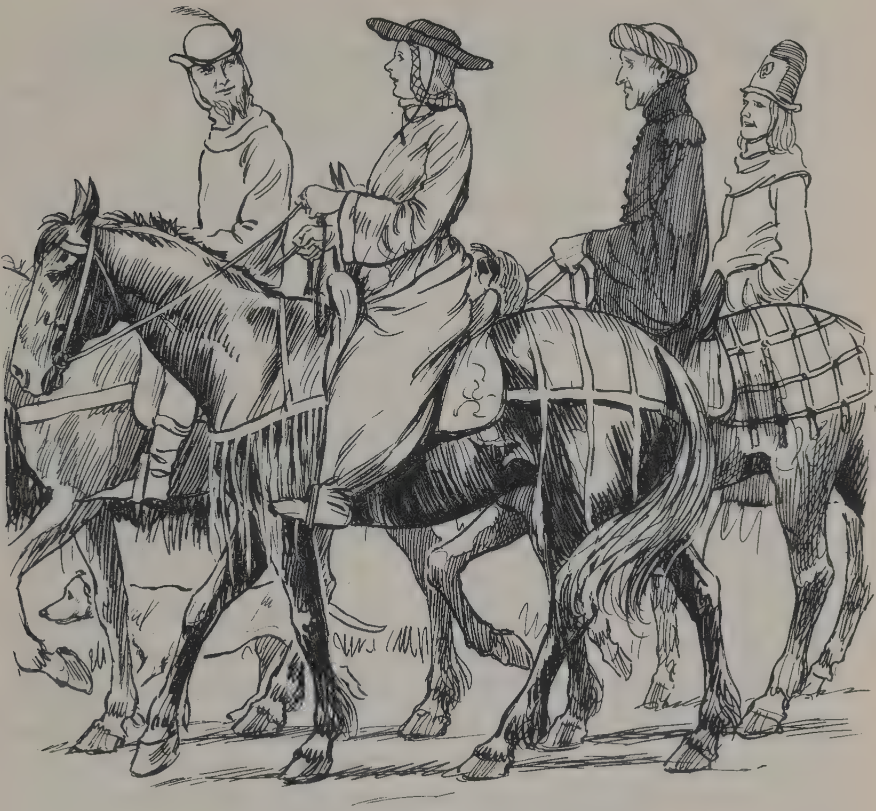
Then came the attractive, neatly dressed Prioress, and Chaucer takes great pains to inform us of her little peculiarities, and the polite way in which she ate her food. He tells us that she was so gentle that she would weep to see a little mouse caught in a trap or a dog beaten with a stick. She was accompanied by her Lady Chaplain and three Priests, but Chaucer says very little about them—his admiration was centred on the " symple and coy " Prioress!

In the company were a Monk, a Friar, and a Pardoner; and it is in explaining these three personages that Chaucer shows us his love of gentle, but not spiteful, satire. There was a great amount of hypocrisy among the clergy of the later Middle ages ; they used to pretend to be much more virtuous than they really were. Their hypocrisy, however, was only too clear to the eagle-eyed Chaucer, and he satirizes their way of living in almost every line he writes about them. But he is never spiteful in what he says ; he makes us feel he is merely laughing at the evil ways of some men, and it is this light-heartedness which gives a peculiar charm to his poetry. Chaucer seems to give us the impression that he didn't care a bit if the clergy were hypocritical and took away the money from the poor in order to become rich themselves. Is that, however, what Chaucer really felt ?

Behind the Monk and the Friar came the Merchant sitting high on his horse. He had a forked beard, and on his head he wore a large beaver hat. He was a very alert business man and frequently talked of his profession, which we can imagine at times became rather tiring to the light-hearted company. Near him rode a Clerk of Oxford on a horse that seemed in need of a good meal, for we are told it was as lean as a rake. This young clerk was very poorly dressed, no doubt because he was such a studious young fellow that he spent nearly all his money on books and learning. But Chaucer seemed to delight in listening to his interesting and learned conversation during the journey along the Kent roads.

Then came the Franklin of ruddy complexion and a beard as white " as is a dayesye." This gentleman boasted of the excellent food with which his house was always stored. We soon gather that eating and drinking were the chief hobbies in his life ; yet he was a generous man, always willing for others to share the meat and delicious dainties which adorned his table. He had been sometime sheriff and knight of the shire, and fully deserved such honour, for he was indeed a worthy man.

Let us hear what Chaucer tells us about the Shipman. He rode on a nag, and was attired in a gown which folded to the



TRAVELLERS ON THE PILGRIMS' WAY.

knee. A hearty good fellow from Dartmouth he was, and his tanned complexion helped to show up more clearly his cheery countenance. He possessed a boat called the "Magdalen", and constant travel had made him acquainted with the creeks and bays of nearly all Europe, and he knew every danger which threatened mariners during their voyages in distant seas.

We now hear about the poverty-stricken Parson, the symbol of piety as opposed to the hypocrisy of the Friar and Pardoner. In the character of the Parson, Chaucer shows us the other side of the work of the Church in the fourteenth century; the devout man who gives his life to teaching religion to his people, and who believes that a good example should be set to his flock that they may know how to live virtuously. Chaucer deals with this character very gently. He is serious all the time, and seems sincerely to respect the piety which is exhibited in this priest. The Parson was accompanied by his brother, a Plowman, an equally righteous man, living in peace and charity with everyone.

Then came the Miller, a big brawny fellow with a beard as red as any fox. On the point of his nose sat a wart, from which sprouted a tuft of hairs as red as the bristles of a sow's ears, while his mouth gaped like a furnace. He wore a white coat and a blue hood, and at his side hung a sword and a small round shield. What a loud and burly fellow he was, to be sure! But he could certainly play the bagpipes; and the whole company of Pilgrims kept time to his music as he piped them merrily along.

A Summoner (a man whose business it was to summon offenders to the ecclesiastical courts) was also among the Canterbury Pilgrims, and what a terrible appearance he had! His face was fiery red and spotted with pimples, and he had a thick beard and jet black eye-brows. He loved to eat garlic, leeks and onions, and drink blood-red wine.

There were several others in the company who have not been mentioned, but I think we have heard enough to gain some idea of the different types of people who were gathered together on that eventful Pilgrimage to Canterbury. As we should expect, the stories told on the journey differ according to the type of person relating them. There are funny tales, sad tales, romantic tales, and very boisterous tales; and most of them are very entertaining. It is a great pity that Chaucer died before finishing this poem, because apart from other reasons we should like to know who earned a free dinner for telling the best story. But that need not discourage you. If you read some of those tales you may be able to judge for yourselves which of the pilgrims was winning the competition on arrival at Canterbury.

THE MURDER OF JAMES I OF SCOTLAND

From " Tales of a Grandfather "

Sir Walter Scott

ALTHOUGH King James was so well-intentioned a king, and certainly the ablest man who had yet reigned in Scotland since the days of Robert Bruce, yet both high and low murmured against him, which encouraged some wicked men amongst the nobility to conspire his death.

The chief person in the plot was one Sir Robert Graham, uncle to the Earl of Stratherne. He was bold and ambitious, and highly offended with the King on account of an imprisonment which he had sustained by the royal command. He drew into the plot the Earl of Athole, an old man of little talent, by promising to make his son, Sir Robert Stewart, King of Scotland, in place of James. Others were engaged in the conspiracy from different motives. To many of their attendants they pretended they only wished to carry away a lady out of the court. To prepare his scheme, Graham retreated into the remote Highlands, and from thence sent a defiance, renouncing his allegiance to the King, and threatening to put his sovereign to death with his own hand. A price was set upon his head, payable to anyone who should deliver him up to justice ; but he lay concealed in the wild mountains to prosecute his revenge against James.

The Christmas preceding his murder was appointed by the King for holding a feast at Perth. On his way to that town he was met by a Highland woman, calling herself a prophetess. She stood by the side of the ferry by which he was about to travel north, and cried with a loud voice— " My Lord the King, if you pass this water you will never return again alive." The King was struck by this for a moment, because he had read in a book that a king should be slain that year in Scotland ; for it often happens, that when a remarkable deed is in agitation rumours of it get abroad, and are repeated under pretence of prophecies ; but which are, in truth, only conjectures of that which is likely to happen. There was a knight in court, on whom the King had conferred the name of the King of Love, to whom the King in jest said—" There is a prophecy that a king shall be killed in Scotland this year ; now Sir Alexander, that must concern either you or me, since we are the only two kings in Scotland." Other circumstances occurred which might have prevented the good king's murder, but none of them were attended to. The King, while at Perth, took up his residence in an abbey of Black Friars, there being no castle or palace in the town convenient for his residence ; and this made the execution of the conspiracy more easy, as his guards, and the officers of his household were quartered among the citizens.

The day had been spent by the King in sport and feasting, and by the conspirators in preparing for their enterprise. They had destroyed the locks of the doors of the apartment, so that the keys could not be turned ; and they had taken away the bars with which the gates were secured, and had provided planks by way of bridges, on which to cross the ditch which surrounded the monastery. At length on the 20th February, 1437, all was prepared for carrying their treasonable purpose into execution, and Graham came from his hiding place in the neighbouring mountains, with a party of nigh three hundred men, and entered the gardens of the convent.

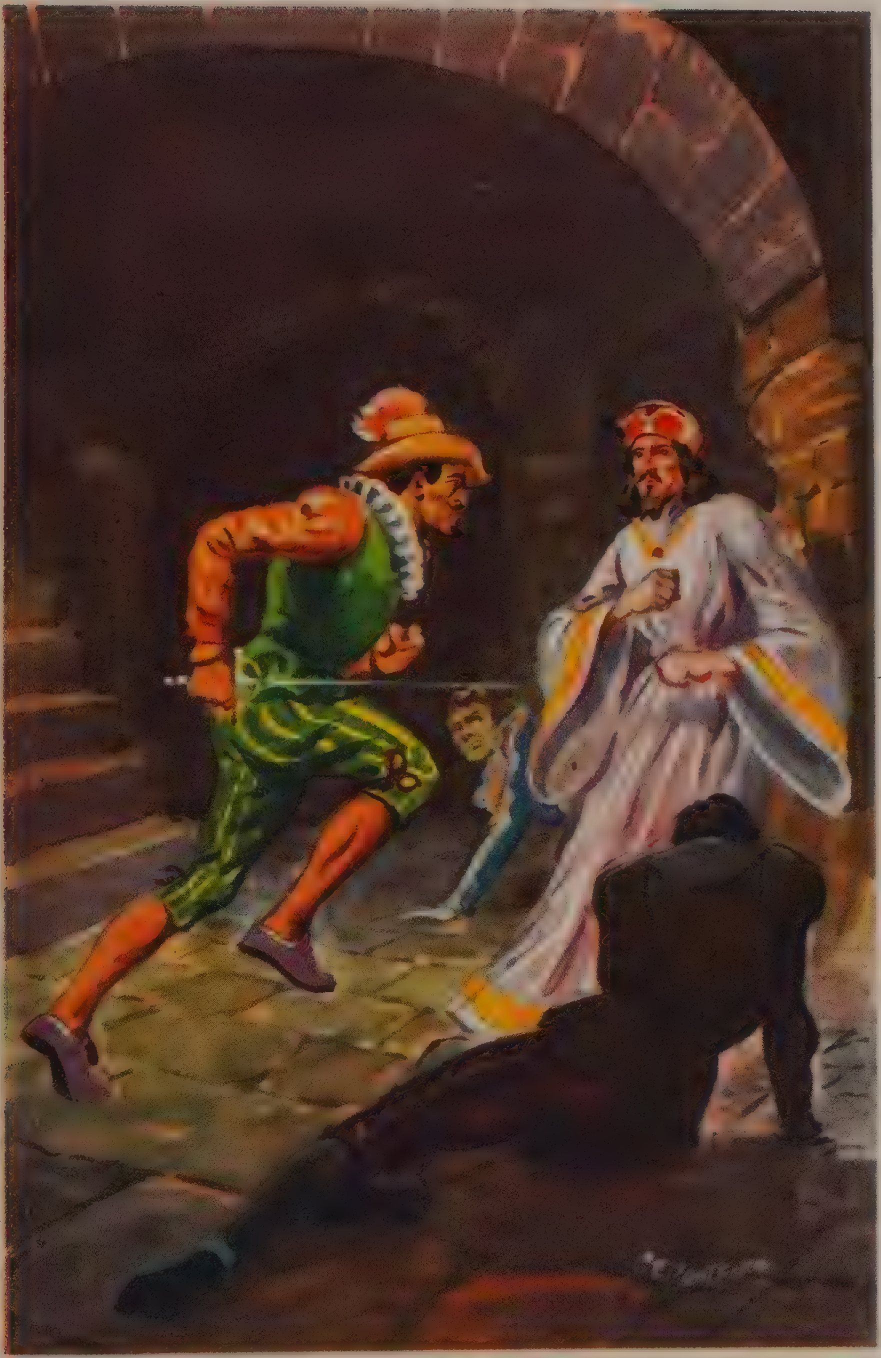
The King was in his night-gown and slippers. He had passed the evening gaily with the nobles and ladies of the court, in reading romances and singing and music, or playing at chess and tables. The Earl of Athole and his son Sir Robert Stewart, who expected to succeed James on the throne, were among the last courtiers who retired. At this time James remained standing before the fire and conversing gaily with the Queen and her ladies before he went to rest. The Highland woman before mentioned again demanded permission to speak with the King, but was refused, on account of the untimeliness of the hour. All now were ordered to withdraw.

At this moment there was a noise and clashing heard, as of men in armour, and the torches in the garden cast up great flashes of light against the windows. The King then recollected his deadly enemy, Sir Robert Graham, and guessed that he was coming to murder him. He called to the ladies who were left in the chamber with him to keep the door as well as they could, in order to give him time to escape. He first tried to get out of the windows, but they were fast barred, and defied his strength. By the help of the tongs, which were in the chimney, he raised, however, a plank of the flooring of the apartment, and let himself down into a narrow vault beneath, used as a common sewer. This vault had formerly had an opening into the court of the convent by which he might have made his escape. But all things turned against the unfortunate James ; for two or three days before, he had caused the opening to be closed up, because, when he played at ball in the court-yard, the ball used to roll into the vault through that hole.

While the King was in this place of concealment, the conspirators were seeking him from chamber to chamber throughout the convent, and, at length, came to the room where the ladies were. The Queen and her women endeavoured, as well as they might, to keep the door shut, and one of them, Catherine Douglas, boldly thrust her arm across the door, instead of the bar, which had been taken away, as I told you. But the brave lady's arm was soon broken, and the traitors rushed into the room, with swords and daggers drawn, hurting and throwing down such of the women as opposed them. The poor Queen stood half undressed, shrieking aloud, and one of the assassins would have slain her, had it not been for a son of Sir Robert Graham, who said to him “ What would you do to the Queen ? She is but a woman—Let us seek the King.”

They accordingly commenced a minute search, but without any success ; so they left the apartment and sought elsewhere in the monastery. In the meanwhile the King turned impatient, and desired the ladies to help him out of the inconvenient lurking place. At this unlucky moment the conspirators returned, one of them having recollected that there was such a vault, and that they had not searched it. And when they tore up the plank, and saw the King standing beneath in the vault, one of them called to the others, “ Sirs, I have found the bride for whom we have been seeking all night.” Then first one, and then another of the villains, brethren by the name of Hall, descended into the vault, with daggers drawn, to dispatch the unfortunate King, who was standing there in his shirt, without weapons of any kind. But James was an active and strong man, and threw them both down beneath his feet, and struggled to wrest the dagger from one or other of them, in which attempt his hands were severely cut and mangled. The murderers also were so vigorously handled, that the marks of the King’s grip were visible on their throats for weeks afterwards. Then Sir Robert Graham himself sprung down on the King, who, finding no further defence possible, asked him for mercy, and for leisure to confess his sins to a priest. But Graham replied fiercely “ Thou never hadst mercy on those of thine own blood, nor on any one else, therefore thou shalt find no mercy here ; and as for a confessor, thou shalt have none but this sword.”

So speaking he thrust the sword through the King’s body. And yet it is said, that when he saw his Prince lying bleeding under his feet he was desirous to have left the enterprise unfinished ; but the other conspirators called on Graham to kill the King, otherwise he should himself die by their hands ; upon which, Graham, with the two men who had descended into the vault before him, fell on the unhappy Prince with

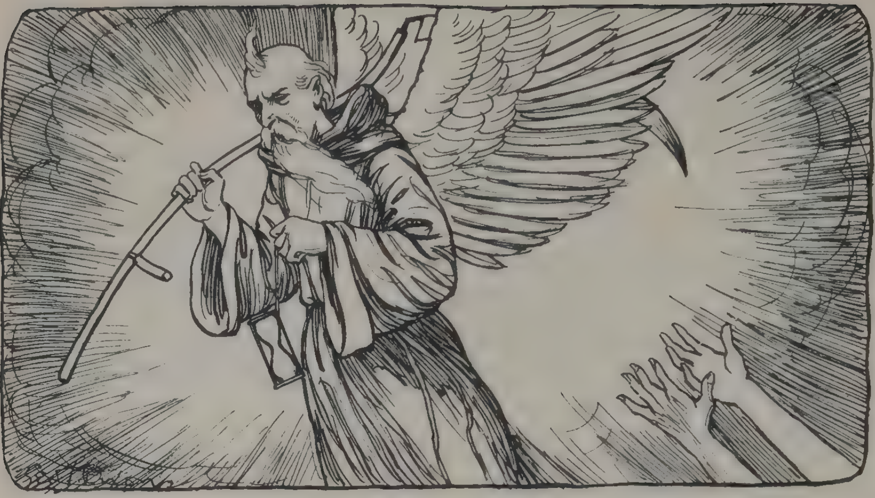


"THE MURDER OF JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND"

their daggers, and slew him by many stabs. There were sixteen wounds in his breast alone.

By this time, but too late, news of this outrage had reached the town, and the household servants of the King, with the people of the Town of Perth, were hastening to the rescue, with torches and weapons. The traitors accordingly caught the alarm, and retreated into the Highlands, losing in their flight only one or two, taken or slain by the pursuers. When they spoke about their enterprise among themselves, they greatly regretted that they had not killed the Queen along with her husband, fearing that she would be active and inexorable in her vengeance.

Indeed their apprehensions were justified by the event, for Queen Joanna made so strict search after the villainous assassins, that in the course of a month most of them were thrown into prison and being tried and condemned, they were put to death with new and hideous tortures.



TIME, YOU OLD GIPSY MAN

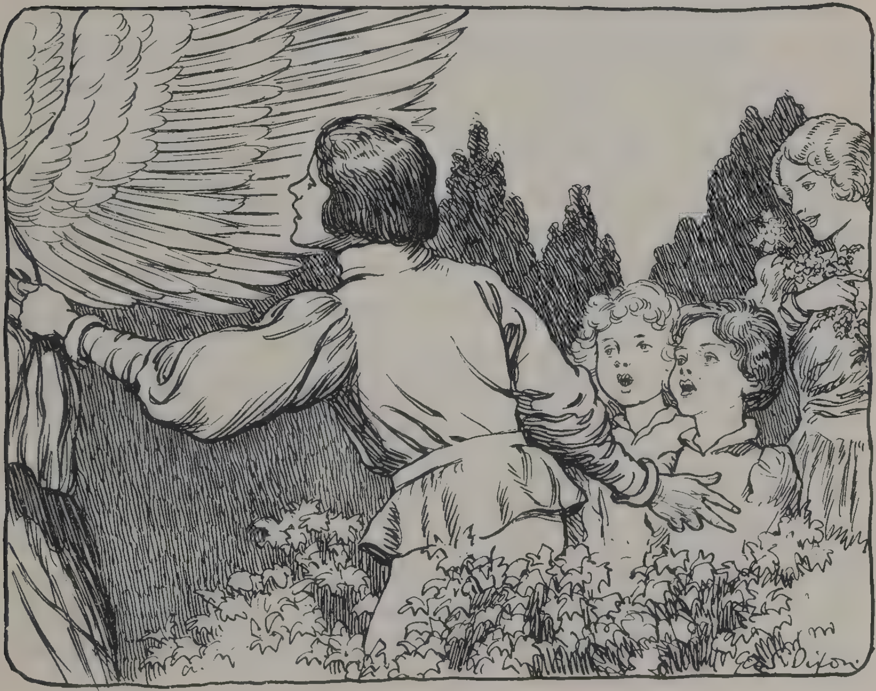
Ralph Hodgson

TIME, you old gipsy man,
  Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
  Just for one day ?

All things I'll give you,
  Will you be my guest,
Bells for your jennet
  Of silver the best,
Goldsmiths shall beat you
  A great golden ring,
Peacocks shall bow to you,
  Little boys sing,
Oh, and sweet girls will
  Festoon you with may.
Time, you old gipsy,
  Why hasten away ?

Last week in Babylon,
 Last night in Rome,
Morning, and in the crush
 Under Paul's dome ;
Under Paul's dial
 You tighten your rein—
Only a moment,
 And off once again ;
Off to some city
 Now blind in the womb,
Off to another
 Ere that's in the tomb.

Time, you old gipsy man,
 Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
 Just for one day ?



THE GOODMAN OF BALLENGIECH

From " Tales of a Grandfather "

Sir Walter Scott

JAMES V., like his father James IV., had a custom of going about the country disguised as a private person, in order that he might hear complaints which might not otherwise reach his ears.

When James V. travelled in disguise, he used a name which was known only to some of his principal nobility and attendants. He was called the Goodman (the tenant, that is) of Ballengiech. Ballengiech is a steep pass which leads down behind the castle of Stirling.

On one occasion, King James, being alone and in disguise, fell into a quarrel with some gypsies, or other vagrants, and was assaulted by four or five of them. This chanced to be very near the Bridge of Cramond ; so the King got on the bridge, which as it was high and narrow enabled him to defend himself with his sword against the number of persons by whom he was attacked. There was a poor man thrashing corn in a barn near by, who came out on hearing the noise of the scuffle, and seeing one man defending himself against numbers, gallantly took the King's part with his flail, to such good purpose that the gypsies were obliged to fly. The husbandman then took the King into the barn, brought him a towel and water to wash the blood from his face and hands, and finally walked with him a little way towards Edinburgh, in case he should again be attacked. On the way, the King asked his companion what he was and who he was. The labourer answered that his name was John Howieson, and that he was a bondsman on the farm of Braehead, near Cramond, which belonged to the King of Scotland. James then asked the poor man, if there was any wish in the world which he would particularly desire should be gratified ; and honest John confessed he should think himself the happiest man in Scotland were he but the proprietor of the farm on which he wrought as a labourer. He then asked the King, in turn, who he was ; and James replied, as usual, that he was the Goodman of Ballengiech, a poor man who had a small appointment about the palace ; but he added, that if John Howieson would come to see him next Sunday, he would endeavour to repay his manful assistance, and, at least, give him the pleasure of seeing the royal apartments.

John put on his best clothes, as you may suppose, and appearing at a postern gate of the palace, enquired for the Goodman of Ballengiech. The King had given orders that he should be admitted ; and John found his friend in the same disguise which he had formerly worn. The King, still preserving the character of an inferior officer of the household, conducted John Howieson from one apartment of the palace to another, and was amused with his wonder and his remarks. At length James asked his visitor if he would like to see the King ; to which John replied, nothing would delight him so much, if he could do so without giving offence. The Goodman of Ballengiech, of course, undertook that the King would not be angry. " But " said John, " how am I to know his grace from the nobles who will be all about him ? " " Easily " replied his companion ; " all the others will be uncovered—the King alone will wear his hat or bonnet."

So speaking, King James introduced the countryman into a great hall which was filled with the nobility and officers of the crown. John was a little frightened, and drew close to his attendant ; but still was unable to distinguish the King. " I told you that you should know him by his wearing his hat," said the King.

" Then " said John, after he had again looked round the room " it must be either you or me, for all but us two are bare-headed."

The King laughed at John's fancy ; and made him a present of the farm of Braehead, which he had wished so much to possess !

WOLSEY'S FALL

From " Windsor Castle "

W. Harrison Ainsworth

The Wars of the Roses were over, and Henry VII had been succeeded by Henry VIII. Thomas Wolsey, the King's minister, had risen to great eminence in Church and State, but in so doing he had made many enemies, against whom the King protected him. But when the King, tired of Queen Catherine and anxious to wed Anne Boleyn, failed to obtain from the Pope the divorce he desired, Wolsey became the scapegoat. This story gives you one version of the minister's disgrace.

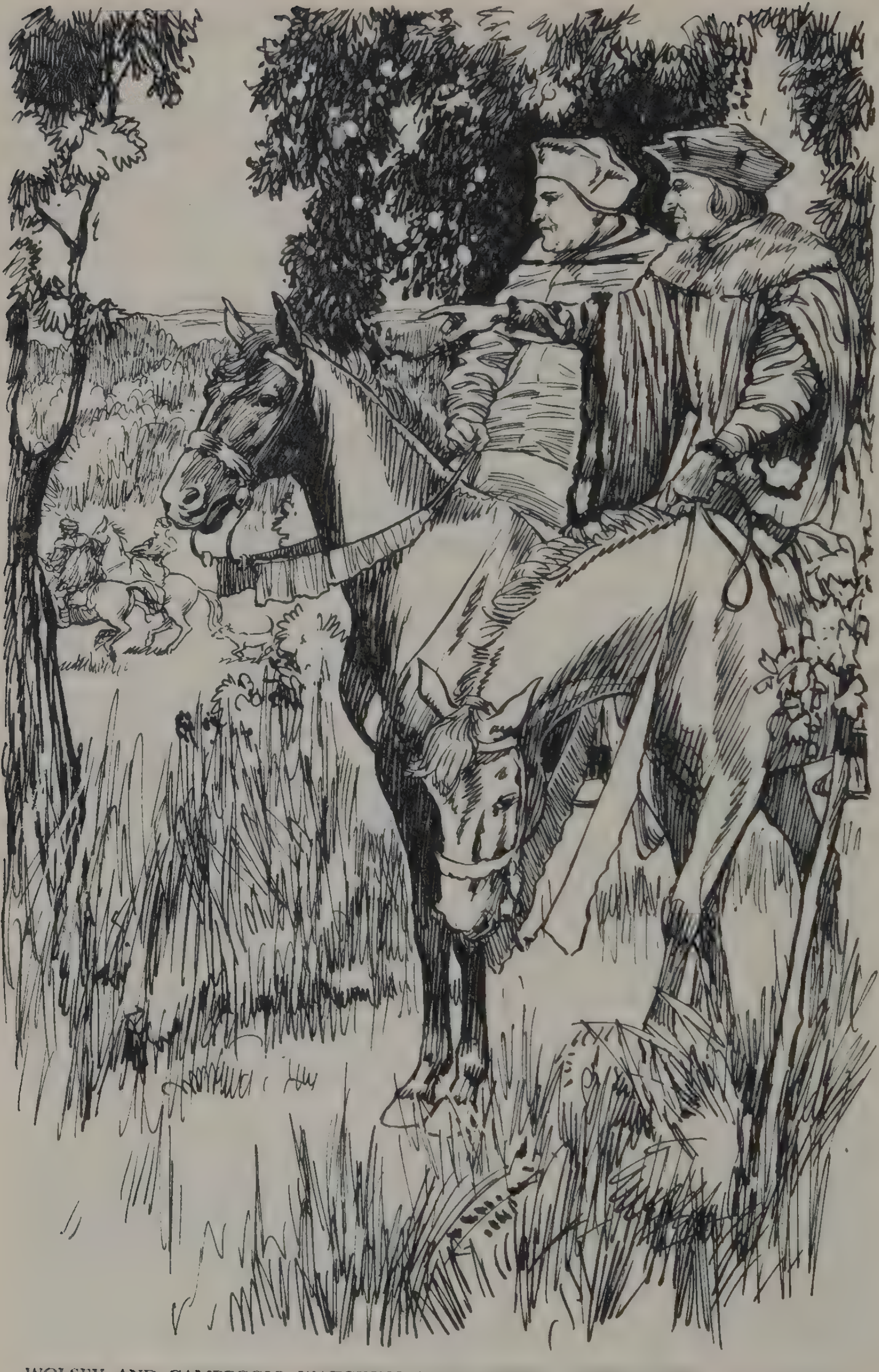
WHILE Henry was revolving the expediency of accomplishing the divorce through the medium of his own ecclesiastical courts, and without reference to that of Rome, a despatch was received from the Pope by the two Cardinals, requiring them to cite the King to appear before him by attorney on a certain day. At the time of the arrival of this instrument, Campeggio chanced to be staying with Wolsey at his palace at Esher, and as the King was then holding his court at Windsor, they both set out for the castle on the following day, attended by a retinue of nearly a hundred horsemen, splendidly equipped.

It was now the middle of September, and the woods, instead of presenting one uniform mass of green, glowed with an infinite variety of lovely tints. And yet, despite the beauty of the scene, there was something melancholy in witnessing the decline of the year, as marked by those old woods, and by the paths that led through them, so thickly strewn with leaves. Wolsey was greatly affected. " These noble trees will ere long be reft of all their glories " he thought " and so, most likely, will it be with me, and perhaps my winter may come on sooner than theirs ! "

The Cardinal and his train had crossed Staines Bridge, and passing through Egham, had entered the great park near Englefield green. They were proceeding along the high ridge overlooking the woody region between it and the castle, when a joyous shout in the glade beneath reached them, and looking down, they saw the King, accompanied by Anne Boleyn, and attended by his falconers and a large company of horsemen, pursuing the sport of hawking. The royal party appeared so much interested in their sport that they did not notice the Cardinal and his train, and were soon out of sight. But as Wolsey descended Snow Hill, and entered the long avenue, he heard the trampling of horses at a little distance, and shortly afterwards Henry and Anne issued from out the trees. They were somewhat more than a bow-shot in advance of the Cardinal ; but instead of halting till he came up, the King had no sooner ascertained who it was than, despatching a messenger to the castle, who was seen galloping swiftly down the avenue, he rode off with Anne Boleyn towards the opposite side of the park. Though deeply mortified by the slight, Wolsey concealed his vexation from his brother cardinal, and pursued his way to the castle, before which he presently arrived. The gate was thrown open at his approach, but he had scarcely entered the lower ward, when Sir Henry Norris, the King's groom of the stole, advanced to meet him, and, with a sorrowful expression of countenance, said that his royal master had so many guests at the castle, that he could not accommodate him and his train.

" I understand your drift, sir " replied Wolsey, " you would tell me I am not welcome. Well, then, his eminence Cardinal Campeggio and myself must take up our lodging at some hostel in the town, for it is necessary we should see the King."

" If your Grace is content to dismiss your attendants "



WOLSEY AND CAMPEGGIO WATCHING KING HENRY RIDING WITH ANNE BOLEYN.

said Norris, in a low tone, " you and Cardinal Campeggio can be lodged in Henry the Third's Tower. This much I will take upon me ; but I dare not admit you to the royal lodgings."

Wolsey tried to look unconcerned, and calling to his gentleman usher, George Cavendish, gave him some instructions in a low voice, upon which the other immediately placed himself at the head of the retinue, and ordered them to quit the castle with him, leaving only the jester, Patch, to attend upon his master. Campeggio's attendants being, comparatively speaking, few in number, were allowed to remain, and his litter was conveyed to Henry the Third's Tower—a fortification standing in the south side of the lower ward, near the edge of the dry moat surrounding the Round Tower. At the steps of this tower Wolsey dismounted, and was about to follow Campeggio into the doorway, when Will Sommers, who had heard of his arrival, stepped forward, and with a salutation of mock formality, said " I am sure it will grieve the King, my master, not to be able to accommodate your grace's train ; but since it is larger than his own, you will scarce blame him for his want of hospitality."

" Nor the courtesy of his attendants " rejoined Wolsey, sharply. " I am in no mood for thy jesting now. Stand aside, sirrah, or I will have the rod applied to thy back ! "

" Take care the King does not apply the rod to your own, Lord Cardinal," retorted Will Sommers. " If he scourges you according to your deserts, your skin will be redder than your robe." And his mocking laugh pursued Wolsey like the hiss of a snake into the tower.

Some two hours after this, Henry and his attendants returned from the chase. The King seemed in a blithe humour, and Wolsey saw him laugh heartily as Will Sommers pointed with his bauble towards Henry the Third's Tower. The Cardinal received no invitation to the royal banquet ; and the answer to his solicitation for an interview was, that he and Campeggio would be received in the presence-chamber on the following morning, but not before.

That night a great revel was held in the castle. Masques, dancing, and feasting filled up the evening, and the joyous sounds and strains reached Wolsey in his seclusion, and forced him to contrast it with his recent position, when he would have been second only to the King in the entertainment. He laid his head upon his pillow, but not to rest. . . . Sleep would not be summoned, and as soon as the first glimpse of day appeared, he arose, and wrapping his robe around him, left his room, and ascended a winding staircase leading to the roof of the tower.

The morning promised to be fine, but it was then hazy, and the greater part of the forest was wrapped in mist. The castle, however, was seen to great advantage. Above Wolsey rose the vast fabric of the Round Tower, on the summit of which the broad standard was at that moment being unfurled; while the different battlements and towers rose majestically around. But Wolsey's gaze rested chiefly upon the exquisite mausoleum lying immediately beneath him, in which he had partly prepared for himself a magnificent monument. A sharp pang shook him as he contemplated it, and he cried aloud " My very tomb will be wrested from me by this rapacious monarch ; and after all my care and all my cost, I know not where I shall rest my bones ! "

Saddened by the reflection, he descended to his chamber, and again threw himself on the couch.

But Wolsey was not the only person in the castle who had passed a sleepless night. Of the host of his enemies many had been kept awake by the anticipation of his downfall on the morrow ; and among these was Anne Boleyn, who had received assurance from the King that her enmity should at length be fully gratified.

At the appointed hour, the two Cardinals proceeded to the royal lodgings. They were detained for some time in the ante-chamber, where Wolsey was exposed to the taunts and sneers of the courtiers, who had lately so servilely fawned upon him. At length they were ushered into the presence-chamber, at the upper end of which, beneath a canopy emblazoned with the royal arms woven in gold, sat Henry, with Anne Boleyn on his right hand. At the foot of the throne stood Will Sommers, and near him the Dukes of Richmond and Suffolk. Norfolk, Rochford, and a number of other nobles, all open enemies of Wolsey, were also present. Henry watched the advance of the Cardinals with a stern look, and after they had made an obeisance to him, he motioned them to rise.

"You have sought an interview with me, my lords" he said, with suppressed rage. "What would you?"

"We have brought an instrument to you, my liege" said Wolsey, "which has just been received from his holiness the Pope."

"Declare its nature" said Henry.

"It is a citation" replied Wolsey "enjoining your highness to appear by attorney in the Papal Court, under a penalty of ten thousand ducats."

And he presented a parchment, stamped with the great seal of Rome, to the King, who glanced his eye fiercely over it, and then dashed it on the ground, with an explosion of fury terrible to hear and to witness.

"Ha! by Saint George!" he cried; "am I as nothing that the Pope dares to insult me thus?"

"It is a mere judicial form, your Majesty" interposed Campeggio; "and is chiefly sent by his holiness to let you know we have no further jurisdiction in the matter of the divorce."

"I will take care you have not, nor his holiness either" roared the King. "By my father's head, he shall find I will be no longer trifled with."

"But, my liege" cried Campeggio.

"Peace!" cried the King. "I will hear no apologies nor excuses. The insult has been offered, and cannot be effaced. As for you, Wolsey——"

"Sire!" exclaimed the Cardinal, shrinking before the whirlwind of passion, which seemed to menace his utter extermination.

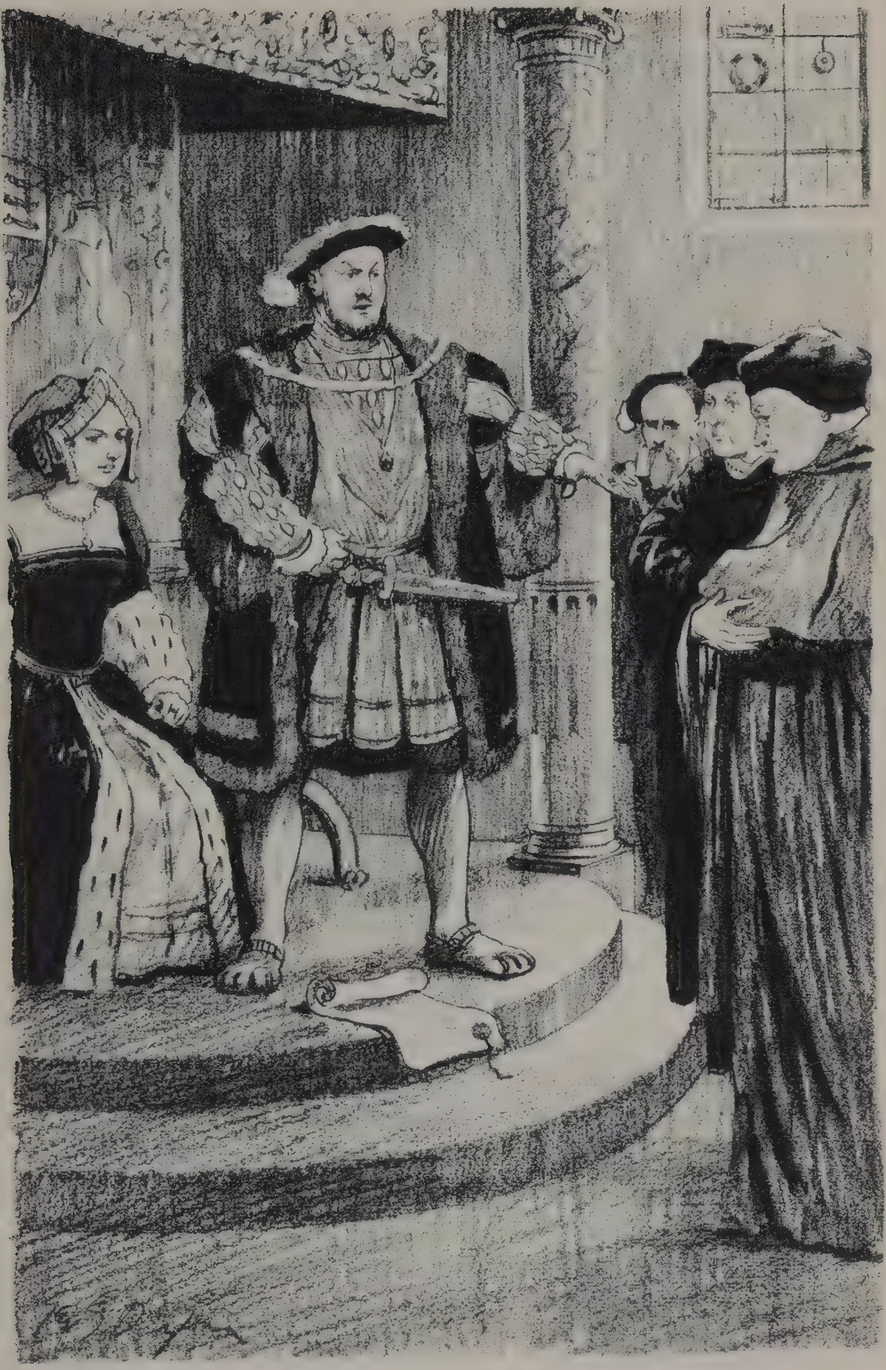
"As for you, I say" pursued Henry, extending his hand towards him, while his eyes flashed fire, "who by your outrageous pride have so long overshadowed our honour—who by your insatiate avarice and appetite for wealth have oppressed our subjects—who by your manifold acts of bribery and extortion have impoverished our realm, and by your cruelty and partiality have subverted the due course of justice, and turned it to your ends—the time is come when you shall receive due punishment for your offences."

"You wrong me, my dear liege" cried Wolsey, abjectly. "These are the accusations of my enemies. Grant me a patient hearing, and I will explain all."

"I would not sharpen the King's resentment against you, Lord Cardinal" said Anne Boleyn, "for it is keen enough; but I cannot permit you to say that these charges are merely hostile. Those who would support the King's honour and dignity must desire to see you removed from his counsels."

"I am ready to take thy place, Lord Cardinal" said Will Sommers; "and will exchange my bauble for thy chancellor's mace, and my fool's cap for thy cardinal's hat."

"Peace!" thundered the King. "Stand not between me and the object of my wrath. Your accusers are not one, but many, Wolsey; nay, the whole of my people cry out for justice against you. And they shall have it. But you shall hear the charges they bring. Firstly, contrary to our prerogative, and for your own advancement and profit, you have obtained authority legatine from the Pope; by which authority you have not only spoiled and taken away their substance from many religious houses, but have usurped much of our own jurisdiction. You have also made a treaty



"AS FOR YOU, WOLSEY———"

with the King of France for the Pope without our consent, and concluded another friendly treaty with the Duke of Ferrara, under our great seal, and in our name, without our warrant. And furthermore you have presumed to couple yourself with our royal self in your letters and instructions, as if you were on an equality with us."

"Ha! Ha! 'The King and I would have you do thus!' 'The King and I give you our hearty thanks!' Ran it not so, Cardinal?" cried Will Sommers. "You will soon win the cap and bells."

"In exercise of your legatine authority," pursued the King, "you have given away benefices contrary to our crown and dignity, for the which you are in danger of forfeiture of your lands and goods."

"A præmunire, Cardinal" cried Will Sommers. "A præmunire!—ha! ha!"

"Then it has been your practice to receive all the ambassadors to our Court first at your own palace" continued Henry, "to hear their charges and intentions, and to instruct them as you might see fit. You have also so practised that all our letters sent from beyond sea have first come to your own hands, by which you have acquainted yourself with their contents, and compelled us and our council to follow your devices. You have also written to all our ambassadors abroad in your own name concerning our affairs, without our authority; and received letters in return from them by which you have sought to compass your own purposes. By your ambition and pride you have undone many of our poor subjects; have suppressed religious houses, and received their possessions; have seized upon the goods of wealthy spiritual men deceased; constrained all ordinaries yearly to compound with you; have gotten riches for yourself and servants by subversion of the laws, and by abuse of your authority in causing divers pardons of the Pope to be suspended until you, by promise of a yearly pension, chose to revive them;

and also by crafty and untrue tales have sought to create dissension among our nobles."

"That we can all avouch for" cried Suffolk. "It were never merry in England while there were cardinals among us."

"Of all men in England your Grace should be the last to say so" rejoined Wolsey; "for if I had not been Cardinal you would not have had a head upon your shoulders to utter the taunt."

"No more of this!" cried the King. "You have misdemeaned yourself in our Court by keeping up as great state in our absence as if we had been there in person, and presumptuously have dared to join and imprint your badge, the Cardinal's hat, under our arms, graven on our coins struck at York. And lastly, whenever in open Parliament allusion hath been made to heresies and erroneous sects, you have failed to correct and notice them, to the danger of the whole body of good and Christian people of this our realm."

"This last charge ought to win me favour in the eyes of one who professes the opinions of Luther" said Wolsey to Anne. "But I deny it, as I do all the rest."

"I will listen to no defence, Wolsey" replied the King. "I will make you a terrible example to others how they offend us and our laws hereafter."

"Do not condemn me unheard!" cried the Cardinal, prostrating himself.

"I have heard too much, and I will hear no more!" cried the King fiercely. "I dismiss you from my presence for ever. If you are innocent, as you aver, justice will be done you. If you are guilty, as I believe you to be, look not for leniency from me, for I will show you none." And, seating himself, he turned to Anne, and said, in a low tone "Are you content, sweetheart?"

"I am" she replied. "I shall not break my vow. False Cardinal" she added aloud, "your reign is at an end."

"Your own may not be much longer, madam" rejoined Wolsey, bitterly. "The shadow of the axe" he added, pointing to the reflection of a partisan on the floor, "is at your feet. Ere long it may rise to the head."

And, accompanied by Campeggio, he slowly quitted the presence-chamber.

WOLSEY'S FAREWELL

from "King Henry the Eighth"

William Shakespeare

FAREWELL! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O! how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

FRANCIS DRAKE

THE WORLD ENCOMPASSED

Grenville West

IN the summer of 1940 Great Britain stood alone, an almost unarmed champion of Freedom, against the embattled might of the German army, and the innumerable, death-dealing bombers of the Luftwaffe.

Yet not quite alone. The Empire was with her as it had been in the first Great War of 1914-18, and young men from the Dominions were amongst the glorious few, the fighter pilots who turned back the tide of war, and to whom, as Mr. Churchill said, so much was owed by so many.

The rest of the world expected Britain to go down in humiliating defeat. The German war-machine had overrun Poland, Norway, Holland, Belgium and France with the greatest ease and in an incredibly short time. The British troops had lost all their equipment at Dunkirk ; the Royal Air Force was good, but vastly outnumbered. The Royal Navy was there, of course, but of doubtful value against the new weapon of air-power. It looked as though the days of the British Empire were numbered.

Yet, strangely enough, no one in the bombed and battered island agreed with the rest of the world. They knew they would have to fight—on the sea, in the air ; on the beaches, perhaps, and in the streets. And they were ready to fight, and if need be to die. But they were not ready to admit defeat, or even the possibility of defeat. London might be destroyed ; it would not surrender. The government might have to move, even to Canada ; it would not give in.

In this, the greatest crisis of our Empire history, our thoughts went back to earlier times of great danger—to the days of Nelson, when Napoleon's Grand Army waited impatiently on the cliffs round Calais, and still further back to the days of Queen Elizabeth, when the Great Armada came sailing up the Channel. That was three and a half centuries ago, before there was any British Empire, before there was any " Great " Britain. And the Armada was defeated by the first of our Empire builders, the man who laid the foundations of our sea-power, Francis Drake.

England in Francis Drake's young days was threatened by a tyranny almost as terrible as that of Nazi Germany in 1939. The threat came from Philip of Spain, who, with his ally, Portugal, (soon to be absorbed by the senior partner in the alliance) not only dominated Western Europe, but included in his vast empire all the New World, all the west coast of Africa and all the trading stations in India and the East Indies. Philip not only claimed all the land of America as his possession ; he also asserted his sole right to trade with any part of that country.

Compared with the Spanish Empire, England was a very second-rate power. But she had her daring sailors, and her merchant adventurers fully prepared to take all the risks of trade with newly-discovered countries. These men did not see why they should be kept away from the markets of the New World ; and if the Spaniards were prepared to use force to keep them away, they were prepared to use still greater force to break their way in. Thus it was that British ships began to sail to the Spanish Main as privateers instead of as peaceful traders. Thus it was that relations between Spain and England became more and more strained as the years went by, although political considerations kept both Philip and Elizabeth from any open declaration of war, even when the Armada was being hounded up the Channel.

Drake, however, made his own private declaration of war on the Spaniards at an early age. He was born in 1541 near Tavistock, but when he was about eight years old he left Devon and went to live in one of the naval hulks anchored in the Medway. His father was a poor preacher, and Francis had to find a job as soon as he was old enough. He took naturally to the sea and was apprenticed to the master of a small ship in the coastal and cross-Channel trade. He learnt his seamanship so quickly, and worked so well that when the master died he left the little ship to Drake in his will.

Drake was now a young man, sturdy and thick-set, short-tempered and heavy-handed, but generous and much less cruel than the average man of his times. He was quick to make up his mind, and in any emergency he could always be relied upon for swift and daring, but not foolhardy action. The Channel seas were all too narrow for him, and about 1564 he made his first voyage across the Atlantic as second-in-command to a Captain Lovell. Of this voyage we know nothing except that something happened on it which made Drake the sworn foe of Spain all his life.

His next voyage served only to increase his enmity. He sailed with Hawkins who was engaged in the slave trade—then considered quite respectable. They were sheltering from a great storm in the harbour of San Juan d'Ulua, in Mexico, when a powerful Spanish squadron came along, seeking refuge in the same anchorage. Hawkins could have held the entrance against the Spaniards with ease, but he allowed them to come in on the understanding that the two squadrons should anchor peacefully together. On the third day the Spaniards suddenly attacked from ships and from the shore. Only two of the English ships managed to escape the treacherous onslaught. Drake and Hawkins made their way home separately, ruined and bitter men.

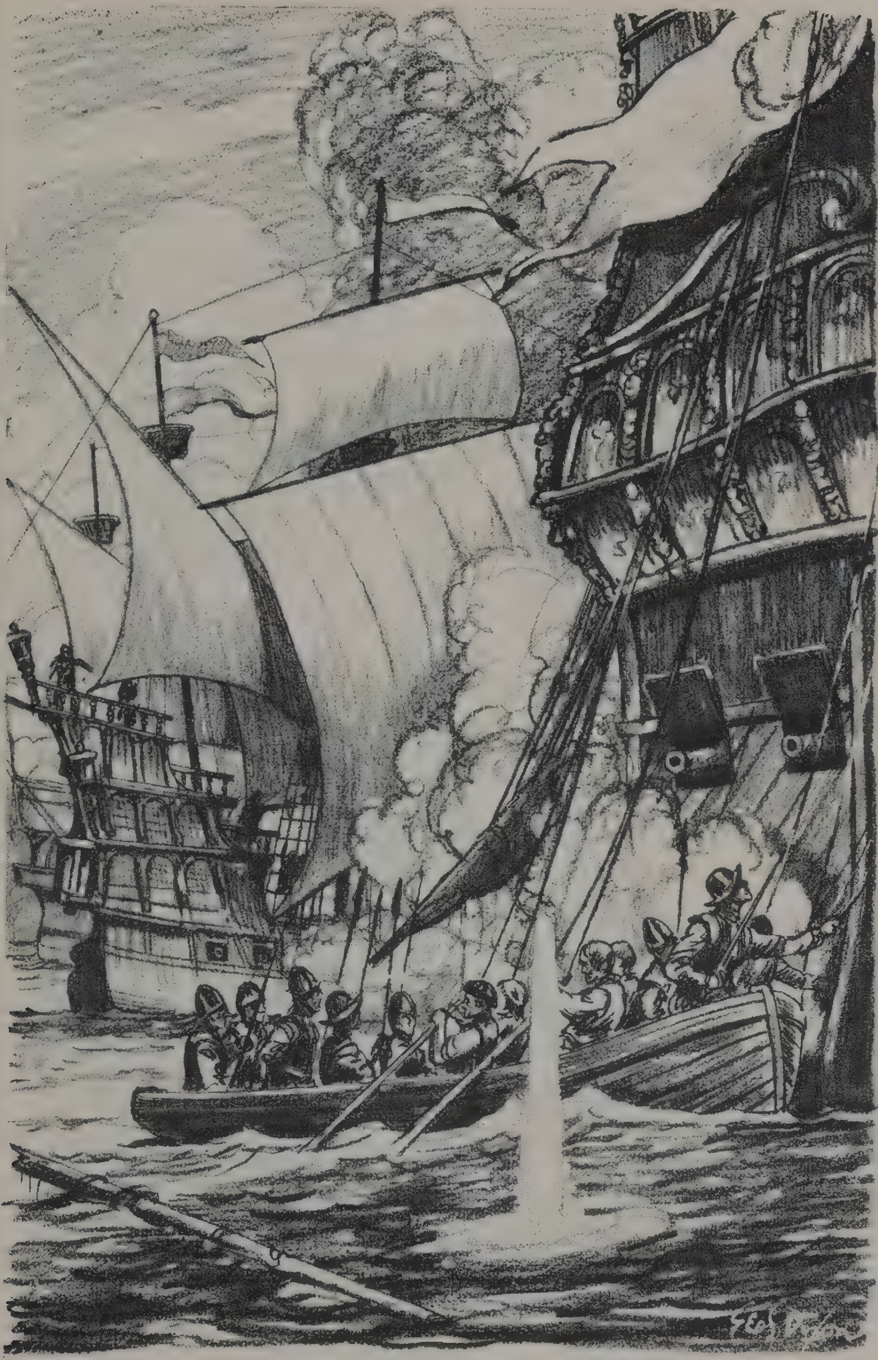
But not beaten men. Drake was not only capable of daring action in an emergency; he was equally good at making thorough and detailed plans, and he now bent the whole of his energies to the task of revenge. Early in 1571 he slipped quietly out of Plymouth in a little ship, the *Swan*, of no more than 25 tons, and, without attracting any attention, he quietly explored the coast of Darien until he found a hidden cove which would serve as a base for the daring schemes which were maturing in his mind. That his base was right in the heart of the enemy's country made it only the more attractive to him. He was planning to strike at the very source of Spanish power—the supplies of gold and silver which they drew from the Peruvian mines.

A year later he set out again with 73 adventurous young fellows in two ships, the *Pasha* of 70 tons, and the *Swan*. This time he meant business. Arrived at his secret base he put together the pinnaces he had carried out in sections, and in these small boats, easy to manage, easy to fight, and easy to hide, he dodged up and down the Spanish main for two whole years, storming towns, sinking ships, capturing treasure.

Fever carried off some of his men, but those who returned brought back such tales of joyous daring that the whole country rang with them, and the myth of Spanish invincibility was broken for ever. But Drake was not yet satisfied, and late in 1577 he sailed westward from Plymouth Sound yet again, this time with an even more audacious plan in his head. Since the Spaniards would be fully prepared for him all round the Caribbean Sea he would sail into the Pacific and surprise them there. The treasure went by sea from the Pacific coast of Peru to Panama, and was then carried overland to the Caribbean port of Nombre de Dios.

Officially Queen Elizabeth frowned on the project. Unofficially she, and many of her ministers, took shares in it. Drake was given four ships, the *Pelican*, of 100 tons and 18 guns, the *Elizabeth* of 80 tons and 16 guns, and two smaller ships, the *Marigold* and the *Swan*. The *Pelican* was only 63 feet in length at the waterline, and the others were even more ridiculously inadequate to face the storms of the Atlantic and the unknown dangers of the Pacific, but there was no lack of volunteers for the crews.

They reached the Straits of Magellan towards the end of August, 1578, but it took them seventeen days to make their way through the difficult and winding passage. It was here that the name of the *Pelican* was changed to the *Golden Hind*.



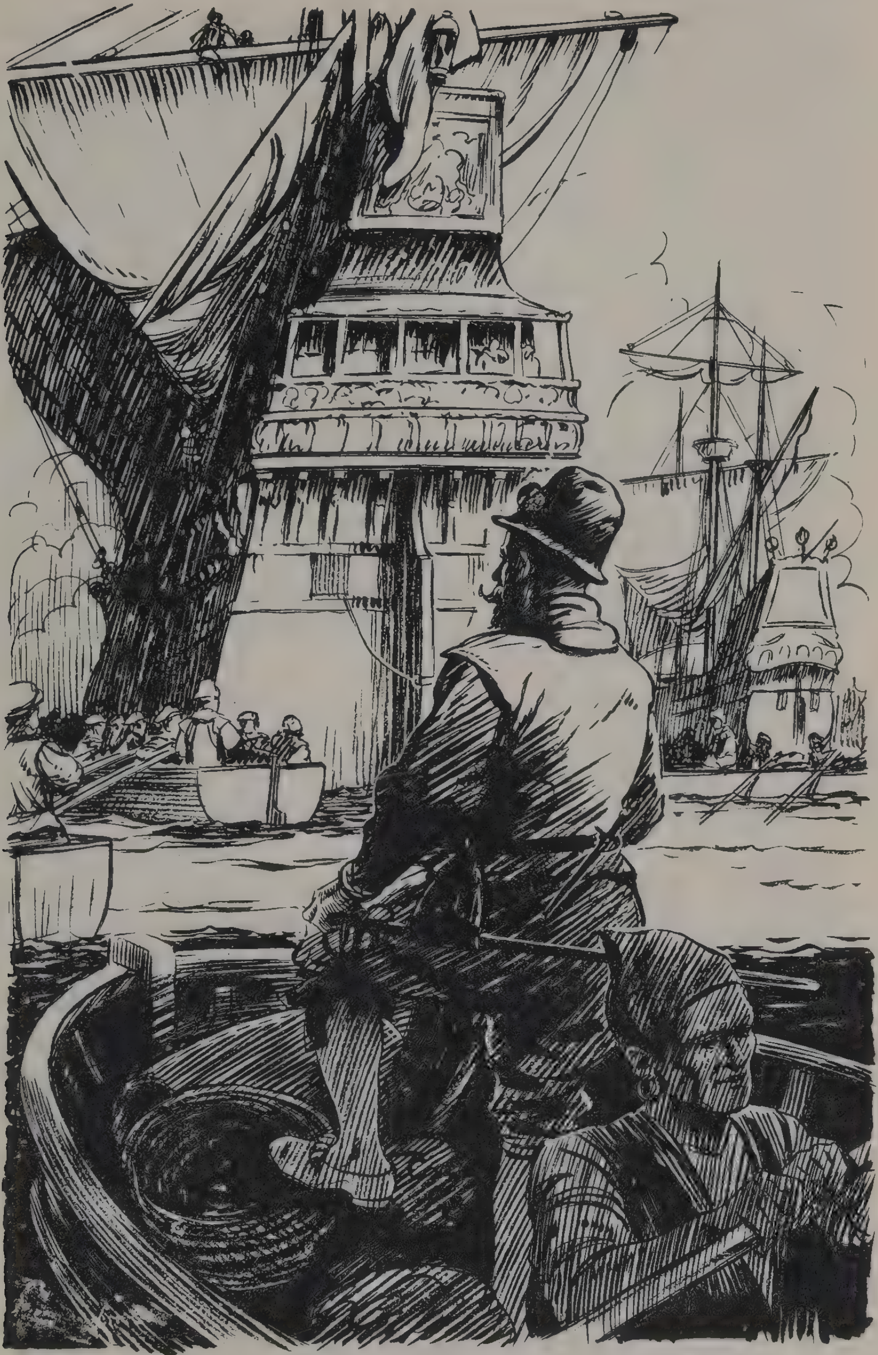
FRANCIS DRAKE ATTACKING SPANISH SHIPS.

When they did get through into the Pacific they were met by a howling westerly gale. The little *Marigold* went down with all hands. The *Elizabeth* with great difficulty struggled back to the shelter of the straits, and after waiting for three weeks and lighting signal fires without response, sailed for home.

Drake was driven to the south-east, and so discovered the open sea route round Cape Horn. He took possession of the southernmost island for the Queen, and then sailed west and north again, searching for the other two boats. Finding no trace of either, he settled down in earnest to carry out by himself the task which he had planned.

Every little port on the way up the South American coast was entered and ransacked. At Lima he heard great news. A treasure ship had recently sailed for Panama with a year's output from the mines on board. Off they hurried after this prize, and a fortnight later caught up with her. While daylight lasted Drake towed some empty barrels behind lest the speed of the *Golden Hind* should arouse the Spanish captain's suspicions. As night fell the barrels were hauled aboard and the quarry was quickly overhauled. A flight of arrows and a few cannon-balls spread dismay among the Spaniards, and the boarding party in the boats had an easy task. The Spaniards were shut up in the cabin while a prize crew sailed their ship out of sight of land. And then, with the wind conveniently falling to a calm, the work of transhipping all the treasure was carried out by the small boats. It took three days.

When the task was completed, Drake restored the Spanish vessel to her crew and allowed them to go. He now had to solve the problem of finding a way home with all this treasure. First he sailed northwards, hoping to find a northward passage comparable to Magellan's strait in the south. He was chased by three Spanish cruisers, but he sailed calmly on without making any attempt to increase his speed, and this cool contempt quite frightened the Spaniards. They turned back for further reinforcements.



FRANCIS DRAKE GOING ABOARD THE "GOLDEN HIND."

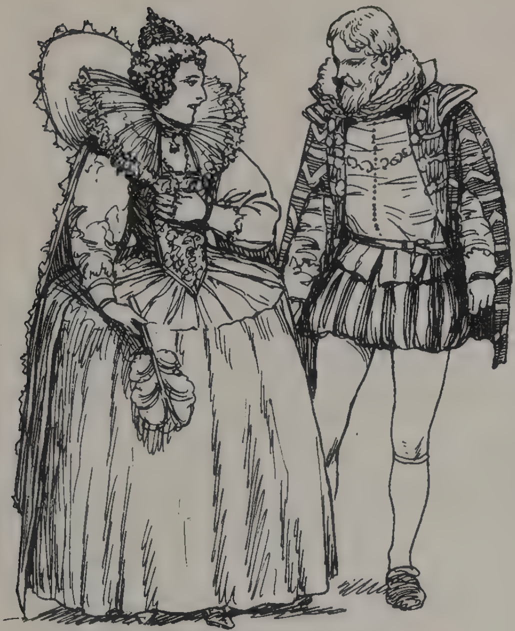
Having left the last Spanish settlement far behind, Drake found a safe harbour in Lower California and there he careened his ship, and put in a month's hard work on the hull and rigging. Then he continued his northerly coasting. But the coastline trended west of north, and he soon realised that, even if he did find a northerly passage, it would be enormously long. It was growing bitterly cold, too, and his men were suffering from the weather after their long stay in the tropics.

He could not sail north ; he could not return by the Strait of Magellan, for every Spanish warship would be on the look-out, and every port would be guarded to prevent him taking in supplies of food and water. He could leave his ship in the Pacific, and make his way overland to capture another ship in the Caribbean, but that would mean leaving behind the bulk of his treasure, and he would not do that. So he made up his mind to follow Magellan's example, and encompass the world.

He returned to San Francisco Bay and made friends with the Indians, taking in enough food and water for the long crossing of the Pacific. For two months they sailed without any sight of land, and then the Pellew Islands brought relief to their weariness. They found a warm welcome in the Moluccas, and a goodly store of cloves and other spices so useful as a means of preserving meat. In the Celebes they had to beach the *Golden Hind* and scrape her weed-foul hull again. Then the voyage was resumed along the north coast of Java, through the most dangerous waters of the world.

Drake felt his way with careful soundings whenever it seemed necessary, but in spite of all his precautions they hit a sunken reef, and ran hard aground. Three tons of cloves, eight big guns, and most of their food was thrown overboard, and a fortunate shift in the wind enabled the lightened ship to hoist sail and back off the rock without too much damage.

A pleasant welcome at Batavia made up for this mishap, and soon afterwards the Straits of Sunda offered them the



QUEEN ELIZABETH AND DRAKE.

gateway they sought out of the landlocked, coral-strewn waters into the open ocean. Home as quickly as possible was now the order of the day. They sailed close to the Cape of Good Hope on June 18, 1580, finding it "a most stately thing and the fairest Cape we saw in the whole circumference of the earth." But they did not land, hurrying on until they reached Sierra Leone on July 22. Here they found "necessarie provisions, great store of Elephants, Oisters upon trees." As soon as sufficient water and food had been taken aboard they were off again, and reached England on November 3, 1580.

For eighteen months nothing had been heard of Drake, and the politicians of the "appeasement" party were congratulating themselves on the disappearance of a very awkward customer. Now he was back again with a king's ransom in his hold, and such a tale of daring and achievement as fired the imagination of every young man in the country.

Drake was a national hero. More than that, he had given the British navy two most valuable gifts; a strategy, and a tradition. The strategy was that of carrying the war right into the enemy's camp; the tradition was one of audacious confidence. A few years later, when Spanish preparations for the invasion of England could no longer be concealed, Drake took a little squadron of warships right into the enemy's naval base of Cadiz and sank over ten thousand tons of shipping. He would have sunk more if the Spaniards had not shirked a battle whenever they could.

This raid delayed the sailing of the Armada for a year, and it gave such confidence to the English seamen that the defeat of the Spaniards was almost certain. They had confidence in their ships, in their guns, and above all in their leaders. The Spaniards still loaded their ships with soldiers and relied on grappling and boarding tactics. The English, with a much better idea of naval warfare, relied on swiftly-moving ships armed with hard-hitting guns. When the Armada came, the English hung on its flanks and rear, cutting out a ship here, sinking another there, worrying them all and giving them no rest. They reached Calais Roads, where they were to take on board the Duke of Parma and his soldiers, but, long before the embarkation could take place, English fireships were drifting down on the galleons, scattering shot and flame among them. In something of a panic the Spaniards cut their cables and fled northwards with Drake hammering them as they went. The wind increased to a gale, and their battle-damaged ships were in no condition to stand up to it. They fled ignominiously up the North Sea and round the top of Scotland. Very few indeed weathered the storms and reached Spain again.

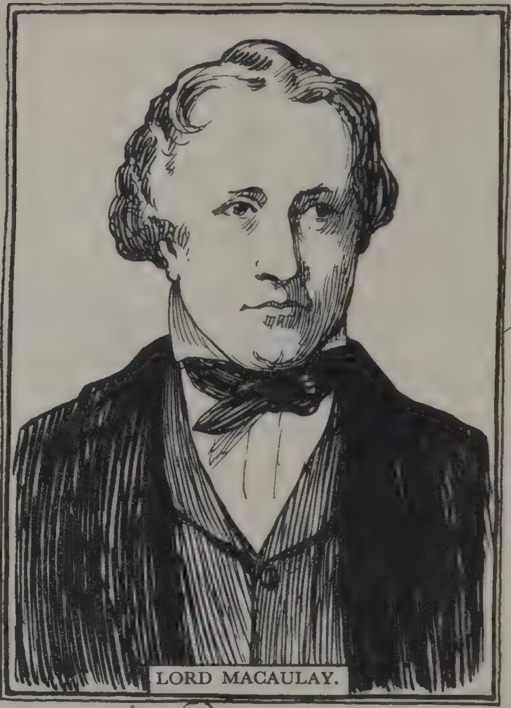
Drake made England mistress of the seas, and, behind the safe rampart of sea-power, the country was able to build up its trade, its population, and its strength.

THE ARMADA

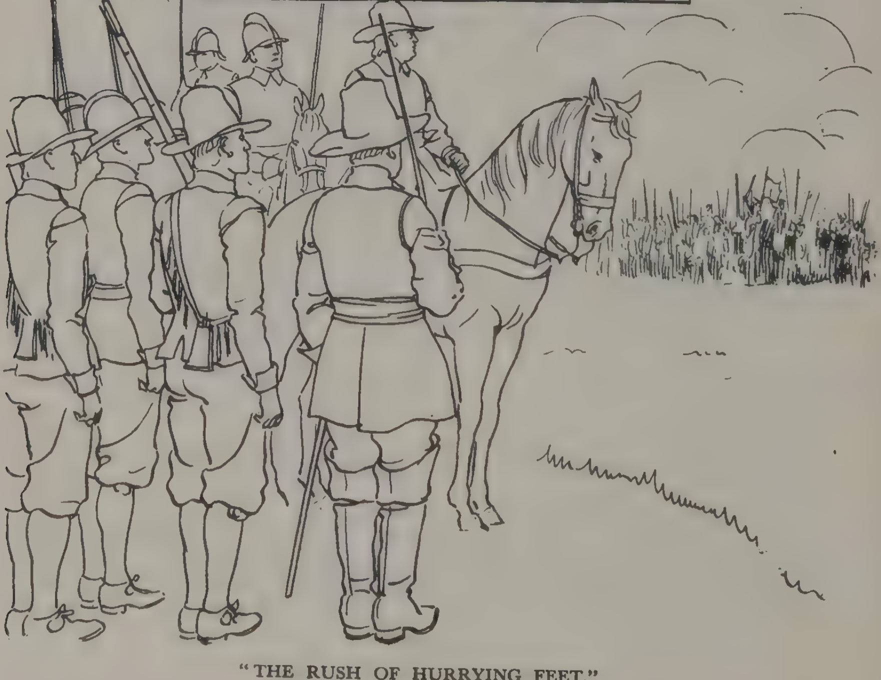
Lord Macaulay

IT was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to
Plymouth Bay ;
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond
Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace ;
And the tall *Pinta*, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall ;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall ;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland
many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes ;
Behind him march the halberdiers ; before him
sound the drums ;
His yeomen round the market cross make clear an
ample space ;
For there behoves him to set up the standard of
Her Grace. . .

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's
massy fold ;
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty
scroll of gold ;
Night sank upon the dusky beach and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er
again shall be.



LORD MACAULAY.



"THE RUSH OF HURRYING FEET."

From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to
Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame
spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone: it shone on
Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each
southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling
points of fire.

The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves:
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's
sunless caves!
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the
fiery herald flew:
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers
of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out
from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on
Clifton down;
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of
blood-red light:
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like
silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the
voice of fear;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a
louder cheer;

And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of
hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed
down each roaring street ;
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came
spurring in.
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the
warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant
squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those
bright couriers forth ;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they
started for the north ;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still :
All night from tower to tower they sprang ; they
sprang from hill to hill :
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's
rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's
lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's
crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's
stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the
boundless plain ;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale
of Trent ;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's
embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers
of Carlisle.

THE BATTLE OF LEPANTO

W. H. Prescott

ON the third of October (1571) Don John put to sea, and stood for the gulf of Lepanto. As the fleet swept down the Ionian Sea, it passed many a spot famous in ancient story. None, we may imagine, would be so likely to excite an interest at this time as Actium, on whose waters was fought the greatest naval battle of antiquity. But the mariner, probably, gave little thought to the past, as he dwelt on the conflict that awaited him at Lepanto. On the fifth, a thick fog enveloped the armada, and shut out every object from sight. Fortunately the vessels met with no injury, and passing by Ithaca, the ancient home of Ulysses, they safely anchored off the eastern coast of Cephalonia. For two days their progress was thwarted by head-winds. But on the seventh, Don John, impatient of delay, again put to sea, though wind and weather were still unfavourable.

It was two hours before dawn, on Sunday, the memorable seventh of October, when the fleet weighed anchor. The wind had become lighter; but it was still contrary, and the galleys were indebted for their progress much more to their oars than their sails. By sunrise they were abreast of the Curzolari,—a cluster of huge rocks, or rocky islets, which on the north defends the entrance of the gulf of Lepanto. The fleet moved laboriously along, while every eye was strained to catch the first glimpse of the hostile navy. At length the watch on the foretop of the *Real* called out "A sail!" and soon after declared that the whole Ottoman fleet was in sight. Several others, climbing up the rigging, confirmed his report; and in a few moments more, word was sent to the same effect by Andrew Doria, who commanded on the right. There was no longer any doubt ; and Don John, ordering his pennant to be displayed at the mizzen-peak, unfurled the great standard of the League, given by the Pope, and directed a gun to be fired, the signal for battle. The report, as it ran along the rocky shores, fell cheerily on the ears of the confederates, who, raising their eyes towards the consecrated banner, filled the air with their shouts.

The principal captains now came on board the *Real*, to receive the last orders of the commander-in-chief. Even at this late hour, there were some who ventured to intimate their doubts of the expediency of engaging the enemy in a position where he had a decided advantage. But Don John cut short the discussion. " Gentlemen " he said, " this is the time for combat, not for counsel." He then continued the dispositions he was making for the attack.

He had already given to each commander of a galley written instructions as to the manner in which the line of battle was to be formed in case of meeting the enemy. The armada was now disposed in that order. It extended on a front of three miles. Far on the right, a squadron of sixty-four galleys was commanded by the Genoese admiral, Andrew Doria,—a name of terror to the Moslems. The centre, or *battle*, as it was called, consisting of sixty-three galleys, was led by John of Austria, who was supported on the one side by Colonna, the captain-general of the Pope, and on the other by the Venetian captain-general, Veniero. Immediately in the rear was the galley of the Grand-Commander Requesens who still remained near the person of his former pupil ; though a difference which arose between them on the voyage, fortunately now healed, showed that the young commander-in-chief was wholly independent of his teacher in the art of war.

The left wing was commanded by the noble Venetian, Barbarigo, whose vessels stretched along the Ætolian shore, to which he approached as near as, in his ignorance of the coast, he dared to venture, so as to prevent his being turned by the enemy. Finally, the reserve, consisting of thirty-five galleys, was given to the brave marquis of Santa Cruz, with directions to act in any quarter where he thought his presence most needed. The smaller craft, some of which had now arrived, seem to have taken little part in the action, which was thus left to the galleys.

Each commander was to occupy so much space with his galley as to allow room for manœuvring it to advantage, and yet not enough to allow the enemy to break the line. He was directed to single out his adversary, to close with him at once, and board as soon as possible. The beaks of the galleys were pronounced to be a hindrance rather than a help in action. They were rarely strong enough to resist a shock from an antagonist, and they much interfered with the working and firing of the guns. Don John had the beak of his vessel cut away. The example was followed throughout the fleet, and, as it is said, with eminently good effect. It may seem strange that this discovery should have been reserved for the crisis of a battle.

When the officers had received their last instructions, they returned to their respective vessels ; and Don John, going on board of a light frigate, passed rapidly through the part of the armada lying on his right, while he commanded Requesens to do the same with the vessels on his left. His object was to feel the temper of his men, and to rouse their mettle by a few words of encouragement. The Venetians he reminded of their recent injuries. The hour for vengeance, he told them, had arrived. To the Spaniards and other confederates he said " You have come to fight the battle of the Cross ; to conquer or to die. But whether you are to die or conquer, do your duty this day, and you will secure a glorious immortality." His words were received with a burst of enthusiasm which went to the heart of the commander, and assured him that he could rely on his men in the hour of trial. On returning to his vessel, he saw Veniero on his quarter-deck ; and they exchanged salutations in as friendly a manner as if no difference had existed between them. At this solemn hour both these brave men were willing to forget all personal animosity in a common feeling of devotion to the great cause in which they were engaged.

The Ottoman fleet came on slowly and with difficulty. For, strange to say, the wind, which had hitherto been adverse to the Christians, after lulling for a time, suddenly shifted to the opposite quarter, and blew in the face of the enemy. As the day advanced, moreover, the sun, which had shone in the eyes of the confederates, gradually shot its rays into those of the Moslems. Both circumstances were of good omen to the Christians, and the first was regarded as nothing short of a direct interposition of Heaven. Thus ploughing its way along, the Turkish armament, as it came more into view, showed itself in greater strength than had been anticipated by the allies. It consisted of nearly two hundred and fifty royal galleys, most of them of the largest class, besides a number of smaller vessels in the rear, which, like those of the allies, appear scarcely to have come into action. The men on board, of every description, were computed at not less than a hundred and twenty thousand. The galleys spread out, as usual with the Turks, in the form of a regular half-moon, covering a wider extent of surface than the combined fleets, which they somewhat exceeded in number. They presented indeed, as they drew nearer, a magnificent array, with their gilded and gaudily-painted prows, and their myriads of pennons and streamers, fluttering gaily in the breeze ; while the rays of the morning sun glanced on the polished scimitars of Damascus, and on the superb aigrettes of jewels which sparkled in the turbans of the Ottoman chiefs.

In the centre of the extended line, and directly opposite to the station occupied by the captain-general of the League, was the huge galley of Ali Pasha. The right of the armada was commanded by Mahomet Sirocco, viceroy of Egypt, a circumspect as well as courageous leader ; the left, by Uluch

Ali, dey of Algiers, the redoubtable corsair of the Mediterranean. Ali Pasha had experienced a difficulty like that of Don John, as several of his officers had strongly urged the inexpediency of engaging so formidable an armament as that of the allies. But Ali, like his rival, was young and ambitious. He had been sent by his master to fight the enemy ; and no remonstrances, not even those of Mahomet Sirocco, for whom he had great respect, could turn him from his purpose.

He had, moreover, received intelligence that the allied fleet was much inferior in strength to what it proved. In this error he was fortified by the first appearance of the Christians ; for the extremity of their left wing, commanded by Barbarigo, stretching behind the Ætolian shore, was hidden from his view. As he drew nearer and saw the whole extent of the Christian lines, it is said his countenance fell. If so, he still did not abate one jot of his resolution. He spoke to those around him with the same confidence as before, of the result of the battle. He urged his rowers to strain every nerve. Ali was a man of more humanity in his nature than often belonged to his nation. His galley-slaves were all, or nearly all, Christian captives ; and he addressed them in this brief and pithy manner : " If your contrymen are to win this day, Allah give you the benefit of it : yet if I win it, you shall certainly have your freedom. If you feel that I do well by you, do then the like by me."

As the Turkish admiral drew nearer, he made a change in his order of battle, by separating his wings farther from his centre, thus conforming to the dispositions of the allies. Before he had come within cannon-shot, he fired a gun by way of challenge to his enemy. It was answered by another from the galley of John of Austria. A second gun discharged by Ali was as promptly replied to by the Christian commander. The distance between the two fleets was now rapidly diminishing. At this solemn moment a death-like silence reigned throughout the armament of the confederates. Men seemed to hold their breath, as if absorbed in the expectation of some great catastrophe. The day was magnificent. A light breeze still adverse to the Turks, played on the waters, somewhat fretted by the contrary winds. It was nearly noon ; and as the sun, mounting through a cloudless sky, rose to the zenith, he seemed to pause, as if to look down on the beautiful scene, where the multitude of galleys, moving over the water, showed like a holiday spectacle rather than a preparation for mortal combat.

The illusion was soon dispelled by the fierce yells which rose on the air from the Turkish armada. It was the customary war-cry with which the Moslems entered into battle. Very different was the scene on board the Christian galleys. Don John might be there seen, armed *cap-à-pie*, standing on the prow of the *Real*, anxiously awaiting the conflict. In this conspicuous position, kneeling down, he raised his eyes to Heaven, and humbly prayed that the Almighty would be with his people on that day. His example was followed by the whole fleet. Officers and men, all prostrating themselves on their knees, and turning their eyes to the consecrated banner which floated from the *Real*, put up a petition like that of their commander. They then received absolution from the priests, of whom there were some in every vessel ; and each man, as he rose to his feet, gathered new strength, as he felt assured that the Lord of Hosts would fight on his side.

When the foremost vessels of the Turks had come within cannon-shot, they opened their fire on the Christians. The firing soon rang along the whole of the Turkish line, and was kept up without interruption as it advanced. Don John gave orders for trumpet and atabal to sound the signal for action ; which was followed by the simultaneous discharge of such of the guns in the combined fleet as could be brought to bear on the enemy. The Spanish commander had caused the *galeazzas*, those mammoth warships, to be towed half a mile ahead of the fleet, where they might intercept the advance of the Turks. As the latter came abreast of them, the huge galleys delivered their broadsides right and left, and their heavy ordnance produced a startling effect. Ali Pasha gave orders for his galleys to open their line and pass on either side, without engaging these monsters of the deep, of which he had had no experience. Even so their heavy guns did considerable damage to several of the nearest vessels, and created some confusion in the pasha's line of battle. They were, however, but unwieldy craft, and having accomplished their object, seem to have taken no further part in the combat.

The action began on the left wing of the allies, which Mahomet Sirocco was desirous of turning. This had been anticipated by Barbarigo, the Venetian admiral, who commanded in that quarter. To prevent it, as we have seen, he lay with his vessels as near the coast as he dared. Sirocco, better acquainted with the soundings, saw there was space enough for him to pass, and darting by with all the speed that oars could give him, he succeeded in doubling on his enemy. Thus placed between two fires, the extreme of the Christian left fought at terrible disadvantage. No less than eight galleys went to the bottom, and several others were captured. The brave Barbarigo, throwing himself into the heat of the fight, without availing himself of his defensive armour, was pierced in the eye by an arrow, and, reluctant to leave the glory of the field to another, was borne to his cabin. The combat still continued with unabated fury on the part of the Venetians. They fought like men who felt that the war was theirs, and who were animated not only by the thirst for glory, but for revenge.

Far on the Christian right a manœuvre similar to that so successfully executed by Sirocco was attempted by Uluch Ali, the dey of Algiers. Profiting by his superiority in numbers, he endeavoured to turn the right wing of the confederates. It was in this quarter that Andrew Doria commanded. He had foreseen this movement of his enemy, and he succeeded in foiling it. It was a trial of skill between the two most accomplished seamen in the Mediterranean. Doria extended his line so far to the right indeed, to prevent being surrounded, that Don John was obliged to remind him that he left the centre too much exposed. His dispositions were so far unfortunate for himself, that his own line was thus weakened, and afforded some vulnerable points to his assailant. These were soon detected by the eagle eye of Uluch Ali ; and, like the king of birds swooping on his prey, he fell on some galleys separated by a considerable interval from their companions, and, sinking more than one, carried off the great *Capitana* of Malta in triumph as his prize.

While the combat opened thus disastrously to the allies both on the right and on the left, in the centre they may be said to have fought with doubtful fortune. Don John had led his division gallantly forward. But the object on which he was intent was an encounter with Ali Pasha, the foe most worthy of his sword. The Turkish commander had the same combat no less at heart. The galleys of both were easily recognized, not only from their position, but from their superior size and richer decoration. The one, moreover, displayed the holy banner of the League ; the other, the great Ottoman standard. This, like the ancient standard of the caliphs, was held sacred in its character. It was covered with texts from the Koran, emblazoned in letters of gold, and had the name of Allah inscribed upon it no less than twenty-eight thousand nine hundred times. It was the banner of the sultan, having passed from father to son since the foundation of the imperial dynasty, and was never seen in the field unless the grand seigneur or his lieutenant was there in person.

Both the chiefs urged on their rowers to the top of their speed. Their galleys soon shot ahead of the rest of the line, driven through the boiling surges as by the force of a tornado, and closed with a shock that made every timber crack, and the two vessels to quiver to their very keels. So powerful, indeed, was the impetus they received, that the pasha's galley, which was considerably the larger and loftier of the two, was thrown so far upon his opponent, that the prow reached the fourth bench of rowers. As soon as the vessels were disengaged from each other, and those on board had recovered from the shock, the work of death began. Don John's chief strength consisted in some three hundred Spanish arquebusiers, culled from the flower of his infantry. Ali, on the other hand, was provided with an equal number of janizaries. He was followed by a smaller vessel, in which two hundred more were stationed as a *corps de reserve.* He had, moreover, a hundred archers on board. The bow was still as much in use with the Turks as with other Moslems.

The pasha opened at once on his enemy a terrible fire of cannon and musketry. It was returned with equal spirit and much more effect ; for the Turks were observed to shoot over the heads of their adversaries. The Moslem galley was unprovided with the defences which protected the sides of the Spanish vessels ; and the troops, crowded together on the lofty prow, presented an easy mark to their enemy's balls. But though numbers of them fell at every discharge, their places were soon supplied by those in reserve. They were enabled, therefore, to keep up an incessant fire, which wasted the strength of the Spaniards ; and as both Christian and Mussulman fought with indomitable spirit, it seemed doubtful to which side victory would incline.

The affair was made more complicated by the entrance of other parties into the conflict. Both Ali and Don John were supported by some of the most gallant captains in their fleets. Next to the Spanish commander, as we have seen, were Colonna and the veteran Veniero, who, at the age of seventy-six, performed feats of arms worthy of a paladin of romance. In this way a little squadron of combatants gathered round the principal leaders, who sometimes found themselves assailed by several enemies at the same time. Still the chiefs did not lose sight of one another ; but, beating off their inferior foes as well as they could, each, refusing to loosen his hold, clung with mortal grasp to his antagonist.

Thus the fight raged along the whole extent of the entrance to the gulf of Lepanto. The volumes of vapour rolling heavily over the waters effectually shut out from sight whatever was passing at any considerable distance, unless when a fresher breeze dispelled the smoke for a moment, or the flashes of the heavy guns threw a transient gleam on the dark canopy of battle. If the eye of the spectator could have penetrated the cloud of smoke that enveloped the combatants, and have embraced the whole scene at a glance, he would have perceived them broken up into small detachments, separately engaged one with another, independently of the rest, and indeed ignorant of all that was doing in other quarters. The contest exhibited few of those large combinations and skilful manœuvres to be expected in a great naval encounter. It was rather an assemblage of petty actions, resembling those on land. The galleys, grappling together, presented a level arena, on which soldier and galley-slave fought hand to hand, and the fate of the engagement was generally decided by boarding. As in most hand-to-hand contests, there was an enormous waste of life. The decks were loaded with corpses, Christian and Moslem lying promiscuously together in the embrace of death. Instances are recorded where every man on board was slain or wounded. It was a ghastly spectacle, where blood flowed in rivulets down the sides of the vessels, staining the waters of the gulf for miles around.

It seemed as if a hurricane had swept over the sea, and covered it with the wreck of the noble armaments which a moment before were so proudly riding on its bosom. Little had they now to remind one of their late magnificent array, with their hulls battered, their masts and spars gone or splintered by the shot, their canvas cut into shreds and floating wildly on the breeze, while thousands of wounded and drowning men were clinging to the floating fragments, and calling piteously for help. Such was the wild uproar which succeeded the Sabbath-like stillness that two hours before had reigned over these beautiful solitudes.

The left wing of the confederates, commanded by Barbarigo, had been sorely pressed by the Turks, as we have seen, at the beginning of the fight. Barbarigo himself had been mortally wounded. His line had been turned. Several of his galleys had been sunk. But the Venetians gathered courage from despair. By incredible efforts they succeeded in beating off their enemies. They became the assailants in their turn. Sword in hand, they carried one vessel after another. The Capuchin was seen in the thickest of the fight, waving aloft his crucifix, and leading the boarders to the assault. The Christian galley-slaves, in some instances, broke their fetters, and joined their countryman against their masters. Fortunately, the vessel of Mahomet Sirocco, the Moslem admiral, was sunk ; and though extricated from the water himself, it was only to perish by the sword of his conqueror, Giovanni Contarini. The Venetian could find in his heart no mercy for the Turk.

The fall of their commander gave the final blow to his followers. Without further attempt to prolong the fight they fled before the avenging swords of the Venetians. Those nearest the land endeavoured to escape by running their vessels ashore, where they abandoned them as prizes to the Christians. Yet many of the fugitives, before gaining the land, perished miserably in the waves. Barbarigo, the Venetian admiral, who was still lingering in agony, heard the tidings of the enemy's defeat, and, uttering a few words expressive of his gratitude to Heaven, which had permitted him to see this hour, he breathed his last.

During this time the combat had been going forward in the centre between the two commanders-in-chief, Don John and Ali Pasha, whose galleys blazed with an incessant fire of artillery and musketry, that enveloped them like " a martyr's robe of flames." The parties fought with equal spirit, though not with equal fortune. Twice the Spaniards had boarded their enemy, and both times they had been repulsed with loss. Still their superiority in the use of fire-arms would have given them a decided advantage over their opponents, if the loss they had inflicted had not been speedily repaired by fresh reinforcements. More than once the contest between the two chieftains was interrupted by the arrival of others to take part in the fray. They soon, however, returned to each other, as if unwilling to waste their strength on a meaner enemy. Through the whole engagement both commanders exposed themselves to danger as freely as any common soldier. In such a contest even Philip must have admitted that it would be difficult for his brother to find, with honour, a place of safety. Don John received a wound in the foot. It was a slight one, however, and he would not allow it to be dressed till the action was over.

Again his men were mustered, and a third time the trumpets sounded to the attack. It was more successful than the preceding. The Spaniards threw themselves boldly into the Turkish galley. They were met with the same spirit as before by the janizaries. Ali Pasha led them on. Unfortunately, at this moment, he was struck in the head by a musket-ball, and stretched senseless in the gangway. His men fought worthily of their ancient renown. But they missed the accustomed voice of their commander. After a short but ineffectual struggle against the fiery impetuosity of the Spaniards, they were overpowered and threw down their arms. The decks were loaded with the bodies of the dead and the dying. Beneath these was discoverd the Turkish commander-in-chief, severely wounded, but perhaps not mortally. He was drawn forth by some Castilian soldiers, who, recognizing his person, would at once have dispatched him. But the disabled chief, having rallied from the first effects of his wound, had sufficient presence of mind to divert them from their purpose, by pointing out the place below where he had deposited his money and jewels ; and they hastened to profit by the disclosure, before the treasure should fall into the hands of their comrades.

Ali was not so successful with another soldier, who came up soon after, brandishing his sword, and preparing to plunge it into the body of the prostrate commander. It was in vain that the latter endeavoured to turn the ruffian from his purpose. He was a convict, one of those galley-slaves whom Don John had caused to be unchained from the oar and furnished with arms. He could not believe that any treasure would be worth so much as the head of the pasha. Without further hesitation, he dealt him a blow which severed it from his shoulders. Then, returning to his galley, he laid the bloody trophy before Don John. But he had miscalculated on his recompense. His commander gazed on it with a look of pity mingled with horror. He may have thought of the generous conduct of Ali to his Christian captives, and have felt that he deserved a better fate. He coldly inquired " of what use such a present could be to him "; and then ordered it to be thrown into the sea. Far from the order being obeyed, it is said the head was stuck on a pike, and raised aloft on board of the captured galley. At the same time the banner of the Crescent was pulled down ; while that of the Cross, run up in its place, proclaimed the downfall of the pasha.

The sight of the sacred ensign was welcomed by the Christains with a shout of " Victory ! " which rose high above the din of battle. The tidings of the death of Ali soon passed from mouth to mouth, giving fresh heart to the confederates, but falling like a knell on the ears of the Moslems. Their confidence was gone. Their fire slackened. Their efforts grew weaker and weaker. They were too far from shore to seek an asylum there, like their comrades on the right. They had no resource but to prolong the combat or to surrender. Most preferred the latter. Many vessels were carried by boarding, others were sunk by the victorious Christians. Ere four hours had elapsed, the centre, like the right wing, of the Moslems might be said to be annihilated.

Still the fight was lingering on the right of the confederates, where, it will be remembered, Uluch Ali, the Algerine chief, had profited by Doria's error in extending his line so far as greatly to weaken it. Uluch Ali, attacking it on its most vulnerable quarter, had succeeded, as we have seen, in capturing and destroying several vessels, and would have inflicted still heavier losses on his enemy had it not been for the seasonable succour received from the Marquis of Santa Cruz. This brave officer, who commanded the reserve, had already been of much service to Don John when the *Real* was assailed by several Turkish galleys at once during his combat with Ali Pasha ; for at this juncture the Marquis of Santa Cruz arriving, and beating off the assailants, one of whom he afterwards captured, enabled the commander-in-chief to resume his engagement with the pasha.

No sooner did Santa Cruz learn the critical situation of Doria, than, supported by Cardona, "general" of the Sicilian squadron, he pushed forward to his relief. Dashing into the midst of the *mêlée*, the two commanders fell like a thunderbolt on the Algerine galleys. Few attempted to withstand the shock. But in their haste to avoid it, they were encountered by Doria and his Genoese galleys. Thus beset on all sides, Uluch Ali was compelled to abandon his prizes and provide for his own safety by flight. He cut adrift the Maltese *Capitana*, which he had lashed to his stern, and on which three hundred corpses attested the desperate character of her defence. As tidings reached him of the discomfiture of the centre, and of the death of Ali Pasha, he felt that nothing remained but to make the best of his way from the fatal scene of action, and save as many of his own ships as he could. And there were no ships in the Turkish fleet superior to his, or manned by men under more perfect discipline. For they were the famous corsairs of the Mediterranean, who had been rocked from infancy on its waters.

Throwing out his signals for retreat, the Algerine was soon to be seen, at the head of his squadron, standing towards the north, under as much canvas as remained to him after the battle, and urged forward through the deep by the whole strength of his oarsmen. Doria and Santa Cruz followed quickly in his wake. But he was borne on the wings of the wind, and soon distanced his pursuers. Don John, having disposed of his own assailants, was coming to the support of Doria, and now joined in the pursuit of the viceroy. A rocky headland, stretching far into the sea, lay in the path of the fugitive; and his enemies hoped to intercept him there. Some few of his vessels were stranded on the rocks. But the rest, near forty in number, standing more boldly out to sea, safely doubled the promontory. Then, quickening their flight, they gradually faded from the horizon, their white sails, the last thing visible, showing in the distance like a flock of Arctic seafowl on their way to their native homes. The confederates explained the inferior sailing of their own galleys on this occasion by the circumstances of their rowers, who had been allowed to bear arms in the fight, being crippled by their wounds.

The battle had lasted more than four hours. The sky, which had been almost without a cloud through the day, began now to be overcast, and showed signs of a coming storm. Before seeking a place of shelter for himself and his prizes, Don John reconnoitred the scene of action. He met with several vessels too much damaged for further service. These, mostly belonging to the enemy, after saving what was of any value on board, he ordered to be burnt. He selected the neighbouring port of Petala, as affording the most secure and accessible harbour for the night. Before he had arrived there, the tempest began to mutter and darkness was on the water. Yet the darkness rendered only more visible the blazing wrecks, which, sending up streams of fire mingled with showers of sparks, looked like volcanoes on the deep.

THE DAY OF HIS PREPARATION

Grenville West

DARKNESS and fog lay like a blanket over the winding Tiber and the lower quarters of Rome. Through the murk a few bulky shadows moved, looming up suddenly and disappearing as quickly, climbing the narrow streets that led from the river to the Campo dei Fiori. Market gardeners from outside the walls they were, carrying their produce to the market, some on pack-mules, others on rough carts, and the poorest of all on their own shoulders.

As dawn broke, and the fog lifted a little, the crowd in the market square increased rapidly. Yet it remained strangely silent. No jokes, no good-humoured banter, no hearty laughter was there, but only a grimly polite attention to business, with occasional sidelong glances towards the centre of the square, where masked and hooded figures were piling up round a massive post the materials for a rare bonfire.

For this was Rome in the year of our Lord 1600, when the Inquisition struck terror into all hearts, when no man dared to whisper a word against the Church, and when all who had enemies—and many who had none—went daily in dread of being denounced on false and trumped up charges of being foes to the Faith.

Elbowing his way through the crowd came a tall, well-built man of middle-age. His skin was burnt to the Italian brown, but his eyes were blue instead of black, and they held a twinkle instead of the stolid hostile stare of the men around him. He was dressed in the loose smock of the peasant, but he walked with a roll that no amount of digging could produce. Over one shoulder he carried a long well filled-sack, and whatever may have been inside it, there were certainly a couple of cabbages bulging out of the mouth.

Avoiding the centre of the square this man made his way to a little wine-shop tucked away in a corner where he gave a peculiar triple knock, rat-tat . . . tat. The door was opened by a dried-up little man of about fifty, who, with one glance at his visitor, and a muttered, " Ah ! cabbages, come in," stood aside to let him pass, and then bolted and barred the door again. Only then did he hold out his hand with a " Good-morning, Captain Martin, it is good to see you again in our sorrowful city."

" Thank you, Filippo. I'm very glad to see you " replied Martin. " When I saw that stake being prepared I feared that the Inquisition had seized on you " he laughed.

" Hush ! please " implored Filippo, with an agonised glance round. His alarm was so real that even the bold and breezy Captain was affected by it.

" Nay then " he said in a quiet tone, " had I thought there was any danger I should not have jested about it."

Without a word Filippo took the Captain's long sack, and tossing the two cabbages contemptuously aside he proceeded to pull out a roll of fine woollen cloth and several smaller samples, which he fingered with the careful attention of an expert.

" There's twelve score bales for you down at Ostia " said Martin, " but I have no more cabbages."

Filippo smiled wanly. " You must have your jest, Captain. It is well for you to pretend to carry cabbages and wear the smock when you come to the Flower-market, but for me there is no need. I will send some boats out to your ship to-morrow. Still the *Holy Virgin*, is it ? "

" In the Mediterranean, yes. In the Western ocean it's the *Virgin Queen*."

Captain Martin pulled a bundle of papers out from an inner pocket and for five minutes they sat down and talked business. At the end of that period Filippo rose. " And now, Captain, I suppose your return cargo will be the usual Italian wine, and my samples are upstairs. It is still rather early in the day but to a sailor—eh!"

As they entered the upstairs room a stranger rose from a chair near the window. The Captain's hand went at once to his breast, but Filippo stopped him with a gesture and a reproachful look.

"Surely my Captain does not think I would play the traitor?"

"No, no! I crave your pardon. I did not think. I am always more ready with my hands than my wits."

"This is a friend from Wittenberg, Herr Gutzmer. Herr Gutzmer, this is the English Captain, Richard Martin. I know I can trust you both. I think I may say you can trust each other, aye, even in Rome; where no man dares trust his fellows."

While Filippo busied himself with glasses and a bottle of Falerno, Captain Martin said "I did not think to see anyone from the Lutheran city here in Rome."

The German smiled. "Nor did I look to have the pleasure of meeting one from Protestant England."

"In trade, you know, one must take risks."

"True, but surely the winds and waves provide sufficient need of risk without the added venture of coming within the clutches of the Inquisition."

"But the greater the risk, the greater the profit."

"And is it only for profit that you English come here or sail the Western ocean?"

"Nay, to be honest, the profit counts for little. We do it because we love the venture. It suffices for us that the Pope has said we are not to do it. That makes the venture joyous." And the Captain's hearty laugh rang through the low raftered room.

"Captain, please!" interposed Filippo. "The Inquisition has eyes everywhere, and to-day they burn an old friend of mine."

The Captain swore violently, and then put his hand on Filippo's shoulder. " I am sorry Filippo. I did not know. Who is it, and what has he done ? "

" He is an old playfellow of my childhood, one Giordano Bruno, known throughout Europe for his wisdom and learning, and to-day he must die."

" Bruno ? Bruno ? A dark little man with a beard and eyes that pierce like needles ? "

" A fiery spirit, always arguing, always teaching strange new doctrines ? " asked the German.

" Yes, yes," replied Filippo, " all that you say and more. The kindest and most fearless of men, but obstinate as a mule."

" I know him " said Martin ; " he came to England some ten, twelve, nay some fifteen years ago, and I was on the ship that carried him and the French Ambassador back to France."

" I too have met him and listened to his doctrine " said Gutzmer.

" I " said Filippo, " knew him forty years ago. We were boys together in Naples. He was called Filippo then like me, for Giordano was but the name he took when he entered the Church."

" He seemed fond of giving things new names," interrupted the Captain. " When he was on board our ship he *would* call her the *Argo* although everybody knew her by the name of *Defiance*."

" That, of course, was his classical learning " said Gutzmer in a faintly patronizing tone.

" Don't I know it ? But he never called any of us Jason or Admetus, Argus or Castor. ' Uncouth English dogs ' was his usual expression."

" But he was full of admiration for your English sailors " said Filippo.

" I had not noticed it. He told me that they had stout hearts and hands, but woefully weak heads, except when it came to drinking."

"He himself had the best brains in Europe" said Gutzmer.

"And to-day" replied Filippo "he must die. For what? For the sake of his ideas. Because he asserts that the earth moves round the sun, contrary to the teaching of Holy Church."

"It is a sad waste of a prime intelligence" said Martin. "Do you know I sometimes think that it matters naught what a man believes providing he lives a good life."

The Lutheran, Gutzmer, was aghast at this heresy, so much at variance with the spirit of the age, and even the more broad-minded Filippo shook his head sadly.

"Holy Church teaches us that only he that believeth shall live" he said.

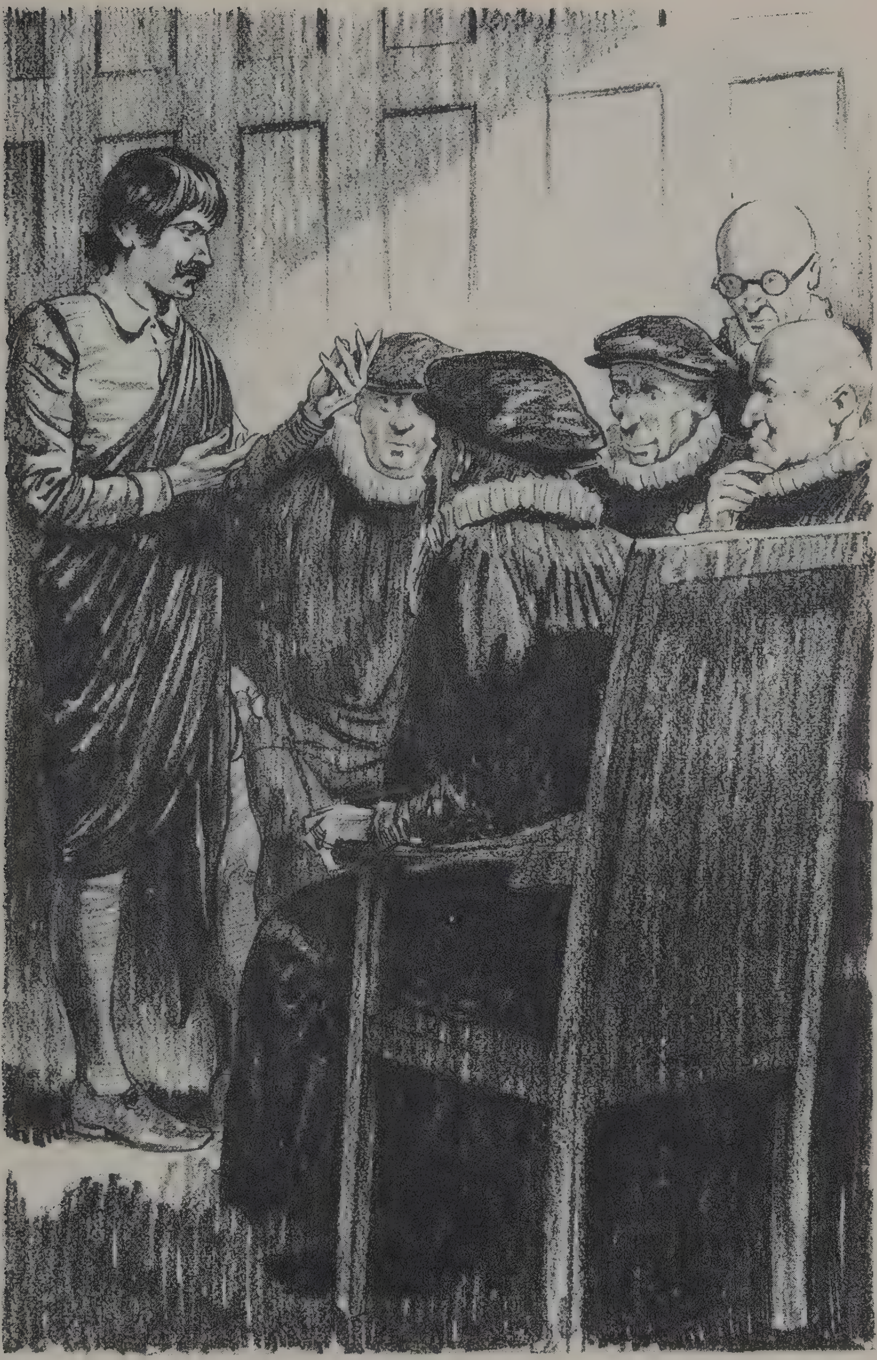
"Well, I've been reading the Bible for myself—we are allowed to do that in England, you know—and I seem to remember that Jesus attached considerable importance to loving one's neighbour as oneself. Now burning him at the stake is not exactly loving him, whatever he has done."

"They say they do it to stamp out heresy."

"Is Bruno a great heretic then?"

"*I* never knew anybody with so many strange ideas" said Gutzmer.

"He was always like that" added Filippo sadly. "When we were boys together in the monastery school he would never take anything on trust. Always wanted to try experiments, to find out for himself. Got into awful scrapes many a time, and sometimes dragged me in as well. I remember one night especially when we both caught it hot. We'd been told, by Father Jerome I think it would be, that hot water would freeze more quickly than cold. Bruno whispered to me 'That's a lie.' I'd forgotten about it, but weeks later when the cold weather came he dragged me up the mountains one night, I carrying a pannikin of hot water and he one of cold. And we stayed up above the snow line until his water



GIORDANO BRUNO DEBATING AT OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

had frozen. I was nearly frozen too, and very miserable I felt. But Bruno, he felt neither cold nor hunger, nor the rod which awaited us when we got home in the early hours of the morning. He had proved something for himself and that was enough to make him happy."

" You were punished for your prank ? "

" Yes, I earned one good beating at home, but poor Bruno had one from his uncle (he stayed with him in Naples) and another from Father Jerome. The first one he expected and he bore no ill-will for that, but the second rankled. He told Jerome the result of his vigil and thought the old man would praise him for his zeal in the pursuit of truth. Instead the father gave him a terrible beating for daring to doubt what he had been taught."

" And did that make him believe ? "

" It did not. It made him still more suspicious and doubting. From that day he would take nothing on trust, not even the teaching of Holy Church. He wanted proof. He was always asking, ' How do you know this is true ? ' "

" He must have had a hard time with the monks."

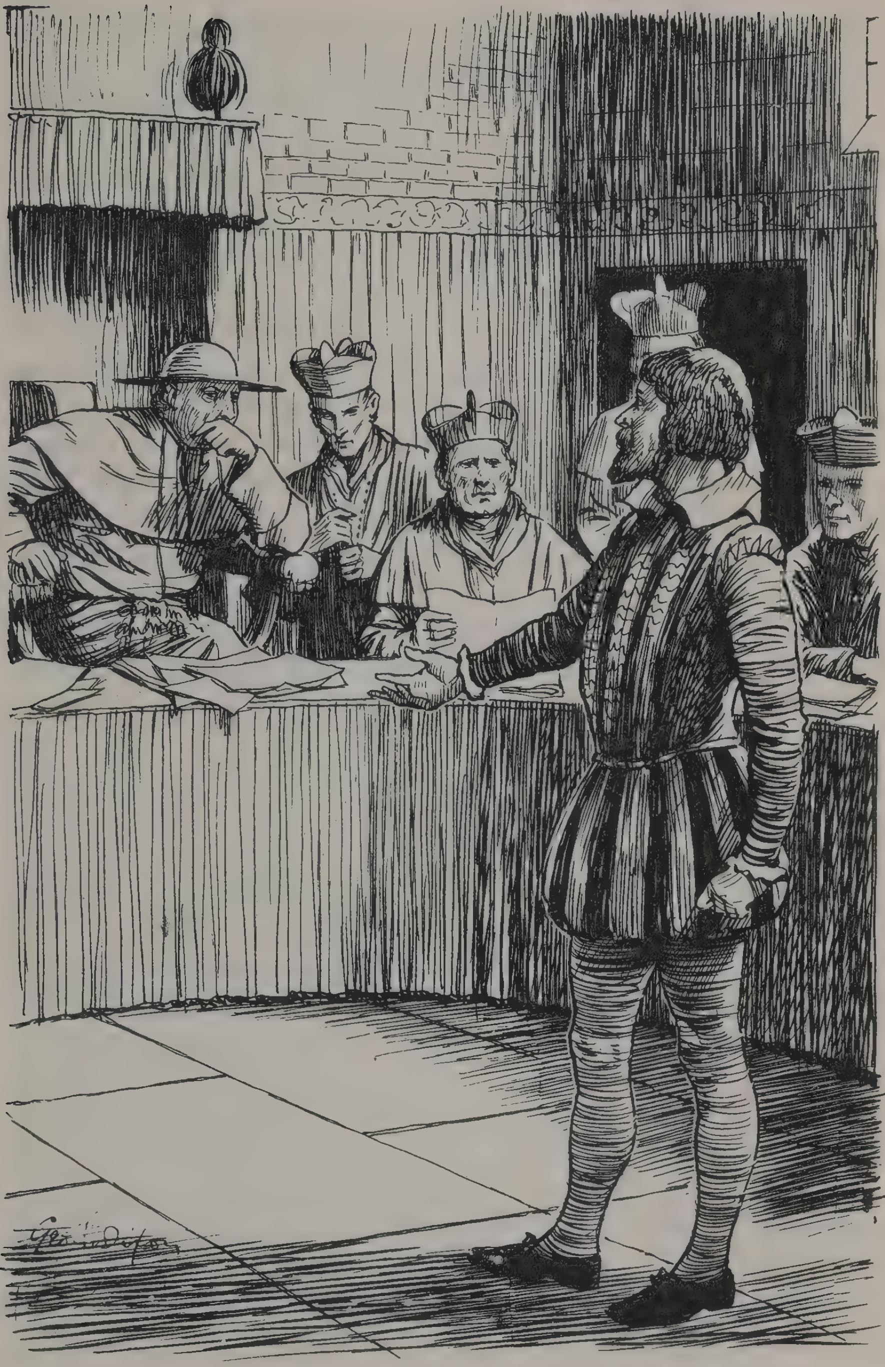
" A hard time indeed. Yet they knew he was clever, and they tried hard to win him and keep him for the Faith. He became a priest, but a most unruly priest, always correcting his superiors, always arguing, until after many years their patience was at an end, and Bruno had to flee to Genoa. I helped him somewhat on the road, for already I had many connections made in the way of trade."

" Aye, Filippo, I myself know how useful your friendship can be " said Martin gently.

" I too have that honour " said Gutzmer.

" Well, he escaped the Inquisition then, but, as I told him, his life would be forfeit if he ever came near Rome again.

" I went to see him in Genoa a few months later. He was full of strange ideas about the earth going round the sun. Had read them in a book by one Nicolaus Copernicus, and for once had accepted the word of another."



GIORDANO BRUNO BEFORE HIS JUDGES.

" Nay " interrupted Martin, " but Copernicus had given his proof. I well remember the night we spent on the *Defiance* crossing to France. We lay almost becalmed under the stars, and Bruno talked to us. Lord ! how he talked ! He wove his system round us until I, too, believed that the earth moved while the sun stood still."

" But anyone with eyes can see that the sun moves across the sky " said Gutzmer.

" That's what one of our company said to Bruno, and at once he gave orders to bring the ship round ; aye, and they obeyed him too. Then he pointed to the distant lights of Calais which were moving slowly across our bows, and asked if Calais had slipped its cable and set sail for Boulogne. He told us that if the earth rotated on its axis it would give just the same apparent effect as if the sun revolved round the earth."

" 'Tis an unholy doctrine to my mind " said Gutzmer, " and if the earth rotates thus from west to east why do not the clouds flee for ever from east to west, as the sun appears to do ? "

" The wind bloweth where it listeth " quoted Martin.

" 'Tis dead against the Scriptures to say the earth moves round the sun " persisted Gutzmer.

" Maybe. For myself I know not, but I know that while I listened to Bruno everything was clear. We sailors must observe the stars ; we know that Venus and Mercury are always near the sun and seem to move from one side of it to the other, while Mars, Jupiter and Saturn may move so far from the sun as to be directly opposite it. We know, too, how the brightness of these wandering stars may change. Well, as I listened to Bruno everything fell into its place. The sun was at the centre of things, then came Mercury and Venus, revolving round it, then the earth, with the Moon attendant, and then the outer planets, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. Because Mercury and Venus were nearer to the sun than the earth they were never far away from it in the sky, while Mars and the others, being outside the earth's path round the sun, might be right opposite the sun at times. At these seasons they would be nearer to the earth than at any others and so would shine more brightly, which they do. Oh, he could explain things, could Bruno, to those who would listen, and I tell you we listened that night. He seemed to paint a new world of law and order, with God everywhere, and not only in some remote crystalline sphere beyond the firmament."

" Yes, that was what made him so many enemies at Wittenberg " said Gutzmer. " For myself, I loved the man, but I could not agree with his doctrine. He said that God was everywhere, and there might well be other worlds than ours inhabited by men like as we are. Now the Book of Genesis definitely states that God created *the* heaven and *the* earth, only one earth mind you, not many."

" I am afraid " said Filippo sadly " that not even Holy Writ was sacred to Bruno. When he was still a lad, he would question the Word and point out contradictions."

" Too fond of the fruits of the Tree of Knowledge, perhaps " suggested Martin.

" Captain, you are right."

" Since he had not changed his views, whatever made him return to Rome ? "

" Treachery, black-hearted treachery " cried Filippo. " He came first to Venice. Who knows ? Perhaps he hungered for the kiss of our warm southern sun. And he was always strangely confident of his ability to make his opponents see his own point of view."

" Yes, yes, I remember " interrupted Martin. " In England he had been arguing with the masters at Oxford, upholding his Copernican theory, and his own ideas of the world against the accepted philosophy of Aristotle. He told me he had won a great victory in the arguments and convinced them all. But I have not heard of any great change in the teaching of Oxford."

" That is how it was " agreed Filippo. " He seemed to think that he could still come to some agreement with Rome. He seemed to think he could persuade the Church to alter its dogma to fit what he called the new learning. Vain hope and false delusion ! Anyway he was persuaded to come to Venice by one Giovanni Mocenigo, cursed be his name for ever."

" Amen " boomed Gutzmer.

" And Mocenigo, after pretending to be an ardent disciple just long enough for Bruno to commit himself beyond recall, turned traitor, arrested him with his own hands, flung him into prison, and denounced him to Rome."

" The Judas ! The devil ! " cried Captain Martin, starting up.

" Devil indeed ! Well, that was eight years ago. Bruno was brought to Rome the following year, and he has ever since been in prison. Now, he takes the fiery path to freedom."

" No hope of him recanting, I fear " said Martin.

" Nay, if he did recant he would gain nothing. He would be put to death at once, ' to save his soul while in a state of grace ' as the Inquisitors say " cried Gutzmer.

" Bruno will never recant " said Filippo quietly. " What horrible days and nights he may have suffered in the past six years no one knows except himself and his tormentors. But this I know, and all who knew him know : he will never abandon his ideals for any threats or promises. He worshipped Truth, as he saw it, and he will gladly give his life in the cause of Truth. Know you what he said to his judges when he was excommunicated and condemned a few days ago ? "

" No."

" He said ' Perhaps you pronounce this sentence with greater fear in your hearts than that with which I receive it.' "

" There spoke a man indeed " cried Martin.

" Aye, and he was right, too " said Gutzmer. " Don't you see those cold Inquisitors trembling as they watch the rising tide of revolt against the authority they have usurped. If the finest minds in Europe rise against them, can they stand ? Bruno will be remembered and honoured when their names are defiled and forgotten."

" We sit here talking " said Martin roughly. " Cannot we do something ? There's a score of fine fellows in my ship would be only too glad of the chance to rob the Inquisition of its prey."

" We can do nothing " said Filippo. " You forget you are in Rome, many miles from your vessel, and surrounded by all the forces of the Inquisition. Had there been a possible chance of rescue think you I would have waited till now ? "

" Filippo speaks true " said Gutzmer. " Bruno must die. He loved truth and honesty too much for this age. He could not understand how fiercely burn the fires of intolerance in all men's minds, aye, even in mine, for there have been times when I hated Bruno almost as much as I loved him." And Gutzmer turned away to hide a tear.

" That is something I cannot understand " said Martin. " Catholic and Protestant worship the same God, and yet they must needs show their devotion to Him by burnings and slaying. Why should we not be content to have each one his own opinion on matters of religion and let our neighbour have his ? "

Filippo and Gutzmer shook their heads in silence. The time of toleration was not yet come.

A sudden roar arose in the square outside, and the three men jumped up and hurried to the window. A chill breeze had scattered the fog, and the pale February sunshine illuminated the scene. A strong guard of soldiers had cleared a path to the stake, and along this the condemned man and his attendant priests advanced slowly. Bruno was clothed in a long yellow robe with red flames and devils rising from the hem.

Fearlessly he mounted the steps to the stake, and calmly allowed the soldiers to chain him to it. Then all drew back while a priest made a last attempt to shake his resolution. Grimly Bruno turned away his head and looked up at the sky. Torches were laid to the pile of faggots ; the flames leaped up and the rolling smoke hid the martyr from the eyes of the three watchers in the upper room.

. . . .

" And so poor Bruno goes to meet his God " said Gutzmer at last. " I wonder if he was prepared ? "

" Though I am a Catholic I cannot believe such a rare soul will be utterly lost " said Filippo. " Perhaps the fire has burnt away all his sins."

" Aye, aye ! " said the Captain. " What was it Nahum wrote ? ' The chariots shall be with fiery torches in the day of his preparation.' And on those fiery torches he has gone aloft."

THE WHITE KING

From "Holmby House"

G. F. Whyte-Melville

When Queen Elizabeth died the Stuarts succeeded. Soon two causes of quarrel arose. Should the stricter Protestants, or Puritans, be allowed to remain in the Church of England? The King was against them. And who should have the power to raise taxes? King or Parliament? The quarrels developed under James I. and his son Charles I., until the Commons took up arms against the King and civil war raged. Eventually Charles surrendered and was brought to trial. However much you sympathize with the unfortunate King, remember that there are two sides to every question, and that this is one of the great steps by which Englishmen gained freedom from tyranny.

IT was the 29th of January, 1649, and Lieutenant-General Cromwell's leisure was not likely to be at the disposal of the first comer; nevertheless the sentry at his door made room for Effingham to pass with a military salute, and after a very brief interval of waiting in an ante-room, a pale and agitated secretary ushered George into the presence of the Lieutenant-General, with a grave apology that so distinguished a servant of the Parliament should be kept in attendance even for a few minutes.

Cromwell was standing in the middle of the room, attired with his usual plain simplicity, but somewhat more carefully than his wont. The pale secretary reseated himself after the entrance of Effingham, and continued his occupation of writing from the Lieutenant-General's dictation, but his hand was so unsteady that it shook even the massive table on which he leaned his arm. His master took a short turn or two up and down the room, and for some minutes did not appear to notice the new arrival. George had time to scan him minutely. He had been familiar with him for a long period, had watched him in many an emergency of difficulty and danger, yet had he never seen him quite like what he was now.

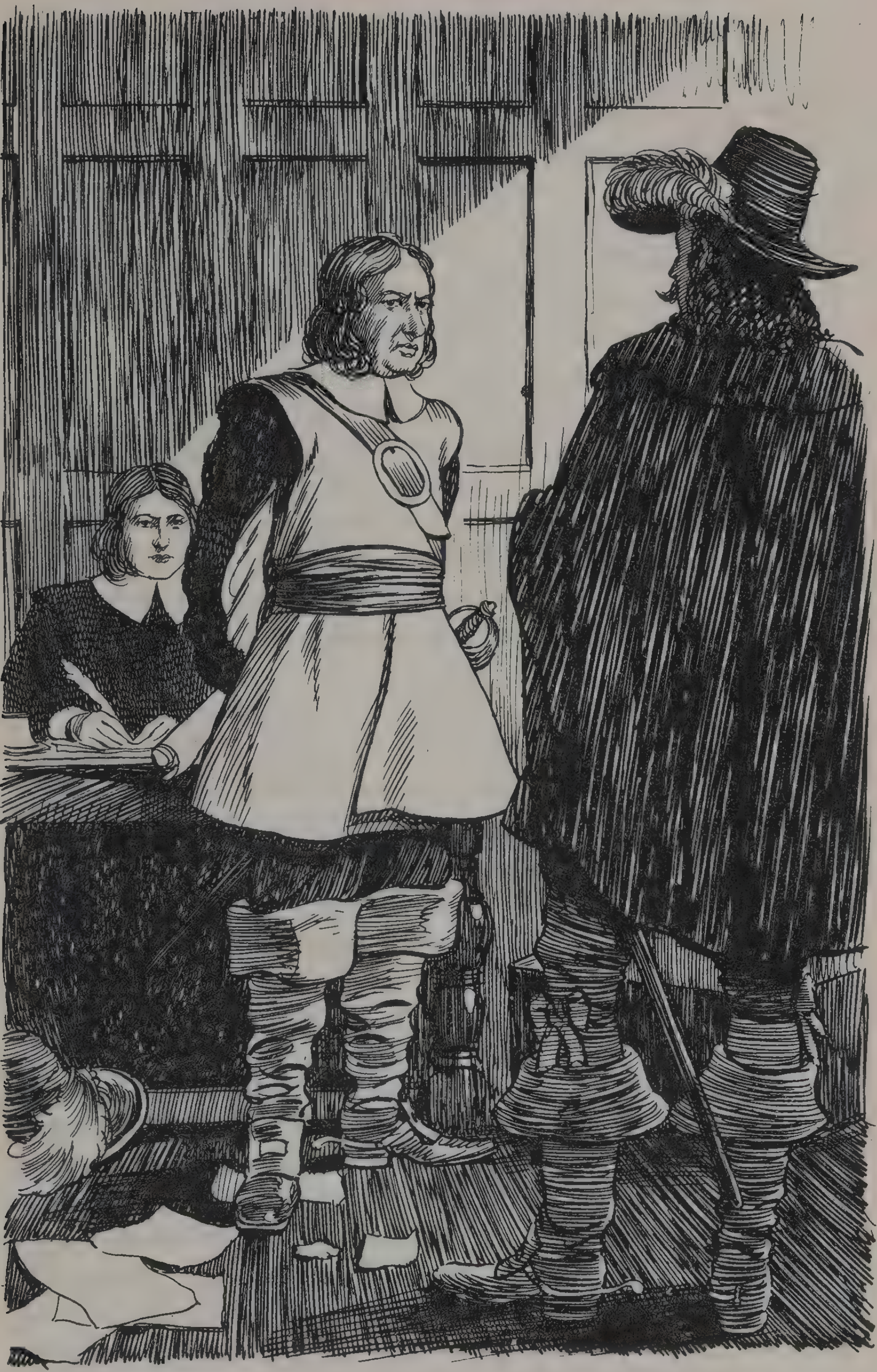
In the turmoil of battle, in the critical moments on which his own destiny and that of England depended, it was a part of the man to become cooler and cooler as the plot thickened. His cheek would glow and his eye would brighten when leading the Ironsides to a successful charge ; but should their advance be checked and the scales of victory hang doubtful in the balance, those plain heavy features seemed to settle into lineaments of iron. Now, though the orders he was enunciating were but trifling matters of military detail, a faint sallow flush came and went over his countenance, and the large lips twitched and trembled, while the broad jaw beneath them closed ever and anon with a convulsive clasp. He seemed to speak mechanically, and with his thoughts fixed on some topic far distant from the strategical movements he was directing, and he started—positively started—when in one of his short restless turns he encountered George Effingham.

There were but those three in the room—the pale secretary bowing his head over his writing ; the Parliamentary officer loftily confronting his chief ; and the Dictator himself, hiding an air of remorse, irritation, and perplexity under an assumption of more than military brevity and decision.

"What would you ?" demanded Cromwell, his brow darkening as, with the perspicuity of all great men, he read Effingham's face like a book—"what would you with us in this press of business ? Be brief, for the time is short, and lo ! even now the hour is at hand."

"I come to resign my commission into your Excellency's hands" answered Effingham in slow, steady tones, emphatic as they were sorrowful. "I come to demand my dismissal from your Excellency's service. I come to protest against the murder of Charles Stuart."

Cromwell's brow had grown darker and darker as the officer went on ; but when he reached his climax, all the



EFFINGHAM TENDERING HIS RESIGNATION TO CROMWELL.

wrath he had so long repressed, all the accumulated feelings of self-reproach which had burdened him for days, broke forth in a burst of incontrollable fury. His face became purple, his features swelled, and his eyes glowed like coals, as, with a shout that made the pale secretary start out of his chair, he thundered forth—

"Out upon you, George Effingham! vile traitor and doubly-dyed renegade—will you put your hand to the plough and dare now to look back? Will you come into the Lord's vineyard, and shrink like a coward from your share of the work? God do so to me and more also if I lay not your head as low before evensong as that of Charles Stuart will lie to-morrow, to spare whom I take heaven to witness I would give my right arm—yea, the very apple of mine eye!"

George had nerve as well as courage. He remained perfectly calm and erect during this outbreak, and at its conclusion repeated, in tones if possible more distinct and accusatory than before, "I protest against the murder of Charles Stuart!"

A stern daring akin to his own never failed to touch the keystone of Cromwell's character. His wrath abated as rapidly as it had arisen. With the inevitable self-deception of all who would fain stretch conscience too far, he was willing to vindicate his actions to his subordinate, though he felt he could not justify them to himself. Perhaps something within told him that, had he been in Effingham's position, he would have acted in the same manner.

"Nay, I do wrong thus to chafe that thou art still in darkness" said he, with a strong effort at composure, and a countenance paling rapidly now that his natural violence of temper had expended itself. "Thou art a tried comrade, Effingham, and a fellow-labourer in the good work; yet it may be that thine eyes have not been opened, and thou canst not see the hand of the Lord in our dealings with this man of blood. I would not be hasty with thee, my trusty friend. Take back thy resignation, and forget that thou hast thus bearded one of the Lord's appointed servants in the execution of his work."

Cromwell turned to his secretary as if to continue the previous employment which Effingham's presence had interrupted, and made as though the subject was now concluded between them ; but George was not to be thus put off. Eyeing the Lieutenant-General gravely and sternly, he once more placed his written resignation in his hands.

" I will no longer serve " said he " with those who set at nought the Divine ordinance, and dip their hands in blood for the security of their temporal power. How shall I answer at the Great Day when the life of Charles Stuart, king though he be, is required at my hands, and I stand convicted of aiding and abetting in his murder—ay, his murder, General Cromwell, of whom the Scripture itself hath said ' Touch not mine Anointed ? ' How wilt thou answer for it thyself *there*, who canst not give an account of it that shall satisfy mankind even *here* ? "

Cromwell paced the room with rapid and irregular strides, his hands folded together, and the fingers entwining each other as of one in the extreme of perplexity. His features worked and trembled with the conflict of his emotions, and his breath came short and quick as he muttered out his vindication partly to himself and partly to the brave captain, whose defiance he could not but admire.

" It is not for me to answer it—surely not only for *me* ! Do I stand alone amongst the people of England ? Am I at once accuser, judge, and executioner in my own person ? By the verdict of sixty just men ; by the decree of a nation pronounced through its Parliament ; by the laws of God and man—the head of the unrighteous hath been doomed to fall, and shall I alone be called to give account for it here and hereafter ? And yet can you divide blood-guiltiness by figures, and mete out the portions of crime as one meteth out corn in a bushel ? Nay, it is a just decree, and by its justice must we stand or fall—Council and Commons, Peers and

Parliament, down to the meanest trooper of the army—and let none shrink from his share of the great work in which all are alike bound to take a part."

"You can save him if you will" said Effingham, fixing his eye calmly on the agitated countenance of his powerful superior, the pale secretary looking at the pleader the while as one who watches a man placing his head voluntarily in the lion's maw.

"None can save him now" answered Cromwell in grave, prophetic tones, "but He in whose hands are the issues of life and death. What am I but a sword in the grasp of the slayer—an instrument forged to do the bidding of the saints, the despised and jeered saints, that have yet triumphed in despite of their enemies? Albeit the lowest and the humblest in that goodly communion, I will not flinch from the duty that wiser and holier men than I have set me to perform. 'It is expedient for us that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not.' Enough of this, George Effingham—thou in whom I have trusted, who wert to me even as a brother, go out from among us, if it must be so, lest a worse thing befall thee. He that is not with us is against us. Go out from among us, George Effingham, false and unprofitable servant! Begone and see my face no more."

Cromwell turned from him angrily and abruptly. He had lashed himself into wrath again, and the imploring looks of the secretary warned Effingham to withdraw. He placed his resignation on the table, and keeping his eye on Cromwell, whose averted face and troubled gestures betrayed the storm within, walked steadily from the room. As he reached the door, the Lieutenant-General was heard to mutter, "It is the Lord's doing! It is the atonement of blood!"

The Council were already assembled in the Painted Chamber, and were waiting but for him who was indeed as their very right arm and the breath of their nostrils. While Effingham walked home afoot, a ruined, and in the eyes of his own world a degraded man, Lieutenant-General

Cromwell stepped from his coach amidst the clang of arms and the deferential stare of the populace, the most powerful individual in England. Which of the two looked back on the 29th of January with the most tranquil heart ?

But the future Lord Protector was by this time fully nerved for the stern measures he had undertaken to carry out. If his conscience told him that the life of Charles Stuart would be required at his hands, was not the iron will powerful enough to stifle the still small voice ? Could not Ambition and Fanaticism, the ambition that had originated in Patriotism, the Fanaticism that had once been piety, march hand-in-hand to their triumph, calling themselves Duty and Necessity ? Was Cromwell the first who ever forced himself to believe that honour and interest pointed to the same path, or the only man who has persuaded himself he was a tool in the hands of the Almighty whilst he was doing the devil's work ? Saint or hypocrite, patriot or usurper—perhaps a mixture of all—can we judge of his temptations or realise to ourselves the extremity to which he found himself reduced ? Sacrilege or justice, crime or duty, he went about it with a bold brow and a steady hand.

Small deliberation did they hold, those gloomy men who met in the Painted Chamber. Their nerves were strung, their minds made up, they had even leisure to trifle with their awful task ; and the ink that was to witness the shedding of the king's blood was flirted from one to another in ghastly mockery of sport. The DEATH WARRANT lay before them, the merciless document that pronounced " Charles Stuart, King of England, to stand convicted, attainted, and condemned of high treason, and other high crimes " ; that sentenced him " To be put to death by the severing of his head from his body, of which sentence execution yet remaineth to be done. These are therefore to will and require you to see the said sentence executed in the open street before Whitehall upon the morrow, being the thirtieth day of this instant month of January, between the hours of ten in the morning and five in the afternoon, with full effect. And for so doing this shall be your warrant.

"And these are to require all officers and soldiers, and others the good people of this nation of England, to be assisting unto you in this service. Given under our hands and seals."

And then they signed their names in full, thus:

"JOHN BRADSHAW
"THOMAS GREY, LORD GROBY
"OLIVER CROMWELL"
(And fifty-six others.)

And the third signature was written in the steadiest hand amongst them all.

Charles Stuart's last day was come. He had undergone his trial with a dignity and calmness which many attributed to his conviction that even at the last the Parliament dare not proceed to extremities, that at least the *person* of a sovereign must always be respected in England. If such was the reed on which he leaned, he must have found it broken in his hand. If he had cherished any expectations of a reprieve or commutation of his sentence, had been deceived by any of those visions which are so apt to take the place of Hope when Hope herself is stricken to the earth, he must have seen them now completely cleared away; and yet his courage never failed him. The King was as composed, as gentle, as majestic, in his warded chamber at St. James's on that bitter 29th of January, as though he had been the most powerful monarch in Europe seated triumphantly on a throne.

In the ante-room of the prisoner's apartment was stationed a guard of Hacker's musketeers: rough, careless soldiers were they, opposed to royalty both from interest and inclination; and yet, now that the sentence was passed, now that the prisoner whom they guarded was no longer a monarch on his trial, but a human soul that would be in eternity to-morrow, their boisterous jests were checked, their rude voices hushed, and all appeared to feel alike the influence of that majesty with which the King of Terrors clothes him whom he is about to visit.

One amongst them, indeed, seemed more restless than his comrades. Henry Brampton, with his dark face and flaxen curls, had omitted no opportunity of approaching the prisoner ; and yet even now the last hour was almost come, and his duty had not yet brought him in immediate contact with Charles's person. The suspense was getting absolutely maddening ; and the disguised Cavalier's feelings, outraged and lacerated by the sufferings he saw his sovereign compelled to undergo, worked upon him to a degree that it cost him all the efforts of which he was capable to hide them from the observation of his companions.

Brampton had laid his plans with the energy and decision of his character. For weeks he had been ingratiating himself with the more dissolute and desperate men in the company to which he belonged. He had prayed with them, preached with them, jested with them, and, above all, drank with them, till he could count some dozen or so of choice spirits with whom he felt his influence to be all-powerful. These he had sounded cautiously and by degrees. Like most men with nothing to lose, he had found them totally without fixed principles, and perfectly ready for any undertaking which promised to conduce to their own advantage. Without committing himself to any one of them, or letting them into his confidence, he had given them to understand that he meditated some bold stroke at a fitting opportunity, in which he counted upon their adhesion, and which, if successful, would render them independent of military service for life, and give them wherewith to drink to their hearts' content for the rest of their days.

These myrmidons he had contrived with infinite pains to unite in one squad, or division, which generally went on guard together, and which formed in rotation the escort of his Majesty. Could he but depend upon them at the important moment, a plan for the King's escape was practicable. Relays of horses were ready at all hours to carry his Majesty to the coast ; and if the fidelity of his guards could once be seduced, it would be no impossibility to hurry him out of St. James's, and away to a place of safety under cover of night. Two obstacles stood in the way of the dauntless Cavalier. The first was so to arrange that this escort, and no other, should guard him during the hours of darkness, a difficulty which appeared at length to be overcome, as they had been told off for duty this very evening ; the second, to apprise the King of his intentions, no easy matter, guarded as was the royal prisoner, every word scrupulously noted, and every action rigidly watched.

The great stake must be played out to-day. To-morrow it would be too late ; and Brampton's manifest restlessness and perturbation began to excite the remarks of his reckless companions.

"Thy conscience pricks thee, Henry" said one rude musketeer. "Overboard with it, man! as thou didst with the Dons yonder on the Spanish Main."

"Nay" quoth another, "the time hath come at last ; and Brampton's plot, whatever it be, is about hatching just now."

"Well, I for one am tired of doing nothing" observed a third. "Have with thee, lad, be it to rob a church or to skin a bishop!"

"Or to put Fairfax in irons" said a fourth.

"Or to take the New Jerusalem by escalade. Hurrah! for three hours' plunder of those streets, my boys, after the storm" shouted a fifth. They were ripe for anything now, and the 'hurrah!' was re-echoed more than once through the guard-room, when the last speaker, the wildest reprobate amongst them all, raised his hand with a warning gesture, and a wistful look upon his dissipated war-worn face. "Hush, lads!" he said, in a hoarse whisper, and whilst he spoke the guard-room became still as death. "Hush, for pity's sake. His children are going in to him even now. God help them, poor things ! I've got young ones of my own ! "

There was a tear on more than one shaggy eyelash, as the Princess Elizabeth and her little brother, the infant Duke of Gloucester, were led by faithful Herbert through the guard-room, to see their father for the last time on this side the grave.

Charles sat at a small table on which lay a Bible, a work of controversial divinity—for even at this extreme hour he could not take his religion pure from the fountain-head—and a casket containing a few small diamond ornaments and other jewels.

This casket had been sent to him the night before, in return for a signet-ring which he had forwarded to its guardian as a voucher, and had been religiously kept by that custodian, the Lady Wheeler, until such time as the King's necessities should force him to ask for it. Its contents were scarcely of royal value, being but a few dilapidated ' Georges ' and ' Garters ' ; but as they lay spread out upon the table before him, they constituted all the worldly possessions left to Charles Stuart.

He was looking at them wistfully, and with a sad pensive expression on his brow. Many a gorgeous scene did those glittering toys recall, many an hour of royal state and courtly splendour when he who was now a prisoner waiting for his doom needed but to lift his hand to bid the proudest heads in England bend lowly before him, when he was the centre of that charmed circle which numbered in its ranks the flower of the noblest aristocracy in the world, now, alas ! scattered, exiled, ruined, and destroyed—when he was the first personage in its peerage, the first knight in its chivalry, the powerful sovereign, the happy husband, the lawgiver, the benefactor, the fountain-head of honour, and wealth, and renown. Where had it all fled ? Could those times have ever been real ? or was it not some vision that had melted dreamily away ? Alas ! those broken ornaments typified too truly the broken fortunes of him who now gazed on them for the last time. It is said that on the near approach of death, especially a death of violence undergone while body and mind are still untouched by decay, the whole of a man's life passes before him like a pageant. What a strange eventful pageant must it have been that thus glided across the spiritual vision of the doomed King! His careless boyhood, his indulgent father's kindly smile and awkward ungainly form; the romantic expedition to Madrid, the gorgeous feasts, the tournaments and bull-fights of chivalrous old Spain; the face of Buckingham, beautiful exceedingly, and the sparkling smile of his own young Bourbon bride; the assembled Parliaments, a royal figure standing out in relief as that of one with whom he was not personally identified, calling them together and proroguing them at will; Laud's stately bearing, Hampden's goodly presence, respectful even in defiance, and scapegoat Strafford's pale reproachful smile; then the Scotch progress, and the magnificence of Newcastle's princely hospitality, the unfurling of the standard, the marches and counter-marches of civil warfare; the Court at Oxford, with its narrowing circle of the loyal and true, staunch Ormond's noble brow, hot Rupert's towering form, Goring's long love-locks, and stout old Astley's honest war-worn face; then the midnight bivouac and the morning alarm, the sweeping charge, the thrilling war-cry, the shattered rout of Naseby's fatal field; a prisoner, still a king, at Holmby House, Hampton Court, Carisbrooke Castle, Windsor itself; the poor bird beating its wings more and more hopelessly against the bars of each successive cage; to end in Bradshaw's pitiless frown and the final sentence read out to consenting hundreds in Westminster Hall. Ay, it *was* reality, after all, else why this sombre apartment, with its barred doors and lofty window-sills? why the sad faces of his few personal attendants? why the rude oath and jest and clang of arms in the adjoining guard-room? above all, why the chill dull foreboding, creeping and curdling even round *his* brave heart, the stunned consciousness that *to-morrow* he must be in another world.

It is a splendid pageant, truly, that of a king's life ; yet perhaps at the extreme hour its scenes appear no whit more important, no whit more satisfactory to look back upon, than those which flit through the brain of a beggar, laying him down to die homeless by the wayside.

It was pitiful to see the children as they came gently into their father's presence. On each little face there was a dim prescience of evil ; a dread of something felt but not understood—fear for themselves, sorrow for him, although they knew not why, mingled with childish wonderment, not altogether painful, and interest, and awe.

Charles had need of all his fortitude now. He took the Princess lovingly on his knee, and the child looked up wistfully and fondly in his face. Something that crossed it caused her to burst out a-crying, and she hid her wet cheek on her father's shoulder in a passion of tears. Her little brother, frightened at her distress, wept plentifully for company. The rough soldiers in the guard-room had rather have fronted the King's culverins at point-blank distance, than entered that chamber sanctified by sorrow. They herded together as far as might be from the door, and if they exchanged words it was not above their breath.

The King took his few diamond ornaments from the table.

" My children " said he, " behold all the wealth I have it now in my power to give you."

With that he placed the gauds in their little hands, reserving only a ' George ' cut in an onyx and set with diamonds, the which he wore on his breast like a true knight, as he walked steadfastly to death on the morrow.

Then he blessed them with a father's blessing. " My children " said Charles, " I shall be with you no more : you will never again see your earthly father in this world. But you have a Father in Heaven of whom none can rob you. To Him I commend you—to Him I bid you commend yourselves. Observe your duty to the Queen your mother.

Swerve never in your loyalty to the Prince your brother, who is, and who always must be, my rightful successor. Fear not the face of man ; fear only to do evil in the sight of Heaven. Farewell, my children ! Be comforted, and farewell ! "

Then lifting his little son upon his knee, a boy that could scarce speak plain, he bade him for the love of his father never to supplant either of his brothers ; never to believe that he could be a rightful sovereign while they lived ; never to allow wicked designing men to tempt him to the throne ; and the little one understood him, and kindled as he spoke, lisping out that he never would—

" I will be torn to pieces first ! " said the sturdy child. So he dismissed them ; and calling them back once more folded them in one long parting embrace, and blessed them for the last time. Then he turned away to the window ; and when the door closed upon them it seemed to him that the bitterness of death was past.

Good Bishop Juxon was then admitted to the Royal presence, and Charles Stuart's last evening on earth was passed in penitence and trustful prayer.

Henry Brampton's suspense was becoming too painful to endure ; but the welcome order came at last, and our Cavalier found himself once more on the eve of one of those desperate enterprises in which it was his destiny to be continually engaged ; in which, indeed, only he seemed now to live. Personal danger had for long been a stimulant of which he could ill forego the use, and it had become his normal existence to work in a perpetual plot on the King's behalf.

With a brutality which was hardly characteristic even of that stern commandant, Hacker had issued an order that two musketeers should remain in the prisoner's chamber the whole night previous to his execution ; and it was with a deep, thrilling sense of triumph that Brampton heard his assumed name read out by the corporal of the guard as selected for this otherwise unwelcome duty. As he ran over in his own mind the arrangements he had completed—the adherents on whom he could calculate as sufficiently numerous to overpower any refractory sentinel ; the coach which was in waiting night after night, on some pretext or another, in the Mall ; the relays of the best horses then in England, furnished from many a nobleman's and gentleman's stable, stationed at short intervals along a direct and unfrequented cross-country road to the coast ; the raking corvette, that stood off and on from an obscure seaport during the day, and coming into harbour at night, was kept ready at any hour to trip her anchor, shake out her topsail, and fair wind or foul, beat out to sea ; the disguise prepared for the well-known person of the King ; nay, the very papers which should vouch for his assumed character in case he were stopped at any of the numerous armed posts pervading the country, and for which friends in high places had actually procured the impression of the new Parliamentary seal, with the English arms and the Irish harp, and the inscription " In the first year of freedom, by God's blessing restored "—as he ran over all these well-assorted arrangements in his mind, he felt that the moment could no longer be delayed, and that now or never he must make proof of the inferior instruments with the assistance of which his plan must necessarily be carried out.

One by one he sounded them in different corners of the guard-room ; one by one he found them, as he had anticipated, men ready to undertake any measure, however desperate, for an adequate consideration. All of them loved adventure for its own sake ; none of them were inaccessible to a bribe.

There was something about Brampton, too, that made its way rapidly with *men* ; a certain womanly kindliness which, joined to obvious daring and reckless contempt for consequences, has an unspeakable charm for the grosser sex, and had invested him with a high degree of interest in those untutored minds ; and the stories they told each other of his miraculous adventures and romantic crimes on the Spanish

Main and elsewhere—stories which originated solely in their own imaginations—had surrounded him with a halo of renown and mystery by which they were completely dazzled. He was not slow to take advantage of this spurious fascination. Singly and collectively he bound them by an oath to do his bidding, whatever it might be, for that one night; and pledged himself equally solemnly to endow them severally with sums which, to private soldiers, represented unheard-of affluence on the morrow. His own patrimony was well-nigh exhausted it is true, but the King's adherents had not yet been completely rooted out of the land. Broken, dispersed, sequestered, ruined as was the Cavalier party, he had no fear that the money would not be forthcoming. When Brampton belted on his bandoliers and shouldered his musket to take his post in the King's bedroom, his heart bounded under his buff-coat to think that at last he had saved his Sovereign.

Good Bishop Juxon had taken leave of his beloved master for the night; faithful Herbert had prepared the pallet on which, as an act of especial favour to the prisoner, he was permitted to repose by the King's bedside. Charles had completed his usual devotions, and had busied himself in the observance of all the accustomed *minutiæ* of his toilet, as though it were but one of the many ordinary evenings which lead up surely and successively to the last. When he was ready to undress he seemed to indulge in a short interval of contemplative repose—calm, resigned, nay, even hopeful, like a man who is about to undertake a journey on which he has long speculated, and for which, now that his departure is near at hand, he has neither repugnance nor fear. Herbert busied himself about divers matters in the chamber, to hide his troubled countenance and overflowing eyes, which the King observing, spoke to him cheerfully and with a smile, bidding him rouse himself at an early hour on the following morning, "for" said Charles, "I must be astir betimes; I have a great work to do to-morrow."

The attached servant's fortitude here gave way completely, and clasping his master's hand to his bosom, he burst into a passion of grief.

" Nay " said the King, " be comforted ; to-morrow is a day of rejoicing rather than of sorrow. Is it not my second marriage-day ? To-morrow I would be as trim as may be, for before night I hope to be espoused to my blessed Jesus."

For even now, on the verge of eternity, trifling matters wrested their share of attention from the grief of the one and the preoccupation of the other. Herbert asked his master what clothes he would be pleased to wear on the morrow, and the warrior-spirit of the old English kings flashed up for the last time, tempered, but not extinguished, by the resignation of the Christian—

" Let me have a shirt on more than ordinary " said Charles " by reason the season is so sharp as may probably make me shake, which some observers will imagine proceeds from fear. I would have no such imputation. I fear not death ; death is not terrible to me. I bless my God I am prepared ! " These last words the King uttered in a low, devout, and solemn tone. He had done with everything now, on this side of eternity.

Yet is life passing sweet, even to him who has most manned himself for its loss ; and one more trial was in store for the prisoner ere the gates of earthly hope were closed upon him for ever. A loud knock was heard at the door of his apartment, and without waiting for permission to enter, a file of musketeers marched steadily into the room, and stationed themselves one on each side of the King's couch.

In vain Herbert stormed and expostulated ; in vain he threatened the vengeance of the Colonel, the General, the Council, and the Parliament : the soldiers had their orders, they said ; and the King, calming his servant's indignation, gently bade him be still and submit with patience, as he did himself, to this last indignity.

One of the musketeers seemed stupefied with drink, as was indeed the case, and remained like a statue on his post ; but the door had scarcely closed upon the stir and clang of the guard-room ere the other, flinging his musket on the floor, was prostrate at the King's feet, covering his hand with kisses, and pouring forth expressions of loyalty and devotion such as the Sovereign had not heard for many a long month. Despite the flaxen curls and the dyed skin, the King recognised him at once ; and to the Cavalier's hurried entreaties that he would save himself, as he poured forth a torrent of explanations and adjurations that not an instant was to be lost, did but reply " It was like thee, Humphrey Bosville, bold, gallant heart ! loyal to the last. It is no fault of thine that Charles Stuart must wear no more an earthly crown. But it is not to be. Listen, good Bosville ; already they are changing the guard in the ante-room. Thy plot hath failed thee even at the eleventh hour. God grant they may not have suspected thee and thy comrades. Surely, ere this time to-morrow enough blood will have been shed. Fare thee well for ever, my truest, bravest servant. It is the will of God—God's will be done ! "

It was indeed too true. The last chance had failed, like all the rest. No sooner had Lieutenant-General Cromwell been informed of Hacker's directions that the prisoner's last hours should be subject to intrusion, than he rescinded the brutal order ; but the practised warrior at the same time commanded that the guard in the ante-room should be relieved every four hours, and that the same men should not be warned twice for this duty until after the execution—thus nullifying any attempt at tampering with the soldiers' fidelity, unless the seducer was prepared to corrupt the whole regiment.

Humphrey had but time to resume his arms and his soldierlike attitude, when he was recalled to his comrades in the ante-room, and with them marched back to his regimental quarters. He carried off with him, however, one of the King's gloves, which Charles, with his accustomed kindliness in trifles, had taken from the table and slipped into his hand as he bade him farewell. That glove was treasured by Bosville's descendants as the most precious relic of their house.

At roll-call on the following morning some dozen or so of Hacker's musketeers were missing. Amongst the deserters was one Henry Brampton, of whom no further intelligence was ever obtained, though, unlike the rest, he had left his buff-coat, his arms and accoutrements, for the benefit of his successor in the ranks.

With grave and doubting looks the people in the streets asked each other if it would really be ? In twos and threes, and small distinct groups, they conversed in low tones, glancing anxiously now towards St. James's, now in the direction of Whitehall. No crowd was collected, no circulation stopped. Ere a knot of persons, gathering like a snowball, could exceed a score, they found themselves insensibly dispersed and moving on. Compact bodies of soldiers, horse and foot, paraded to and fro in all directions, while St. James's Park was lined with a double row of musketeers, in review order, their drums beating, their colours flying, and their ranks opened. Officers and men wore a grave determined air ; there was little of triumph, much of sorrow, in their honest English faces. The day had broken gloomily enough—not a ray of sunshine lighted the lowering sky. The wind swept up the streets and across the open Mall in moaning fitful gusts, and it was bitter cold. Masons had been knocking and scraping all night long at the wall of the banqueting-house in Whitehall, and carpenters in paper caps had concluded their work in front of the King's palace. The multitude looked up at that solemn fabric with a dull stupefied air. It was the scaffold.

One man amongst the crowd in St. James's Park, habited in the dress of a plain country gentleman, and muffled in a sombre-coloured cloak, was recognised by several of the officers and men on duty. They would have accosted him, but he shunned all their greetings, and exchanged not a word with any of them. His countenance bore the impress of a deep sadness and contrition ; his very gait was that of one who is bowed down by sorrow and remorse. Though he had thrown up his part, George Effingham had come to see the end of the tragedy played out.

The moments seemed to move like lead to the expectant thousands ; perhaps to one they passed more swiftly, perhaps even he could have wished the agony of expectation were over at last.

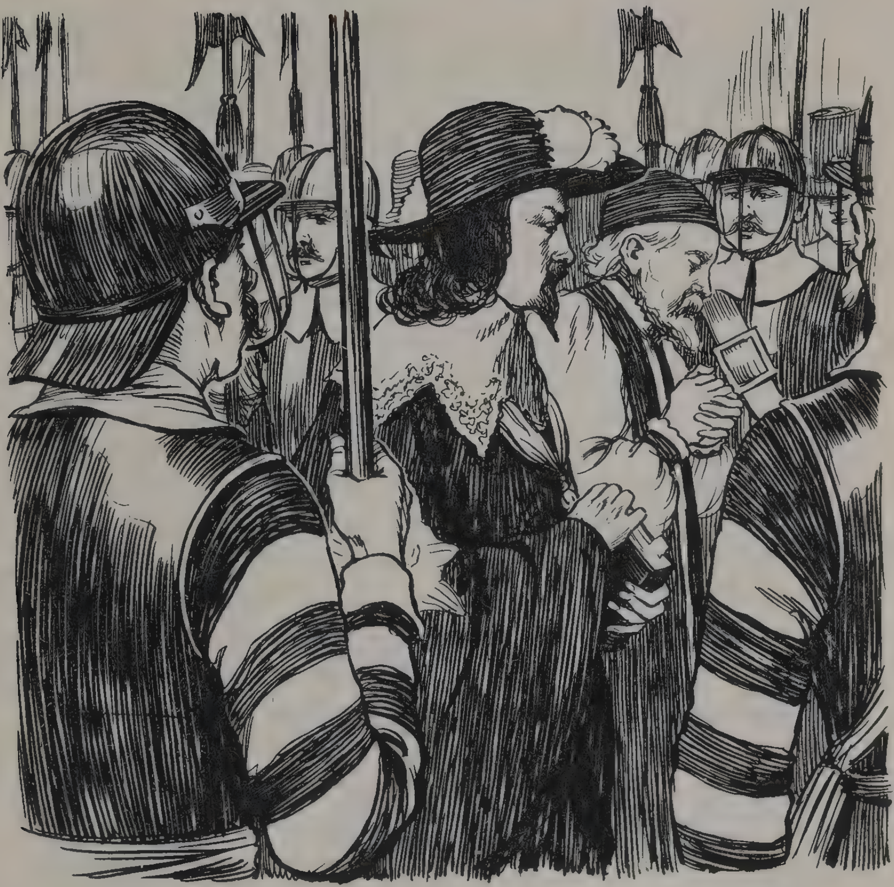
Many a false alarm, may a stir about St. James's, caused every head to turn in that direction ; but the drums beat up at last, the colours flew once more out, the long line of soldiers brought their firelocks to the 'shoulder', and in the open space between their ranks a small group of persons moved slowly, solemnly, steadily, towards the place of doom.

The good Bishop on his right hand trembled like a leaf. Herbert's face was blanched and swollen with weeping ; even the Parliamentary Colonel who attended him, drilled soldier though he was, marched not with so firm a step as the King.

Ay, look at him well, George Effingham ; you have not been so near him since he reviewed your squadron on the eve of Newbury ; was his eye brighter, his mien more stately when he sat his charger, in mail and plate, before your drawn swords, than it is now ? Look at him well ; would you ever have deserted his service had you thought it would come to this ?

As the King passed on, the musketeers on either side wheeled up behind him, closing in their ranks and forming an impassable barrier to the multitude in their rear. By favour of a stalwart sergeant who had served in his own stand of pikes at Naseby, Effingham was permitted to advance with this unbroken column. An inexpressible fascination compelled him to see out the end of that which his very soul abhorred.

On arriving at Whitehall, his Majesty passed along the galleries to his bedchamber, where he halted for a while to



CHARLES I. ON HIS WAY TO THE SCAFFOLD.

take a short interval of repose. Here he was served with a morsel of bread and a goblet of claret wine, upon a silver salver. Charles broke off a corner of the manchet and drank from the cup. Herbert meanwhile gave to the Bishop a white satin cap which he had in readiness for his master ; he could not endure to see him under the axe of the executioner.

It was now time. Colonel Hacker, who was in attendance, and on whose stern nature the patience and dignity of the royal sufferer had made no slight impression, knocked respectfully at the chamber door. It was the signal of leave-taking. Herbert and the Bishop sank on their knees before their

Sovereign, covering his hands with kisses. The latter, old and infirm, bowed down moreover with excessive grief, had scarcely strength to rise again. Gentle and kindly to the last, Charles helped the prelate up with his own hand. He bade the door be opened, and followed the Colonel out with the free step and the majestic bearing of an English King.

The galleries and banqueting-house were lined with soldiers. Firm and unwavering, they stood upon their posts, but those warlike faces bore an expression of unusual dejection : glances of pity, changing fast to admiration and even reverence, were cast upon the King from under their steel head-pieces, and the duty was evidently little to the minds of those frank bold men. They had confronted him in battle, they had fought him, and beaten him, and reviled him, but they had never thought it was to end like this !

Men and women crowded in behind them, peering and peeping under their elbows and between their heads at the doomed monarch. Fervent expressions of loyalty and goodwill greeted him from these bystanders, expressions not rebuked, nay, sometimes even echoed, by the very guards who kept them back.

" God bless your Majesty ! " exclaimed George Effingham, in loud, fearless tones, baring his head at the same time with studied reverence.

The blessing was caught up and repeated by many a broken voice, and the King, returning his salutation, looked his old officer kindly and steadily in the face. Whether he recognised him or not, George was the happier for that glance during his lifetime.

He would fain have remained near him now, would fain have done him homage and returned to his allegiance even at the block, but the press became more and more resistless, and he was swept away by the crowd to a distance from which he could with difficulty watch the last actions and catch the last words of the King against whom he had rebelled.

He saw him emerge upon the fatal platform with the same dignified bearing, the same firm step. He saw him expostulate for an instant with those around him as he asked for a higher block, that he might not stoop lower than became a Stuart even in his death. He could see, though he could not hear, that the King was speaking with animated gestures in vindication of his conduct throughout the war ; but the royal voice rose audibly with the last sentence it ever spoke on earth, and every syllable struck loud and distinct as a trumpet-blast, while it declared in the face of earth and heaven " I have a good cause—I have a gracious God, and I will say no more ! "

Had Effingham lived to a hundred, he could never have forgotten the picture that was then stamped indelibly on his brain. For many a year after he never shut his eyes that it did not present itself in all the firm strokes and glowing colours of reality. The sea of white faces upturned and horror bound, as the face of one man—the spars and props of the scaffold—the little groups that broke its level line—the sparrow that flitted across his vision and diverted his eye and his thoughts for an instant even then—the Bishop's white rochet and the Parliamentary Colonel's burnished helmet—the masked headsman's gigantic figure and the clean sharp outline of the axe—the satin doublet and the veiled head bowed down upon the block—the outstretched hand that gave the signal.

THE GREAT PLAGUE IN LONDON

From " Boys and Girls of History "

E. & R. Power

IN the year 1665 London was still a small town, although it had begun to spread a little beyond the grey wall which surrounded the oldest part of the city. Along what is now the Strand and stretching westward towards Whitehall were the noblemen's mansions, fronted by gardens which overlooked the river. The Thames was the centre of London life. All the big houses were within easy reach of it. Alleys and streets led to the wharves, and London Bridge was a white roadway with houses on either side. Trading vessels passed up and down stream, little skiffs darted hither and thither, and hundreds of wherries plied back and forth at public call. Beyond the Strand flowed the Fleet, an open sewer of filth where people threw garbage of all kinds. The fastidious passed it with an orange stuck with cloves held to their noses, but most of the citizens were used to it.

Within the walled city were fragments of the past—old parish churches and old St. Paul's Cathedral slightly dilapidated but tall and imposing, rising clear above the other buildings.

London, in these good old times of the 17th century, had cobbled streets which were but a few feet wide, and the gabled houses, with their steep red-tiled roofs, stood opposite each other so that their overhanging pent-houses almost met. People walking in these miry lanes breathed no fresh air and saw only a thin ribbon of sky. Sewers and town ditches were uncleaned ; here and there stood pools of stagnant water ; and in the dark and tortuous by-ways were heaps of rotting refuse, sweepings from the streets and houses which the scavengers would collect when the heap had grown high enough and pile somewhere on the outskirts of the city or near the river.

Beyond the encircling City wall the chief business of the town was carried on. Here the soap-makers, dyers, and brewers lit their fires in the streets. The lime-makers built up their furnaces and the chimneys belched acrid smoke, which an unfriendly wind would carry across the town to mingle with other odours.

The tradespeople's houses were generally built back to back, and compared with the standards of to-day they were poor enough. The work-room, which was also the shop, was on the ground floor. In a specimen house we see that the back door led into a minute yard, just large enough to contain a damp plot of ground and an open cess-pool, into which several houses were drained. The narrow wooden staircase led to two small upper chambers with uneven floors. In the winter the house was cold, for the thin framework was made of wood filled in with laths and rough-cast plaster, which harboured dirt and damp. The rooms were low and the small casement windows with their diamond panes opened outwards. Leaning out of the window two neighbours could shake hands without difficulty.

One night, early in March, 1664, a girl was awakened by a murmur of voices. She rubbed her eyes and pushed back the coverlet. Standing by the casement were her mother and her brother. They had pushed the window wide open, and the boy was leaning out.

" It must be a fire, I think " said he " yet it glows too steadily. There's a little group of men at the end of the street. They're talking to the watchman ; I can see them by the light of his lantern."

The mother pulled him back and looked out.

" Your father is coming now " she said. " One of you go down and unbar the door. Here, take the key of my store-closet and get another candle for the hanging lantern. That guttering flame casts no light and we shall get into trouble for keeping our side of the street too dark."

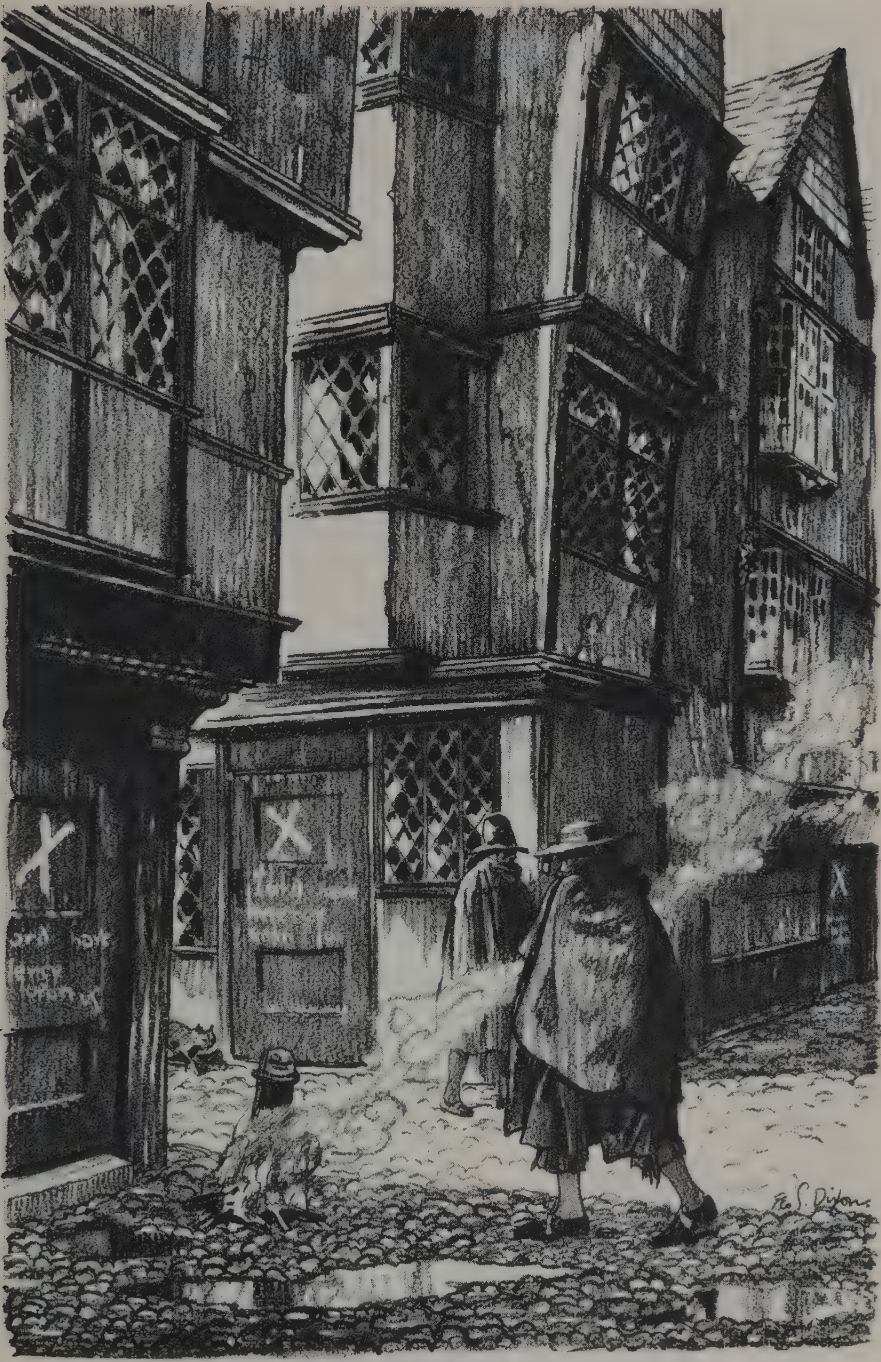
A thin shaft of candle-light showed the man's serious face. He sat down frowning.

" That is the second comet to appear within four months," said he. " Do you remember the last one, in December, shaped like a coffin ? This is far brighter. 'Tis an omen, wife. The old astrologer says it means ' War, Pestilence, Famine.' "

The next night the mysterious comet did not appear, but Londoners were worried and for many weeks went about their business with troubled glances. After a while they forgot the evil omen and if they heard of cases of plague breaking out in the smaller alleys, they avoided these streets and breathed a prayer of thankfulness that they themselves had escaped infection. They little thought that the very water which they drank, percolating through crowded church-yards, carried the germs of disease. Daily they passed the foul heaps of rotting refuse and pools of fetid water in their streets, little knowing that they were hot-beds of sickness. They never thought that the rats which infested their houses were messengers of death nor that their open cess-pits bred pestilence of the most appalling description.

Yet within a year the Plague was upon them. The girl sometimes strolled down to the river with her brother and watched the rich people hiring wherries and sailing to the other side of the water or up into the country districts to safety. Once she saw a beggar seize a young man by the coat and ask for alms, and the scream which followed frightened her and she fled as the man shrieked " Hands off ! would you infect me, too ? " and tearing off his jacket cast it into the river.

Day by day they heard of fresh cases. The days grew into weeks. Rich men fled and the Court left London. The poor of the city in their low insanitary homes, built back to back, died like flies. Pest-houses were built and those who were sick were carried there. Men burnt brimstone at the street corners and in their houses. Whoever could buy



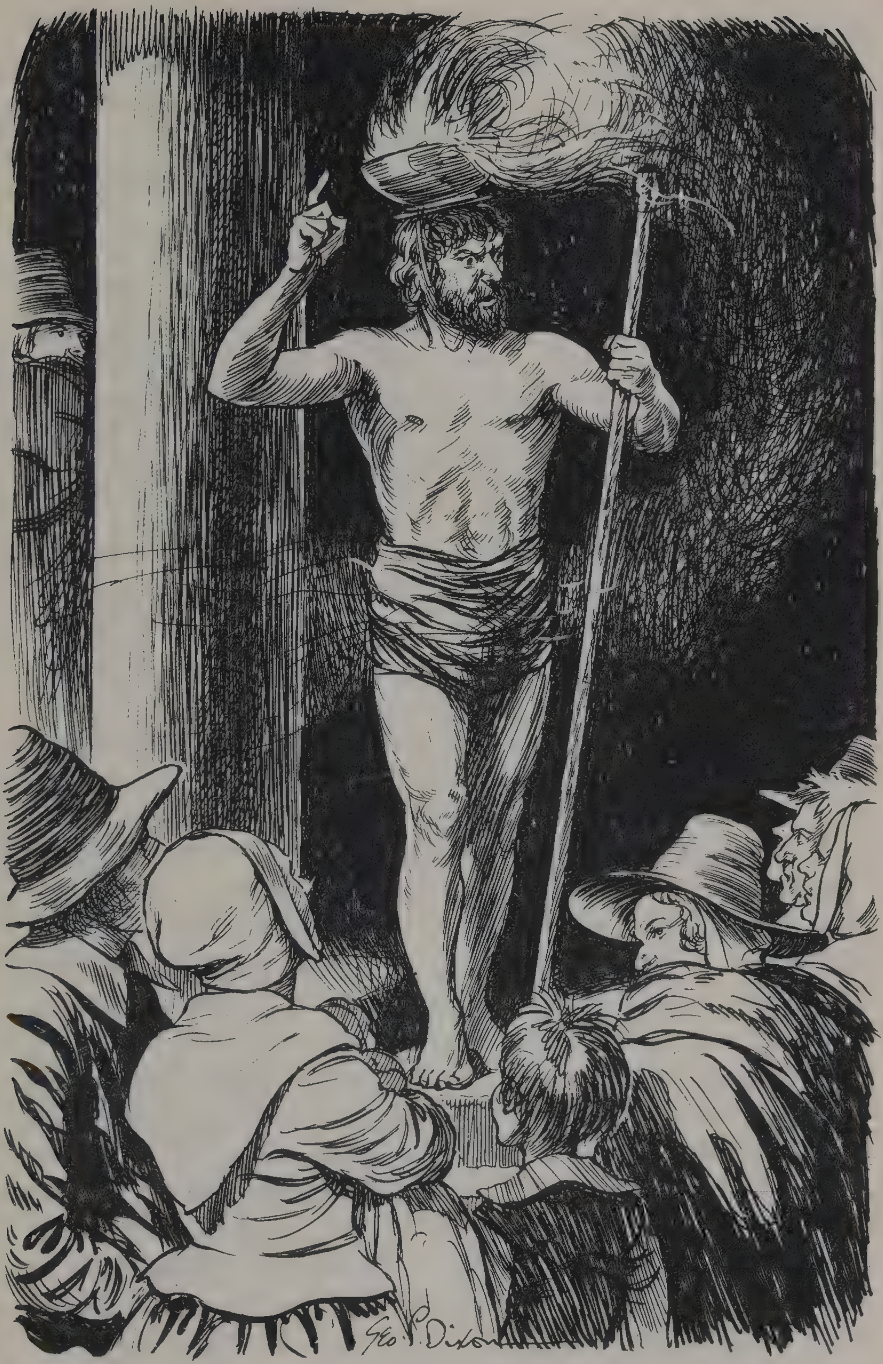
"FIRE SMOULDERED BEFORE THE DOORS, ON WHICH GREAT RED CROSSES WERE PAINTED."

tobacco smoked ; but the plague crept on and on. Pedlars went about the deserted streets, selling quack remedies—" Who'll buy ? Who'll buy ?—Angier's fume to rid you of the pestilence." Men and women slipped quickly into the streets, covering their mouths and noses with their cloaks, paid large sums, and seized the precious phials ; but the plague crept on. The crowd was listening to a fanatic. This half-crazed being was Solomon Eagle, who upon the outbreak of the plague had abandoned his home and roamed the streets at night, denouncing doom on the city. He was a tall gaunt man, with long black hair hanging in disordered masses over his shoulders. He bore upon his head a brazier of flaming coals, the lurid light of which gave him an unearthly appearance.

The family whose fortunes we are following were too poor to flee and remained in their house throughout the hot and weary summer. Work had ceased, for people scarcely dared buy anything but food for fear of infection. They spent the greater part of their time indoors, but as the plague had not reached Gracechurch Street, the children were sometimes allowed to go out, being warned to avoid certain streets and to keep far away from the pest-houses. It happened one day that the children had gone down to the wharf to watch the ships. They stayed a long time, until they noticed that the sun was setting, and as they had been forbidden to be out after dark, they hurried home.

They ran along the alley, which seemed half dead. The searchers were coming out of one house followed by two old women in the hideous pauper garb, carrying white staves in their hands. The sun was setting rapidly and the street was fast getting dark.

On either side of the narrow lane the houses were closed. Here and there a watchman stood in front of a sealed door or passed a packet of food up to an open window. Pale faces pressed against the leaded panes. Fire smouldered before the doors, on which great red crosses were painted, and in



SOLOMAN EAGLE AND HIS BRAZIER OF FIRE, NEAR OLD ST. PAUL'S.

straggling letters of white chalk the words " The Lord have mercy on us " gleamed in the firelight. Sometimes a searcher slipped out of a doorway and hurried down the street, her white wand tapping against the cobble-stones. Bells tolled incessantly. A gun banged as a dog-killer shot a stray beast and threw its body on to a fire.

It was now dark. Down the silent street came the echo of a bell and the heavy rumbling of a cart jolting over the cobbles. " Bring out your dead ! Bring out your dead ! " wailed the voice of the carter behind them. A door was opened, they caught sight of a man's face, a figure wrapped in a sheet, and joining hands, they fled and never ceased running until some miracle brought them breathless and terrified to their own door.

No one asked what had happened. The sights which they had seen had become all too common. Their parents guessed they had seen the " Dead Cart " but they did not know that the children had been through one of the worst streets in the plague-stricken area.

Innocently, the children had brought the plague home. A week or two later the terrible spots, or " plague tokens " as they were called, appeared on the boy's chest.

Then an elder sister sickened, and they heard the cry " Bring out your dead ! " and saw the gruesome cart, at their own door. The body was put in the cart among the others and buried in a pit outside the city. There were no separate graves, for people were dying daily.

But as time passed, the disease grew milder and milder, until towards the autumn it had almost disappeared and very few cases were reported. But thousands had died and those who remained were miserable and afraid.

The very next year London had another terrible adventure. One night the citizens looked out of their windows and saw flames roaring towards the sky. This was the Great Fire of London of which an account taken from the diary of an eyewitness, is given next.

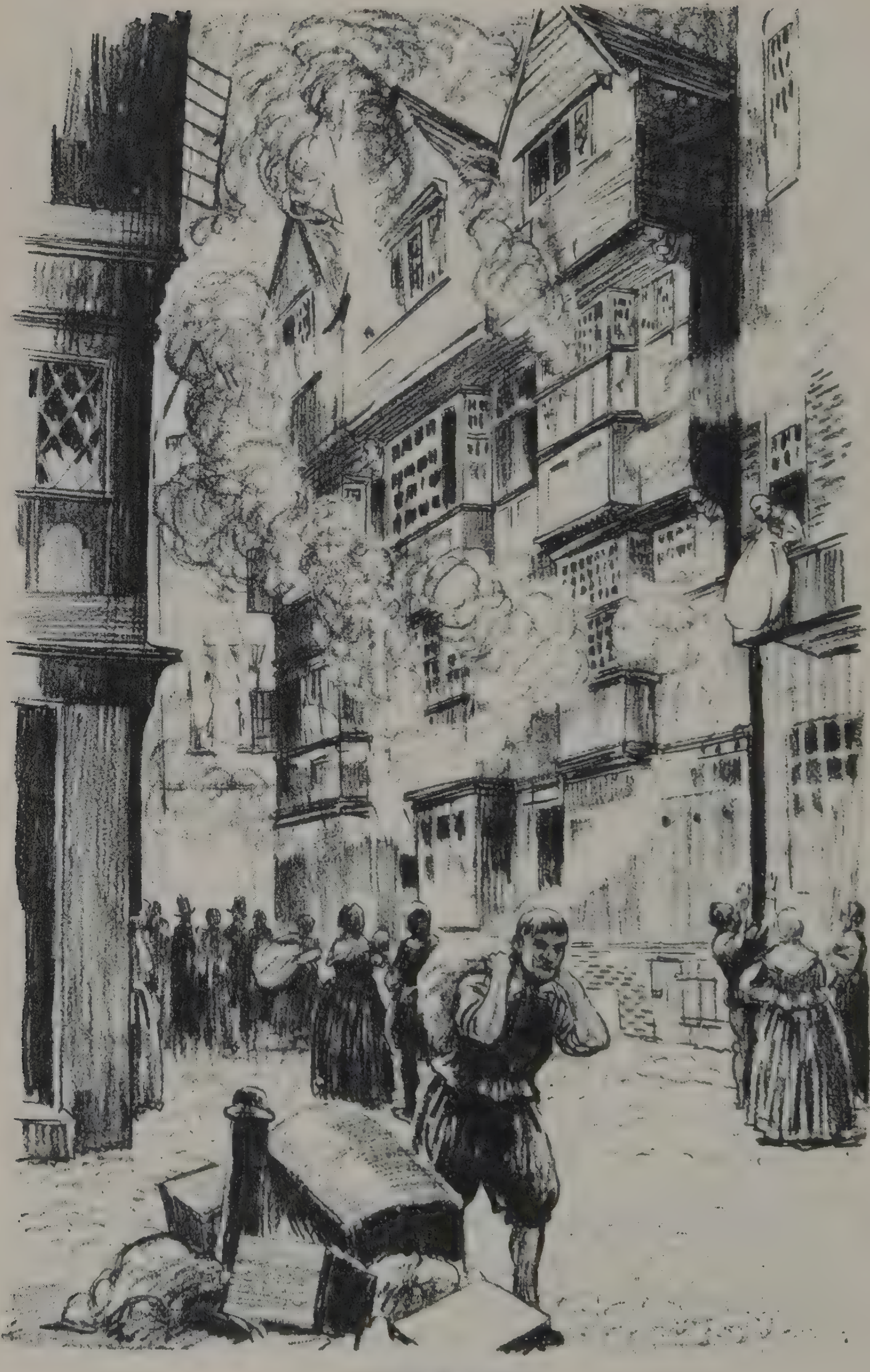
THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON

John Evelyn

John Evelyn (1620-1706) filled more than one public office during the reign of Charles II. But he is better remembered as the author of a valuable Diary, which throws much light on the events of his time. Grave and stately in tone, it is a great contrast to the Diary of his friend, Samuel Pepys. The account which follows of the Great Fire of London, 1666, is taken from Evelyn's Diary.

SECOND September, 1666.—This fatal night, about ten, began the deplorable fire, near Fish Street, in London. 3rd September.—I had public prayers at home. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and son, and went to the Bankside in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole city in dreadful flames near the waterside ; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapside, down to the Three Cranes, were now consumed ; and so returned, exceeding astonished what would become of the rest.

The fire having continued all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner), when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very dry season, I went on foot to the same place ; and saw the whole south part of the City burning from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it likewise kindled back against the wind as well as forward), Tower Street, Fenchurch Street, Gracious Street, and so along to Baynard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The

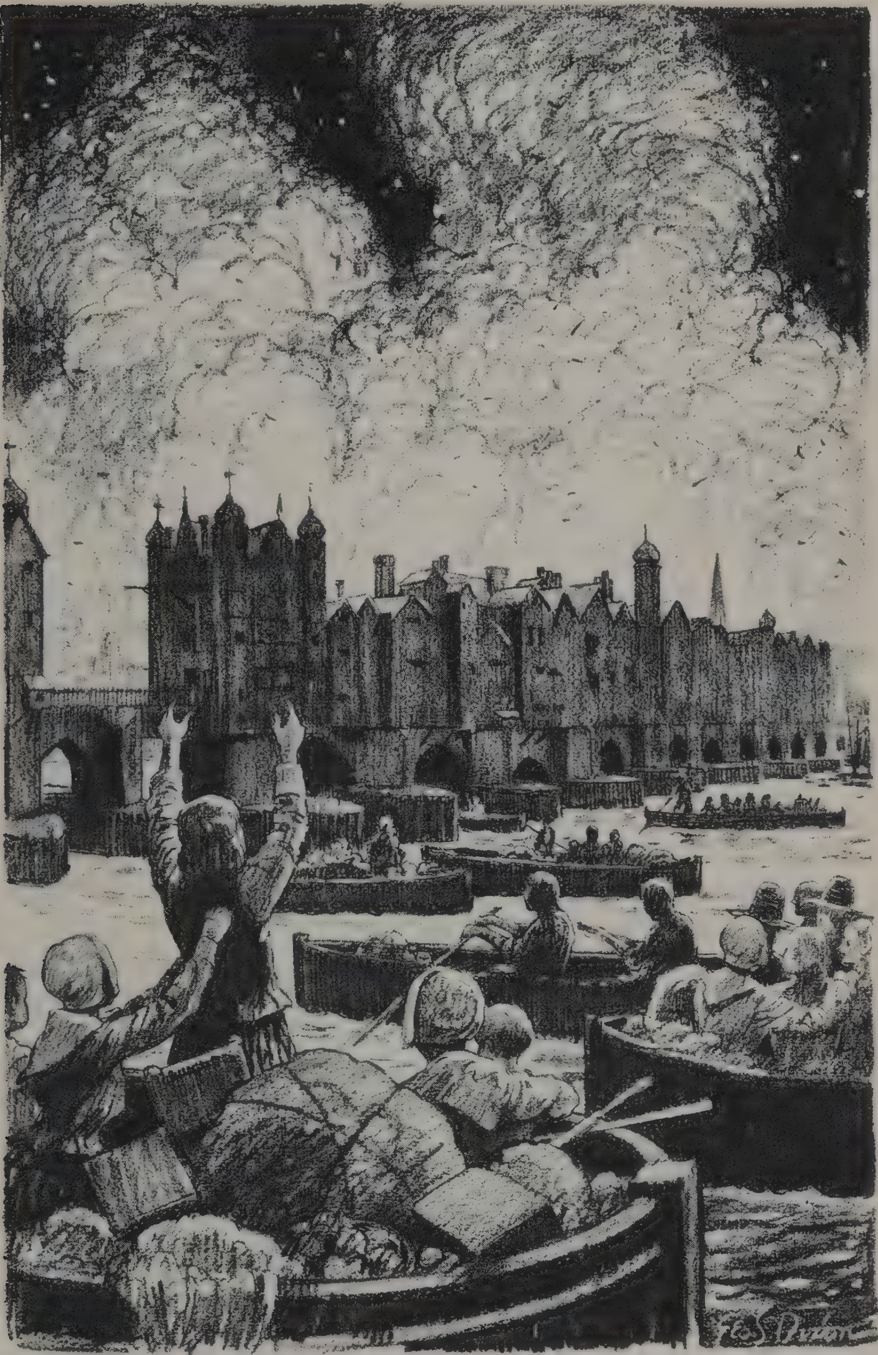


LONDON BURNING.

conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that, from the beginning, I know not by what despondency, or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it ; so that there was nothing heard, or seen, but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods ; such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments ; leaping after a prodigious manner, from house to house, and street to street, at great distances one from the other. For the heat, with a long set of fair and warm weather, had even ignited the air, and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and everything. Here, we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on the other side, the carts, etc., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with movables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle ! such as haply the world had not seen since the foundation of it, nor can be outdone till the universal conflagration thereof. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen above forty miles roundabout for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame ! The noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm ; and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that at the last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still, and let the flames burn on, which they did, for near two miles in length, and one in breadth. The clouds also of smoke were dismal, and reached, upon computation, near fifty miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage—"here we have no continuing city": the ruins resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more! Thus, I returned.

4th September.—The burning still rages, and it is now gotten as far as the Inner Temple. All Fleet Street, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling Street, now flaming, and most of it reduced to ashes; the stones of Paul's flew like grenades, the melting lead running down the streets in a stream, and the very pavements glowing with fiery redness, so as no horse, nor man, was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopped all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously driving the flames forward. Nothing but the Almighty power of God was able to stop them; for vain was the help of man.

5th September.—It crossed towards Whitehall; but oh! the confusion there was then at that Court! It pleased his Majesty to command me, among the rest, to look after the quenching of Fetter Lane end, to preserve (if possible) that part of Holborn, whilst the rest of the gentlemen took their several posts, some at one part, and some at another (for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands across), and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses as might make a wider gap than any which had yet been made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines. This some stout seamen proposed early enough to have saved near the whole City, but this some tenacious and avaricious men, aldermen, etc., would not permit, because their houses must have been of the first. It was, therefore, now commanded to be practised; and my concern being particularly for the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, near Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it; nor was my care for the Savoy less. It now pleased God, by



PEOPLE ON THE THAMES ESCAPING WITH THEIR GOODS.

abating the wind, and by the industry of the people, when almost all was lost, infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noon, so as it came no farther than the Temple westwards, nor than the entrance of Smithfield north ; but continued all this day and night so impetuous towards Cripplegate and the Tower, as made us all despair. It also brake out again in the Temple ; but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soon made, as, with the former three days' consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing near the burning and glowing ruins by near a furlong's space.

The coal and wood-wharves, and magazines of oil, rosin, etc., did infinite mischief, so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his Majesty and published, giving warning what probably might be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the City, was looked upon as a prophecy.

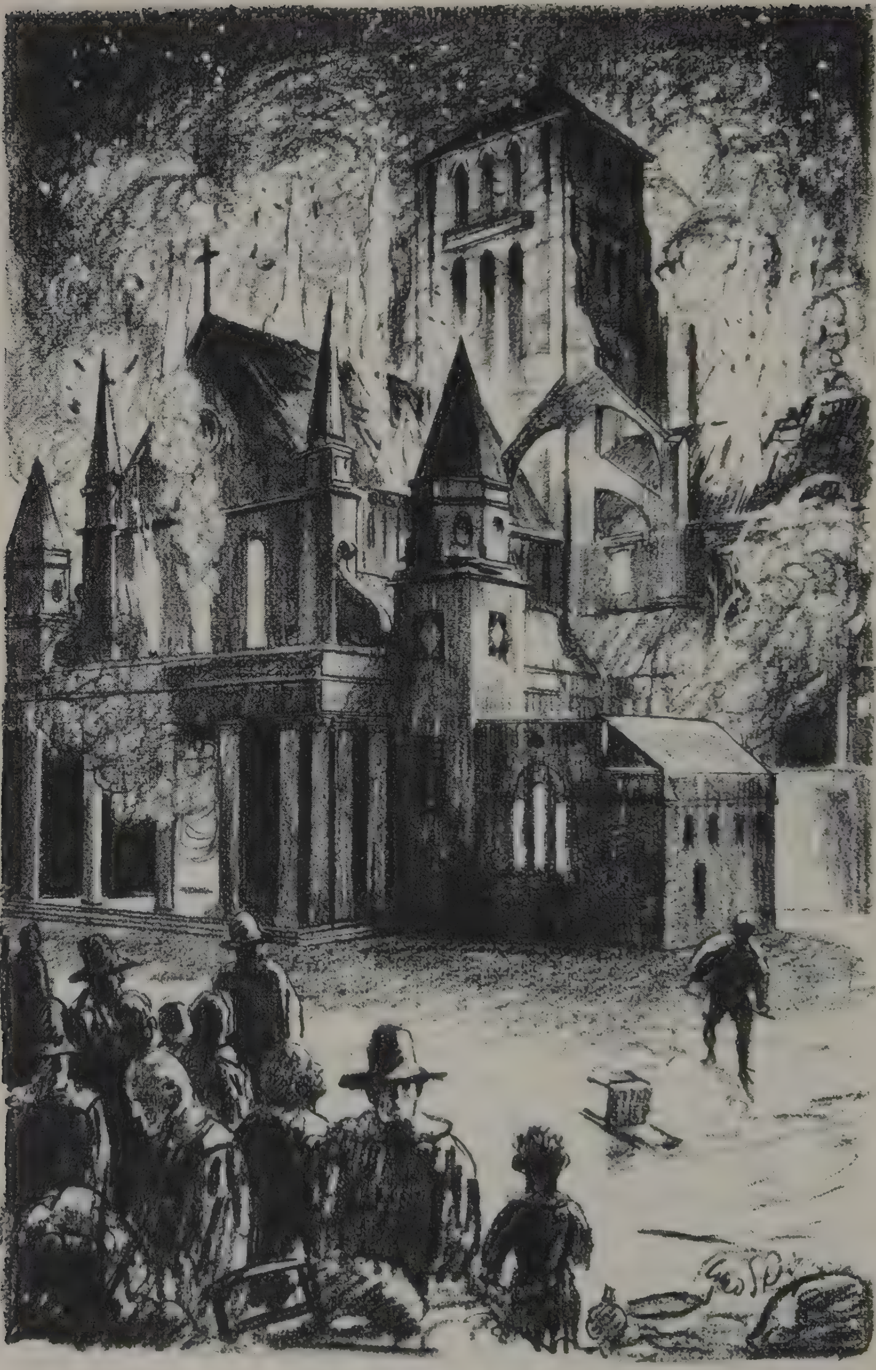
The poor inhabitants were dispersed about St. George's Fields, and Moorfields, as far as Highgate, and several miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels, many without a rag, or any necessary utensils, bed or board, who from delicateness, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well-furnished houses, were now reduced to extremest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition, I returned with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the distinguishing mercy of God to me and mine, who, in the midst of all this ruin, was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound.

6th September—Thursday. I represented to his Majesty the case of the French prisoners at war in my custody, and besought him that there might be still the same care of watching at all places contiguous to unseized houses. It is not indeed imaginable how extraordinary the vigilance and activity of the King and Duke was, even labouring in person, and being present to command, order, reward, or encourage workmen; by which he showed his affection to his people, and gained theirs. Having, then, disposed of some under cure at the Savoy, I returned to Whitehall, where I dined at Mr. Offley's, the groom porter, who was my relation.

7th September.—I went this morning on foot from Whitehall as far as London Bridge, through the late Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill by St. Paul's, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorfields, thence through Cornhill, etc., with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was: the ground under my feet so hot, that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the meantime, his Majesty got to the Tower by water, to demolish the houses about the graff, which, being built entirely about it, had they taken fire and attacked the White Tower, where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroyed all the bridge, but sunk and torn the vessels in the river, and rendered the demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the country.

At my return, I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly Church, St. Paul's, now a sad ruin, and that beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repaired by the late King) now rent in pieces, flakes of large stones split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defaced! It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcined, so that all the ornaments, columns, friezes, capitals, and projectures of massy Portland stone, flew off, even to the very roof, where a sheet of lead covering a great space (no less than six acres by measure) was totally melted. The ruins of the vaulted roof falling, broke into St. Faith's, which being filled with magazines of books belonging to the Stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consumed, burning for a week following. It is also observable that the lead over the altar at the east end was untouched,



ST. PAUL'S IN FLAMES.

and among the divers monuments the body of one bishop remained entire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides near one hundred more.

The people, who now walked about the ruins, appeared like men in some dismal desert, or rather, in some great city laid waste by a cruel enemy ; to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures' bodies, beds, and other combustible goods. Sir Thomas Gresham's statue, though fallen from its niche in the Royal Exchange, remained entire, when all those of the Kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces. Also the standard in Cornhill, and Queen Elizabeth's effigies, with some arms on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast iron chains of the City streets, hinges, bars and gates of prisons, were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heat. Nor was I yet able to pass through any of the narrow streets, but kept the widest ; the ground and air, smoke and fiery vapour, continued so intense, that my hair was almost singed, and my feet unsufferably surbated. The bye-lanes and narrow streets were quite filled up with rubbish ; nor could one have possibly known where he was, but by the ruins of some Church, or Hall, that had some remarkable tower, or pinnacle remaining.

I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispersed, and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss ; and, though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeed took all imaginable care for their relief, by proclamation for the country to come in, and refresh them with provisions.

10th September.—I went again to the ruins ; for it was now no longer a city.

COLONEL BLOOD AND THE CROWN JEWELS

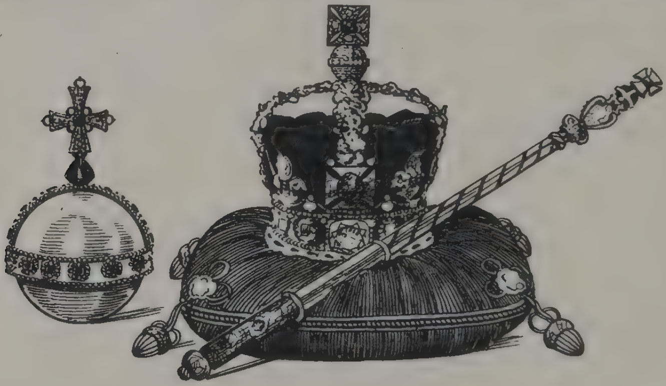
Geoffrey Bright

TWO years after the Restoration of Charles II to the throne of his fathers, a Puritan minister named Leckie was hanged at Dublin for his share in a mad conspiracy to seize the person of Ormond, the Lord Lieutenant, as the signal for a general rebellion against the government of Ireland. The plot had been betrayed, and the other leading conspirators were dead or in hiding: but as Leckie stood under the gallows a whisper went round that a rescue was to be attempted, and suddenly the murmur swelled out into a shout of " Blood ! Colonel Blood ! " Panic seized the executioners, and their scrambling retreat left the doomed conspirator standing alone under the cross-beam with the halter round his neck. Some minutes passed before the executioners, realising that they had been the victims of a false alarm, crept back shamefacedly to make an end of him.

Colonel Thomas Blood had made his fortune as one of Cromwell's captains in the Civil War, and lost it again when Charles Stuart came home from his travels with a pack of needy Cavaliers in his train. Blood's estates in Ireland had been confiscated and he himself forced down into the revolutionary underworld of broken Cromwellian captains and regicides, fanatical sectarians and crazy Fifth Monarchy Men who during the next ten years kept the cauldron of plot and counter-plot bubbling just below the surface of English politics. Born in another age or under a more fortunate star the Colonel might have done great things as one of Napoleon's marshals or as an empire builder in India or America: and even as a professional ruffian and revolutionary he was to display certain remarkable qualities of imagination and daring that have won him a disreputable niche in history.

A few years later he was to atone for his failure to rescue brother-in-law Leckie from the gallows by delivering another of his friends from a party of soldiers who were conducting him from London by the Great North Road to be tried for conspiracy at York Assizes. Blood himself took four bullets in his body and a heavy knock between the eyes from a pistol butt as they fought the soldiers up and down the main street of a little village just beyond Doncaster : but even this daring exploit did not wipe out his hatred for the Duke of Ormond, who as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland had signed the warrant under which Leckie had been put to death. Ormond was now living in ducal splendour at Clarendon House in London, and one dark night as his great coach was rumbling homewards after a banquet in the City, it was stopped by six armed horsemen, and the duke awoke suddenly from his after-supper doze to find himself struggling in the mud of St. James's Street. Had Blood been content to settle with his old enemy there and then, Ormond would have been a dead man, but nothing would content the Colonel but to hang him on the public gallows at Tyburn, where the Marble Arch now stands. The Duke was hoisted up behind one of his captors, and the party spurred off down Piccadilly, Blood racing on ahead to prepare the gallows. They were clattering through Knightsbridge when the duke, who was still struggling gamely in spite of his sixty years, got a foot under that of the ruffian riding before him and levered him out of the saddle. As duke and desperado rolled together in the mud, the pursuit came up with a volley of pistol shots, and the ruffian took to his heels. Blood, who had already cast the rope over the cross-beam at Tyburn, was warned by the firing that his plan had miscarried, and galloped off into the darkness. This adventure gave the citizens of London a great deal to talk about, but Blood's revolutionary gang kept him safely hidden : and it was during this period of prudent inaction that his imaginative brain conceived that peculiarly daring and impudent exploit for which he is still remembered.

The ancient regalia of the Kings of England—the crown, the orb, and the royal sceptre—had been broken up and sold in Cromwell's time, when England was thought to have no more use for them, and Charles II's goldsmith, Sir Robert Vyner, had had to make a complete new set of jewels for the coronation of 1661 which gave England a king once again.



THE REGALIA.

The crown that Vyner made is the one that was placed on the head of our own King George VI at his coronation in Westminster Abbey. It was during Charles's reign also that the practice began of admitting the public to see the regalia at the Jewel House of the Tower, for the government wanted to cut down the salary of the Keeper of the Jewel House, and thought that he might make it up on the fees charged for admission.

Among the visitors one fine day was a handsome, grave, well-spoken gentleman clad in the cassock and girdle of a country parson and accompanied by a pleasant red-faced woman, evidently his wife. The custodian who ushered them into the Jewel House and showed them the regalia was one Talbot Edwards, an old confidential servant of the Keeper, who had given him the post as a reward for his long and trusty services. This good old man was much distressed when the parson's lady, who no doubt was a little overcome by this crowning excitement of her trip to London, fainted clean away on the floor of the Jewel House. However, Edwards and the parson managed to support her faltering steps as far as the custodian's house, which stood hard by, and there she soon revived under the skilled attentions of kind Mrs. Edwards and her pretty young daughter.

A day or two later the parson came again bringing a present of white gloves from his lady, and after this their acquaintance ripened so speedily that before the week was out the parson proposed a more permanent sort of alliance.

" You have " said he, " a pretty young gentlewoman for your daughter, and I have a young nephew who has three hundred a year in land : a very pleasant young man, and one most happily free from the wild and dissolute spirit that these latter days have brought among us. If your daughter be free, and you approve it, I'll bring him hither to call upon you and we will endeavour to make a match of it." Old Mr. Edwards was much taken by this suggestion, and they went in to dinner very full of their project. The parson said grace with great devotion, and casting up his eyes concluded it with a prayer for the King, the Queen and the Royal Family. Colonel Blood had not lived among Puritans for nothing.

" On Wednesday of next week " said the parson, as they discussed the matter over Edward's best port, " on Wednesday next we must bid farewell to London : and indeed my flock has been too long without its shepherd. My nephew, dutiful lad, is journeying to London so that he may conduct us safely through the perils of the journey, and I will prevail upon him to pay his respects to you before we set out. It will be an early hour to come a-wooing, for we must be on the road before nine o'clock if we are to reach home before nightfall: but I know that you rise early, like all good Christians, and it is assuredly an opportunity not to be missed." It was arranged accordingly that the parson and the prospective bridegroom should present themselves at the Jewel House at seven o'clock precisely on Wednesday morning. Soon after this the parson noticed a handsome case of pistols on the wall of the room in which they were chatting. Old Edwards was not likely to be a formidable swordsman, but he might be able to snap off a pistol as well as a younger man, and the parson felt that it was well to take no chances. He expressed great admiration for the chasing on the pistols (though what interested him more strongly was that they were in good working order), and desired Mr. Edwards to sell them to him, so that he might present them to a young lord who was his neighbour in the country. After this prudent transaction, the parson pronounced a benediction on the Edwards family and departed with the case of pistols tucked safely under his arm.

It was a little before seven on Wednesday morning when the parson returned to the Jewel House, accompanied by his nephew, the prospective bridegroom, and two other young men, his companions. Save for a warder or two the Tower courts were deserted, and there were still but few people stirring in the streets. They seemed a very sober and respectable party, but the parson had a rapier-blade concealed in a hollow cane, and a pair of pocket pistols in his breeches. Edwards was ready to greet them, but his daughter, in a high state of excitement, was still tying her ribbons and consulting her mirror ; so that it was the most natural thing in the world that someone should suggest a private view of the treasures in the Jewel House to wile away time until the young gentlewoman was ready to come down. But the future bridegroom would have none of this. Let the others see the marvels of the regalia, he said. " There is a far more precious jewel within your house, my dear sir, and I will watch for it here by the door."

Mr. Edwards, the parson, and two of his companions entered the Jewel House, whilst the intended bridegroom stayed on guard outside. The daughter sent her maid to get a view of the attentive gallant, and was pleased to hear that he was no country bumpkin, but a handsome bold young gentleman, though seemingly a little nervous at the moment—as well he might be.

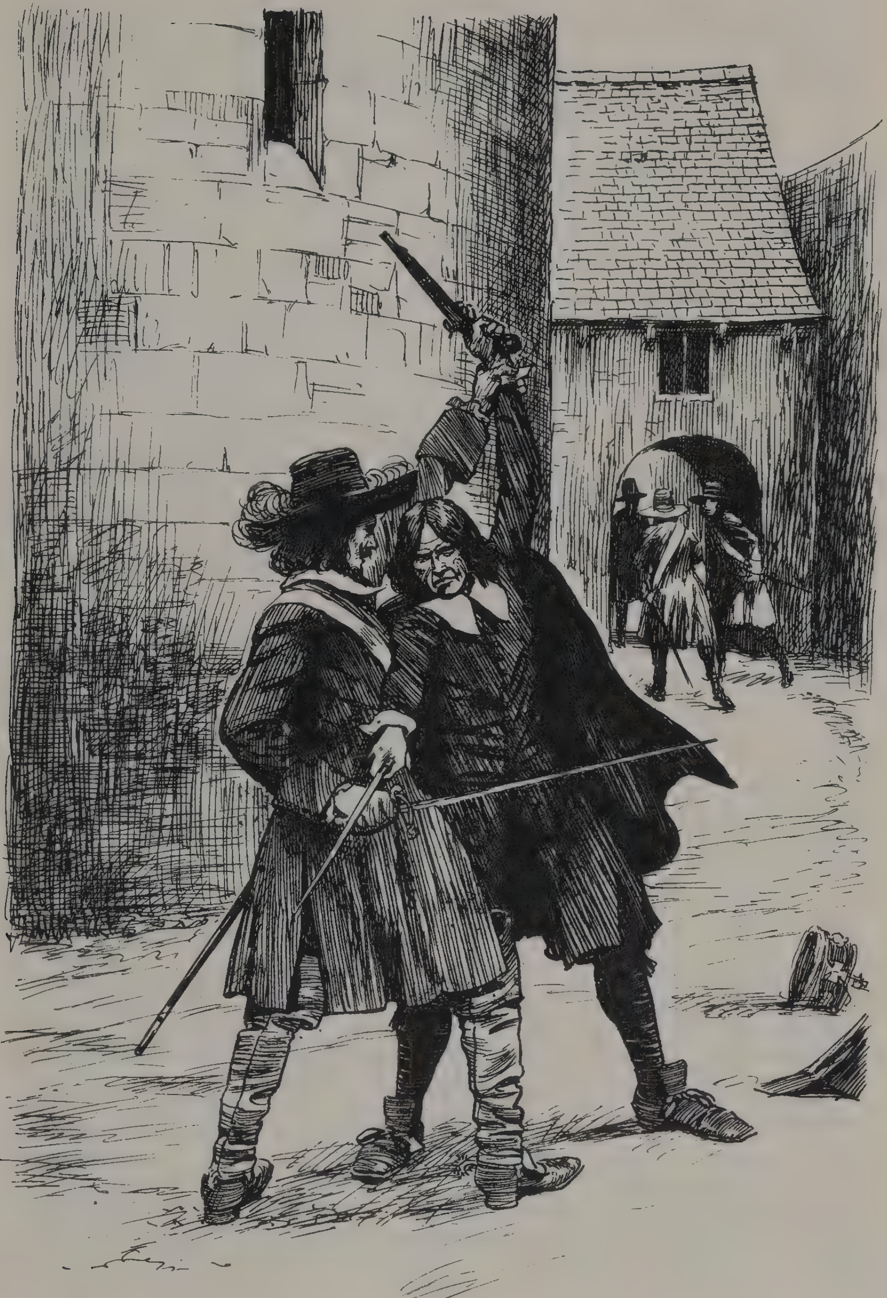
Inside the chamber where the jewels were kept, old Mr. Edwards was struggling in the folds of the parson's cloak, which had been thrown over his head from behind. Suddenly his head was freed, but as he opened his mouth to gasp for air a wooden gag was thrust into it, and the country parson, now suddenly transformed in voice and manner into a brusque man of action, told him curtly that they were resolved to have the crown, globe and sceptre, but if he would hold his tongue no great harm would come to him. Edwards' tongue was held by the gag, but he threw himself against the door and beat on it with his fists; whereupon one of the desperados knocked him down with a wooden mallet which he had brought with him to flatten out the crown. The old man struggled gamely to his feet and somehow produced a strangled cry, but the mallet came down again and again on his head, whilst the parson's other assistant gave him a stab in the belly. This brought him half senseless to the ground, and one of the robbers cried out that he was dead. One of them hid the orb in his ample breeches; Parson Blood snatched the crown and held it under his coat; whilst the third desperado seized the sceptre and tried to thrust it into a bag which they had brought for the purpose. Here they met with a slight check. The sceptre was too long—it would have to be filed.

A few minutes more and they would have been clear away, but now chance took a hand in the game and Blood's brilliant plan went suddenly to pieces. The intended bridegroom, who had been watching outside, burst in suddenly with the news that two armed men had appeared at the Jewel House, and there was danger of instant discovery. The new arrivals were Edward's son and his brother-in-law, Captain Beckman, who were supposed to be at the wars in Flanders but had obtained unexpected leave to go and visit their relations in London. The robbers threw down the over-wieldy sceptre and rushed out of the Jewel House. As they did so the tough old custodian, who had been shamming death, tore the gag from his mouth and raised a great shout of "Treason! Murder! Treason!"

It was too late to silence him now. Young mistress Edwards took up the cry, and young Edwards and Beckman clapped their hands to their swords. The robbers took to their heels. A warder ran out to intercept them: Blood fired a pistol at his head—missed: but the warder stumbled and fell, and they raced on to the drawbridge, where the sentinel, an old Cromwellian soldier, fired his musket into the air and winked at them as they passed. Horses were waiting for them at St. Catherine's gate; and as they ran that way along the Tower wharf they cried out "Treason! Murder! Stop them!" to confuse the passers-by, who turned to stare after the imaginary quarry. But some of their pursuers were mounted already, and before they reached St. Catherine's gate there was a clink of swords as Blood was engaged by Captain Beckman, whose long rapier was a better weapon than Blood's sword-stick. In a few minutes it was all over; the combatants were engulfed in a flood of Tower warders, soldiers and indignant citizens. Blood, with his usual impudence, wrestled with his captors for the possession of the crown, and by the time they had wrested it from him it was short of a great pearl, a large diamond and several smaller stones, some of which disappeared into the pockets of the bystanders. Blood looked round the circle of indignant faces with a smile. "'Twas a gallant attempt" said he. "It was for a crown!"

Soon after this Mr. Evelyn wrote thus in his diary under the heading 10th May, 1671:

"Dined at Mr. Treasurer's, where dined M. de Grammont and several French noblemen, and one Blood, that impudent bold fellow, that had not long ago attempted to steal the



THE STRUGGLE FOR THE CROWN.

Imperial Crown . . . How he came to be pardoned, and even received into favour, not only after this, but several other exploits almost as daring, both in Ireland and here, I could never come to understand."

Evelyn was not the only one who was puzzled to know why King Charles should have saved from the gallows and endowed with a pension of £500 a year the desperado who had sought to steal his crown. Perhaps Charles thought that he could use Blood's daring and ingenuity in his own service. Perhaps Blood knew too much about one of Charles' ministers, the fashionable and blackguardly Duke of Buckingham, who was thought to have been implicated in the attempt on the life of Ormond. But we may believe that the pardon and the pension had something to do with a cock-and-bull story which Blood had told the King at Whitehall, where he had been taken immediately after his capture—insisting, with characteristic impudence, that he would speak to nobody but the King. Blood had declared that he was the chief of a desperate gang of disbanded Puritan soldiers who were determined to take the life of the King, and that he had himself lain concealed among the reeds at Battersea with a loaded carbine by his side when the King came thither to bathe in the Thames: but that the majesty of Charles's person as he emerged from the water had dissuaded him from the attempt. Charles, who was perhaps the cleverest of all our Kings, was not likely to take this flattery seriously. He knew that it was an impudent lie, and Blood knew that he knew. But the picture of the notorious Colonel Blood lying awestruck among the reeds at the sight of Charles Stuart emerging naked, chilly and dripping from the muddy Thames was too much for the Merry Monarch's sense of the ridiculous. The bold regard of the Colonel met the severe gaze of outraged majesty, and Blood saw it soften to a twinkle. The shadow of the gallows lifted as Charles turned away, biting his lip to hide the smile.

BUCCANEERS OF THE SPANISH MAIN

Basil Ringrose

There is a certain halo of romance about the Buccaneers of the Spanish Main in the seventeenth century ; but if the truth be told, it is to be feared that the best of them were unscrupulous adventurers, the worst of them pirates. Their professed enemies were the Spaniards, and during the time that England was at war with Spain they were but seldom interfered with, and were sometimes made use of by the English authorities.

In March, 1679, a large party of buccaneers assembled in nine ships and proceeded to the Darien coast, where they disembarked a party of some three hundred and eighty men who proceeded overland, and by canoe, to the town of Santa Maria. Having taken and plundered this town, they crossed the Isthmus and took the town of Panama, where the party broke up, some returning to the ships on the Atlantic side, whilst others, in vessels captured from the Spaniards, continued operations on the Pacific Coast.

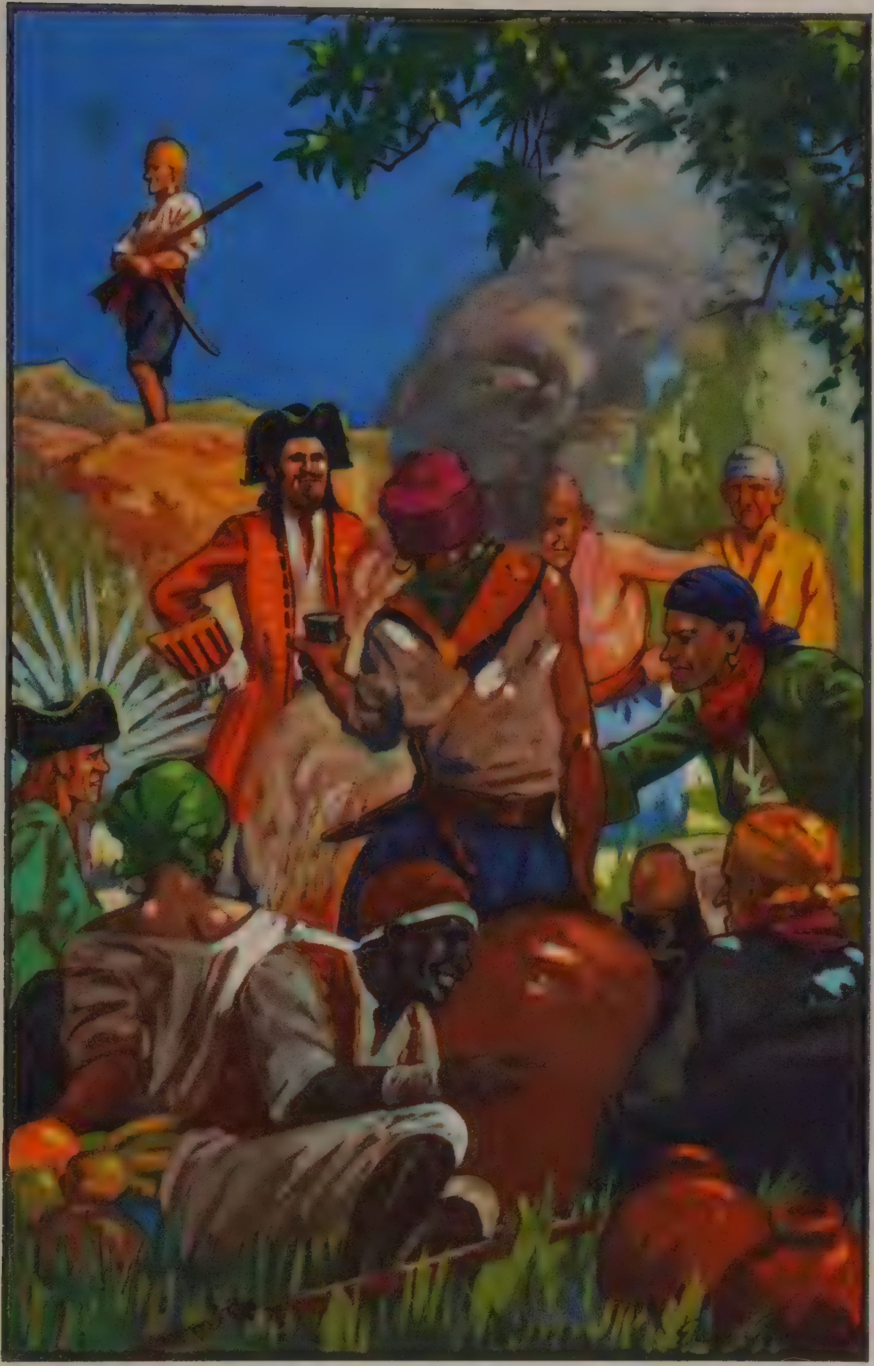
Among the most notable of the latter was Captain Bartholomew Sharp, or Sharpe. Sharpe's exploits made him a sort of bogey-man to the inhabitants of the Chilean coast towns, so that the saying " When Charpé comes to Penco " was used to express an impending disaster—Charpé being the Spanish rendering of Sharpe, whilst Penco, a town in the bay of Talcahuano, was then a port of some importance.

The following narrative is by Basil Ringrose, a junior officer who served under Sharpe and sailed with him down the Pacific coast of South America, round the Horn, and so home to England, where they were both tried for piracy but acquitted.

MONDAY, 24th (January 1680). This day we had an indifferent gale of wind and we stood N. and by E., the wind being S.S.E. By observation lat. 21° 02′ S. Our whole easting I reckoned to be 92 leagues and a half. In the afternoon of this day Captain Watling, our Commander, and 25 men more departed from the ship in two canoes, with design to seek for and take the island of Iquique, and there to gain intelligence of the posture of affairs at Arica. We were at the distance of twelve leagues from shore when they went away from the ship.

The next day by a clear observation, lat. 20° 40′ S. At four in the afternoon this day one of our canoes returned, bringing word that they could not find the island, though they had searched for it very diligently. At night came the other, being brought back by a wrong sign given us by the first canoe. The second canoe had landed upon the continent, and there found a track, which they followed for some little space. Here they met a dead whale, with whose bones the Spaniards had built a hut, and set up a cross. There lay also many pieces of broken jars. They observed likewise that hereabouts upon the coast were many bays, good landings, and anchoring for ships That evening about seven o'clock, a fresh gang departed from the ship to seek for the same island, while we lay becalmed all night, driving about a league to leeward.

Wednesday, January 26th, we had extremely hot weather. This day the Spanish pilot told us that on the continent over against us, and at the distance of a very little way within the land, are many rich mines of silver, but that the Spaniards dared not open them for fear of an invasion from some foreign enemy or other. We sailed N. at the distance of about two leagues from shore. At noon by observation found lat. 20° 21′ S. At four o'clock we saw a smoke made by our men, close by a white cliff, which proved to be the island. Here-

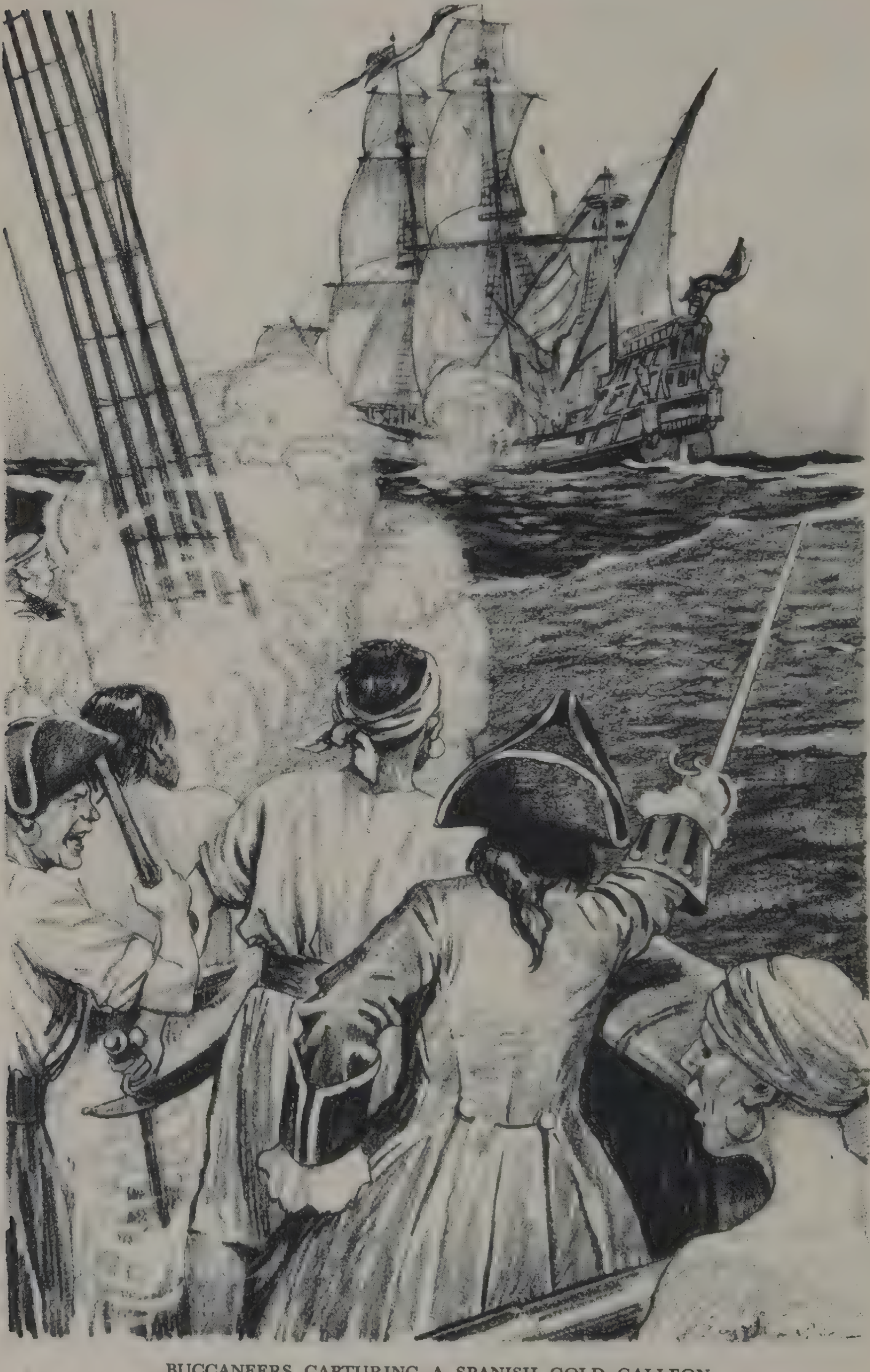


BUCCANEERS OF THE SPANISH MAIN

upon we immediately sent away another canoe with more men, to supply them in their attempts. But in the meanwhile the first canoe, which had departed the evening before this day, came aboard, bringing with them four prisoners, two old white men and two Indians.

They found about fifty people in this hamlet, but the greatest part of them made their escape at the arrival of the canoe. To this island frequently come barks from Arica, which city is not far distant, to fetch clay, and they have already transported away a considerable part thereof. The poor Indians, inhabitants or natives of this island, are forced to bring all the fresh water they use the full distance of eleven leagues, that is to say from a river named Camarones, which lies to leeward of the island. The bark wherein they used to bring it was gone for water when our men landed upon the place. The island all over is white, but the bowels thereof are of a reddish sort of earth. From the shore is seen here a great path which leads over the mountains into the country. The Indians of this island eat much and often a sort of leaves that are of a taste much like our bay leaves in England, insomuch that their teeth are dyed a green colour by the continual use of it. The inhabitants go stark naked, and are very robust and strong people, yet notwithstanding they live more like beasts than men.

Thursday, January 27th. This morning on board the ship we examined one of the old men who were taken prisoners upon the island the day before. But finding him in many lies, as we thought, concerning Arica, our Commander ordered him to be shot to death, which was accordingly done. Our old Commander, Captain Sharp, was much troubled in his mind and dissatisfied at this cruel and rash proceeding, whereupon he opposed it as much as he could. But, seeing he could not prevail, he took water and washed his hands, saying "Gentlemen, I am clear of the blood of this old man; and I will warrant you a hot day for this piece of cruelty, whenever we come to fight at Arica." These words were



BUCCANEERS CAPTURING A SPANISH GOLD GALLEON.

found at the latter end of the expedition to Arica to contain a true and certain prophecy, as shall be related hereafter.

The other old man, being under examination, informed us that the island of Iquique afore-mentioned belonged to the Governor of Arica, who was proprietor thereof; and that he allowed these men a little wine and other necessaries, to live upon for their sustenance. That he himself had the superintendence of forty or fifty of the governor's slaves, who caught fish and dried it for the profit of the said governor, and he sold it afterwards to the inland towns, and reaped a considerable benefit thereby. That by a letter received from Arica eight days ago they understood there was then in the harbour of Arica three ships from Chile, and one bark. That they had raised there a fortification mounted with 12 copper guns. But that when we were there before, they had conveyed out of the town to the neighbouring stations all their plate, gold, and jewels, burying it there in the ground and concealing it after several manners and ways, which, whether it were now returned or not, he could not easily tell. That there were two great places, the one at ten, the other at twenty-five, leagues from Arica, at which towns lay all their strength and treasure. That the day before had passed a post to declare our having been at Coquimbo. That the embargo laid on all vessels going northwards was now taken off, so that a free passage was allowed them. That by land it was impossible to go hence to Arica in less than four or five days, forasmuch as they must carry water for themselves and horses for the whole journey. And, lastly, that those arms that were brought from Lima to Arica, as was mentioned above, were now carried away to Buenos Aires. All these things pleased us mighty well to hear. But, however, Captain Sharp was still much dissatisfied because we had shot the old man. For he had given us information to the full, and, with all manner of truth, how that Arica was greatly fortified, and much more than before; but our misfortune was that we took his information to be all contrary to the truth.

The leaves of which we made mention above are brought down to this island in whole bales, and then distributed to the Indians by a short allowance given to each man. This day we had very hot weather and a S.W. sea. By observation we found lat. 20° 13′ S. Besides the things above-mentioned, our prisoners informed us that at Arica the Spaniards had built a breastwork round about the town, and one also in every street, that, in case one end of the town were taken, they might be able to defend the other. We stood off and on for the greatest part of this day. In the afternoon we were 8 leagues and a half distant from shore, with a fresh wind. That morning, moreover, we took the bark that was at the river of Camarones, to fill water for the island.

Friday, January 28th. Last night about midnight we left the ship, and embarked ourselves in the bark aforementioned, the launch, and four canoes, with design to take Arica by surprise. We rowed and sailed all night, making in for the shore.

Saturday, January 29th. About break of day we got under shore, and there hid ourselves among the rocks for all the day long, fearing lest we should be descried by the enemy before we came to Arica. At this time we were about 5 leagues to southward of Arica, near Quebrada de San Vitor, a place so called upon that coast. Night being come, we rowed away from there.

Sunday, January 30th, 1680. This day (being the day that is consecrated in our English Calendar to the Martyrdom of our glorious King Charles the First) in the morning about sunrise, we landed amongst some rocks at some distance of four miles, more or less, to the southward from Arica. We put on shore 92 men in all, the rest remaining in the boats to keep and defend them from being surprised by the enemy, with the intent we might leave behind us a safe retreat in case of necessity. To these men we left strict orders that, if we made one smoke from the town or adjoining fields, they should come after us towards the harbour of Arica with one canoe ; but, in case we made two, that they should bring all away, leaving only 15 men in the boats.

As we marched from our landing-place towards the town we mounted a very steep hill, and saw thence no men nor forces of the enemy ; which caused us to hope we were not as yet descried, and that we should utterly surprise them. But when we were come about half of the way to the town, we spied three horsemen, who mounted the look-out hill, and, seeing us upon our march, they rode down full speed towards the city, to give notice of our approach. Our Commander, Watling, chose out 40 of our number to attack the fort, and sent us away first thitherwards, the rest being designed for the town. We that were appointed for the fort had ten hand-grenades among us when we gave the assault, and with them, as well as with our other arms, we attacked the castle, and exchanged several shots with our enemies. But at last, seeing our main body in danger of being overborne with the number of our enemies, we gave over that attempt on the fort, and ran down in all haste to the valley, to help and assist them in the fight. Here the battle was very desperate, and they killed three and wounded two more of our men from their outworks before we could gain upon them. But, our rage increasing with our wounds, we still advanced, and at last beat the enemy out of all, and filled every street in the city with dead bodies. The enemy made several retreats to several places, from one breastwork to another, and we had not a sufficient number of men wherewith to man all the places taken. Insomuch that we had no sooner beat them out of one place than they came another way, and manned it again with new forces and fresh men.

We took in every place where we vanquished the enemy great number of prisoners, more indeed than peradventure we ought to have done or knew well what to do with, they being too many for such a small body as ours was to manage. These prisoners informed us that we had been descried no less than three days before from the island of Iquique, whereby they were in expectation of our arrival every hour, knowing we still had a design to make a second attempt upon that place. That into the city were come 400 soldiers from Lima, who, besides their own, had brought 700 arms for the use of the country people ; and that in the town they had 600 armed men and in the fort 300.

Being now in possession of the city, or the greatest part thereof, we sent to the fort, commanding them to surrender, but they would not vouchsafe to send us any answer. Hereupon we advanced towards it, and gave it a second attack, wherein we persisted very vigorously for a long time. Not being able to carry it, we got upon the top of a house that stood near it, and from there fired down into the fort, killing many of their men and wounding them at our ease and pleasure. But, while we were busied in this attack, the rest of the enemy's forces had taken again several posts of the town, and began to surround us in great numbers, with design to cut us off. Hereupon we were constrained to desist the second time as before from assaulting the fort, and make head against them. This we no sooner had done, than, their numbers and vigour increasing every moment, we found ourselves to be overpowered, and consequently we thought it convenient to retreat to the place where our wounded men were, under the hands of our surgeons, that is to say our Hospital. At this time our new Commander, Captain Watling, both our quartermasters, and a great many others of our men were killed, besides those that were wounded and disabled. So that now, the enemy rallying against us and beating us from place to place, we were in a very distracted condition, and in more likelihood to perish every man than escape the bloodiness of that day.

Now we found the words of Captain Sharp to bear a true prophecy, being all very sensible that we had had a day too hot for us, after that cruel heat in killing and murdering in cold blood the old Mestizo Indian whom we had taken prisoner at Iquique, as before was mentioned.

Being surrounded with difficulties on all sides and in great disorder, having no head or leader to give orders for what was to be done, we were glad to turn our eyes to our good and old Commander, Captain Bartholomew Sharp, and beg of him very earnestly to commiserate our condition and carry us off. It was a great while that we were reiterating our supplications to him before he would take any notice of our request in this point, so much was he displeased with the former meeting of our people against him, all which had been occasioned by the instigation of Mr. Cook. But Sharp is a man of an undaunted courage and of an excellent conduct, not fearing in the least to look an insulting enemy in the face, and a person that knows both the theory and practical parts of navigation as well as most do. Hereupon, at our request and earnest petition, he took upon him the Command-in-chief again, and began to distribute his orders for our safety. He would have brought off our surgeons, but that they had been drinking while we assaulted the fort, and thus would not come with us when they were called.

They killed and took of our number 28 men—18 more that we brought off were desperately wounded. At this time we were extremely faint for want of water and victuals, whereof we had had none all that day. Moreover, we were almost choked with the dust of the town, this being so much raised by the work that their great guns had made that we could scarcely see each other. They beat us out of the town, and then followed us into the Savannas, or open fields, still charging us as fast as they could. But when they saw that we rallied again, resolving to die one by another, they ran from us into the town, and sheltered themselves under their breastworks. Thus we retreated in as good order as we could possibly observe in that confusion. But their horsemen followed us as we retired, and fired at us all the way, though they would not come within reach of our guns, for their own reached farther than ours, and outshot us more than one-third.

GRIZEL COCHRANE

A TALE OF TWEEDMOUTH MUIR

J. M. Wilson

WHEN the tyranny and bigotry of the last James drove his subjects to take up arms against him, one of the most formidable enemies to his dangerous usurpations was Sir John Cochrane, ancestor of the present Earl of Dundonald. He was one of the most prominent actors in Argyle's rebellion, and for ages a destructive doom seemed to have hung over the house of Campbell, enveloping in a common ruin all who united their fortunes to the cause of its chieftains. The same doom encompassed Sir John Cochrane. He was surrounded by the king's troops—long, deadly, and desperate was his resistance, but at length, overpowered by numbers, he was taken prisoner ; tried and condemned to die upon the scaffold. He had but a few days to live, and his jailer waited but the arrival of his death-warrant to lead him forth to execution. His family and his friends had visited him in prison, and exchanged with him the last, the long, the heart-yearning farewell. But there was one who came not with the rest to receive his blessing—one who was the pride of his eyes, and of his house—even Grizel, the daughter of his love. Twilight was casting a deeper gloom over the gratings of his prison-house, he was mourning for a last look of his favourite child, and his head was pressed against the cold damp walls of his cell, to cool the feverish pulsations that shot through it like the stings of fire, when the door of his apartment turned slowly on its unwilling hinges, and his keeper entered, followed by a young and beautiful lady. Her person was tall and commanding, her eyes dark, bright, and tearless ; but their very brightness spoke of sorrow—of sorrow too deep to be wept away ; and her raven tresses were parted over an open brow, clear and pure as the polished marble. The unhappy captive raised his head as they entered.

" My child ! my own Grizel ! " he exclaimed, and she fell upon his bosom.

" My father ! my dear father ! " sobbed the miserable maiden, and she dashed away the tear that accompanied the words.

" Your interview must be short—very short " said the jailer, as he turned and left them for a few minutes together.

" God help and comfort thee, my daughter ! " added the unhappy father, as he held her to his breast, and printed a kiss upon her brow. " I had feared that I should die without bestowing my blessing on the head of my own child, and that stung me more than death. But thou art come, my love—thou art come ! and the last blessing of thy wretched father—"

" Nay ! forbear ! forbear ! " she exclaimed ; " not thy last blessing !—not thy last ! My father shall not die ! "

" Be calm ! be calm, my child ! " returned he ; " would to Heaven that I could comfort thee !—my own ! my own ! But there is no hope—within three days, and thou and all my little ones will be——"

Fatherless—he would have said, but the word died on his tongue.

" Three days ! " repeated she, raising her head from his breast, but eagerly pressing his hand—" three days ! Then there *is* hope—my father *shall* live ! Is not my grandfather the friend of Father Petre, the confessor and the master of the king ? From him he shall beg the life of his son, and my father shall not die."

" Nay ! nay, my Grizel " returned he ; " be not deceived—there is no hope—already my doom is sealed—already the king has signed the order for my execution, and the messenger of death is now on the way."

" Yet my father SHALL not !—SHALL not die ! " she repeated, emphatically, and, clasping her hands together.

"Heaven speed a daughter's purpose!" she exclaimed; and, turning to her father, said, calmly "We part now, but we shall meet again."

"What would my child?" inquired he eagerly, gazing anxiously on her face.

"Ask not now" she replied, "my father—ask not now; but pray for me and bless me—but not with thy *last* blessing."

He again pressed her to his heart, and wept upon her neck. In a few moments the jailer entered, and they were torn from the arms of each other.

On the evening of the second day after the interview we have mentioned, a wayfaring man crossed the drawbridge at Berwick, from the north, and proceeding down Marygate, sat down to rest upon a bench by the door of an hostelry on the south side of the street, nearly fronting where what was called the "Main-guard" then stood. He did not enter the inn; for it was above his apparent condition, being that which Oliver Cromwell had made his head-quarters a few years before, and where, at a somewhat earlier period, James the Sixth had taken up his residence when on his way to enter on the sovereignty of England. The traveller wore a coarse jerkin fastened round his body by a leathern girdle, and over it a short cloak, composed of equally plain materials. He was evidently a young man; but his beaver was drawn down, so as almost to conceal his features. In the one hand he carried a small bundle, and in the other a pilgrim's staff. Having called for a glass of wine, he took a crust of bread from his bundle, and, after resting for a few minutes, rose to depart. The shades of night were setting in, and it threatened to be a night of storms. The heavens were gathering black, the clouds rushing from the sea, sudden gusts of wind were moaning along the streets, accompanied by heavy drops of rain, and the face of the Tweed was troubled.

"Heaven help thee, if thou intendest to travel far in such a night as this!" said the sentinel at the English gate, as the traveller passed him and proceeded to cross the bridge.

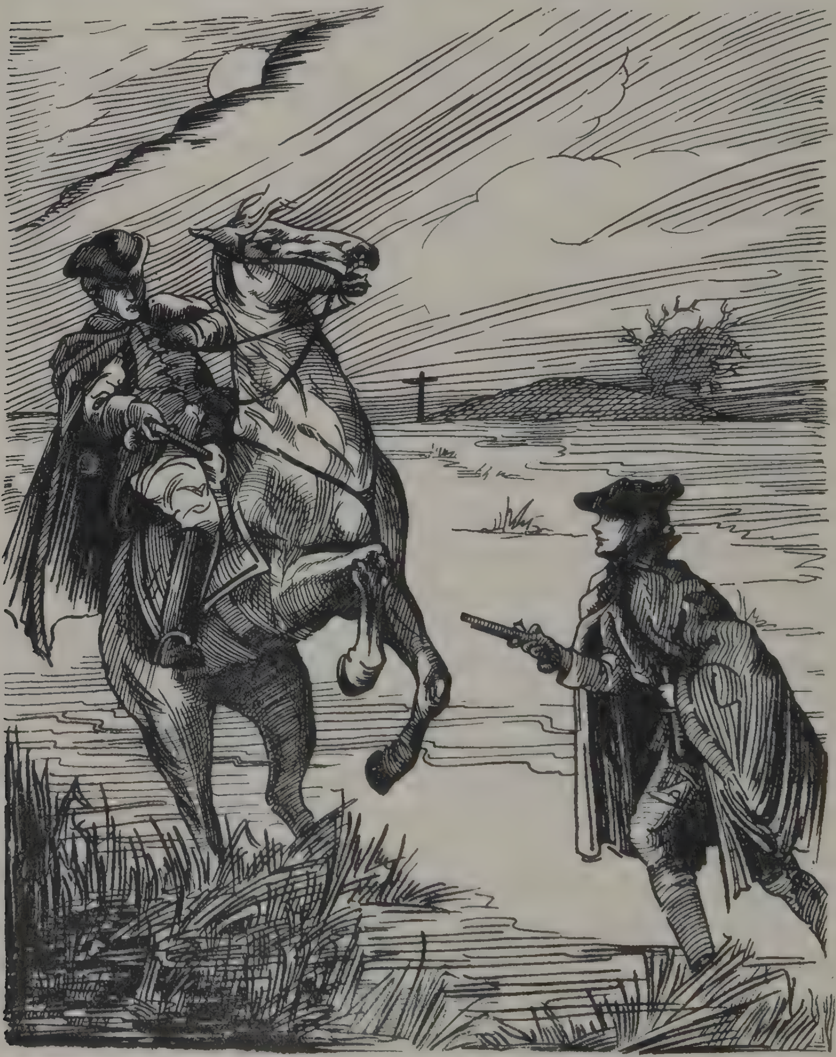
In a few minutes, he was upon the borders of the wide, desolate, and dreary muir of Tweedmouth, which, for miles, presented a desert of whins, fern, and stunted heath, with here and there a dingle covered with thick brushwood. He slowly toiled over the steep hill, braving the storm, which now raged in wildest fury. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled as a legion of famished wolves, hurling its doleful and angry echoes over the heath. Still the stranger pushed onward, until he had proceeded about two or three miles from Berwick, when, as if unable longer to brave the storm, he sought shelter amidst some crab and bramble bushes by the wayside. Nearly an hour had passed since he sought this imperfect refuge, and the darkness of the night and the storm had increased together, when the sound of a horse's feet was heard, hurriedly plashing along the road. The rider bent his head to the blast. Suddenly his horse was grasped by the bridle, the rider raised his head, and the traveller stood before him, holding a pistol to his breast.

"Dismount!" cried the stranger, sternly.

The horseman, benumbed, and stricken with fear, made an effort to reach his arms; but, in a moment, the hand of the robber, quitting the bridle, grasped the breast of the rider, and dragged him to the ground. He fell heavily on his face, and for several minutes remained senseless. The stranger seized the leathern bag which contained the mail for the north, and flinging it on his shoulder, rushed across the heath.

Early on the following morning, the inhabitants of Berwick were seen hurrying in groups to the spot where the robbery had been committed, and were scattered in every direction around the muir, but no trace of the robber could be obtained.

Three days had passed, and Sir John Cochrane yet lived. The mail which contained his death-warrant had been robbed; and, before another order for his execution could be given, the intercession of his father, the Earl of Dundonald, with the king's confessor, might be successful. Grizel now became almost his constant companion in prison, and spoke to him words of comfort. Nearly fourteen days had passed since the robbery of the mail had been committed, and protracted hope in the bosom of the prisoner became more bitter than his first despair. But even that hope, bitter as it was, perished. The intercession of his father had been unsuccessful—and a second time the bigoted and would-be



THE MAIL ROBBERY.

despotic monarch had signed the warrant for his death, and within little more than another day that warrant would reach his prison.

" The will of Heaven be done ! " groaned the captive.

" Amen ! " returned Grizel, with wild vehemence ; " but my father *shall* not die ! "

Again the rider with the mail had reached the muir of Tweedmouth, and a second time he bore with him the doom of Cochrane. He spurred his horse to its utmost speed, he looked cautiously before, behind, and around him ; and in his right hand he carried a pistol ready to defend himself. The moon shed a ghostly light across the heath, rendering desolation visible, and giving a spiritual embodiment to every shrub. He was turning the angle of a straggling copse, when his horse reared at the report of a pistol, the fire of which seemed to dash into its very eyes. At the same moment, his own pistol flashed, and the horse rearing more violently, he was driven from the saddle. In a moment, the foot of the robber was upon his breast, who, bending over him, and brandishing a short dagger in his hand, said " Give me thine arms, or die ! "

The heart of the king's servant failed within him, and, without venturing to reply, he did as he was commanded.

" Now, go thy way " said the robber, sternly, " but leave with me the horse, and leave with me the mail—lest a worse thing come upon thee."

The man therefore rose, and proceeded towards Berwick, trembling ; and the robber, mounting the horse which he had left, rode rapidly across the heath.

Preparations were making for the execution of Sir John Cochrane, and the officers of the law waited only for the arrival of the mail with his second death-warrant, to lead him forth to the scaffold, when the tidings arrived that the mail had again been robbed. For yet fourteen days, and the life of the prisoner would be again prolonged. He again fell on the neck of his daughter, and wept, and said " It is good—the hand of Heaven is in this ! "

" Said I not " replied the maiden—and for the first time she wept aloud—" that my father should not die."

The fourteen days were not yet past, when the prison-doors flew open, and the old Earl of Dundonald rushed to the arms of his son. His intercession with the confessor had been at length successful ; and, after twice signing the warrant for the execution of Sir John, which had as often failed in reaching its destination, the king had sealed his pardon. He had hurried with his father from the prison to his own house—his family were clinging around him shedding tears of joy—and they were marvelling with gratitude at the mysterious providence that had twice intercepted the mail, and saved his life, when a stranger craved an audience. Sir John desired him to be admitted—and the robber entered. He was habited, as we have before described, with the coarse cloak and coarser jerkin ; but his bearing was above his condition. On entering, he slightly touched his beaver, but remained covered.

" When you have perused these " said he, taking two papers from his bosom, " cast them into the fire ! "

Sir John glanced on them, started, and became pale—they were his death-warrants.

" My deliverer " exclaimed he, " how shall I thank thee—how repay the saviour of my life ! My father—my children—thank him for me ! "

The old earl grasped the hand of the stranger ; the children embraced his knees ; and he burst into tears.

" By what name " eagerly inquired Sir John " shall I thank my deliverer ? "

The stranger wept aloud ; and raising his beaver, the raven tresses of Grizel Cochrane fell upon the coarse cloak.

" Gracious Heaven ! " exclaimed the astonished and enraptured father—" my own child !—my saviour !—my own Grizel ! "

A PLOT THAT FAILED

From " Esmond "

W. M. Thackeray

James II. was not so clever as Charles II., and in three years his attempts to restore the Roman Catholic religion and to override the laws of the land angered both parties, so that he was forced to flee the country, and the throne was given to his daughter Mary and her husband, William of Orange. But James still had adherents in the kingdom, and Thackeray tells of a plot to give him back his crown.

THE family were away (from Castlewood) more than six months, and when they returned they were in the deepest state of dejection, for King James had been banished, the Prince of Orange was on the throne, and the direst persecutions of those of the Catholic faith were apprehended by my lady, who said she did not believe that there was a word of truth in the promises of toleration that the Dutch monster made, or in a single word the perjured wretch said. My lord and lady were in a manner prisoners in their own house ; so her ladyship gave the little page to know, who was by this time growing of an age to understand what was passing about him, and something of the characters of the people he lived with.

Father Holt came to the Hall constantly, but officiated no longer openly as chaplain ; he was always fetching and carrying ; strangers, military and ecclesiastic, were continually arriving and departing. My lord made long absences and sudden reappearances, using sometimes the means of exit which Father Holt had employed, though how often the little window in the chaplain's room let in or out my lord and his friends, Harry could not tell. He stoutly kept his promise to the father of not prying, and if at midnight from his little room he heard noises of persons stirring in the next chamber, he turned round to the wall and hid his curiosity under his pillow until it fell asleep. Of course he could not help remarking that the priest's journeys were constant, and understanding by a hundred signs that some active though secret business employed him: what this was may pretty well be guessed by what soon happened to my lord.

No garrison or watch was put into Castlewood when my lord came back, but a guard was in the village; and one or other of them was always on the Green keeping a look-out on our great gate, and those who went out and in. Lockwood (the porter) said that at night especially every person who came in or went out was watched by the outlying sentries. 'Twas lucky that we had a gate which their worships knew nothing about. My lord and Father Holt must have made constant journeys at night: once or twice little Harry acted as their messenger and discreet little aide-de-camp. He remembers he was bidden to go into the village with his fishing-rod, enter certain houses, ask for a drink of water, and tell the good man "There would be a horse-market at Newbury next Thursday" and so carry the same message on to the next house on his list.

He did not know what the message meant at the time, nor what was happening: which may as well, however, for clearness' sake, be explained here. The Prince of Orange being gone to Ireland, where the King was ready to meet him with a great army, it was determined that a great rising of his Majesty's party should take place in this country: and my lord was to head the force in our county. Of late he had taken a greater lead in affairs than before, having the indefatigable Mr. Holt at his elbow, and my lady viscountess strongly urging him on; and my Lord Sark being in the Tower a prisoner, and Sir Wilmot Crawley, of Queen's Crawley, having gone over to the Prince of Orange's side, my lord became the most considerable person in our part of the county for the affairs of the King.

It was arranged that the regiment of Scots Greys and Dragoons, then quartered at Newbury, should declare for the King on a certain day, when likewise the gentry affected to his Majesty's cause were to come in with their tenants and adherents to Newbury, march upon the Dutch troops at Reading under Ginckel, and, these overthrown, and their indomitable little master away in Ireland, 'twas thought that our side might move on London itself, and a confident victory was predicted for the King.

As these great matters were in agitation, my lord lost his listless manner and seemed to gain health ; my lady did not scold him, Mr. Holt came to and fro, busy always ; and little Harry longed to have been a few inches taller, that he might draw a sword in this good cause.

One day, it must have been about the month of July 1690, my lord, in a great horseman's coat, under which Harry could see the shining of a steel breastplate he had on, called little Harry to him, put the hair off the child's forehead, and kissed him, and bade God bless him in such an affectionate way as he had never used before. Father Holt blessed him too, and then they took leave of my lady viscountess, who came from her apartment with a pocket-handkerchief to her eyes, and her gentlewoman and Mrs. Tusher supporting her.

" You are going to—to ride " says she. " Oh, that I might come too ! "

" We kiss my lady marchioness's hand " says Mr. Holt.

" My lord, God speed you ! " she said, stepping up and embracing my lord in a grand manner. " Mr Holt, I ask your blessing " ; and she knelt down for that, whilst Mrs. Tusher tossed her head up.

Mr. Holt gave the same benediction to the little page, who went down and held my lord's stirrups for him to mount ; there were two servants waiting there too—and they rode out of Castlewood gate.

As they crossed the bridge Harry could see an officer in scarlet ride up, touching his hat, and address my lord.

The party stopped, and came to some parley or discussion, which presently ended, my lord putting his horse into a canter after taking off his hat and making a bow to the officer who rode alongside him step for step : the trooper accompanying him falling back and riding with my lord's two men. They cantered over the Green, and behind the elms (my lord waving his hand, Harry thought), and so they disappeared.

That evening we had a great panic, the cow-boy coming at milking-time riding one of our horses which he had found grazing at the outer park wall.

All night my lady viscountess was in a very quiet and subdued mood. She scarce found fault with anybody ; she played at cards for six hours ; little page Esmond went to sleep. He prayed for my lord and the good cause before closing his eyes.

It was quite in the grey of the morning when the porter's bell rang, and old Lockwood, waking up, let in one of my lord's servants, who had gone with him in the morning, and who returned with a melancholy story.

The officer who rode up to my lord had, it appeared, said to him that it was his duty to inform his lordship that he was not under arrest, but under surveillance, and to request him not to ride abroad that day.

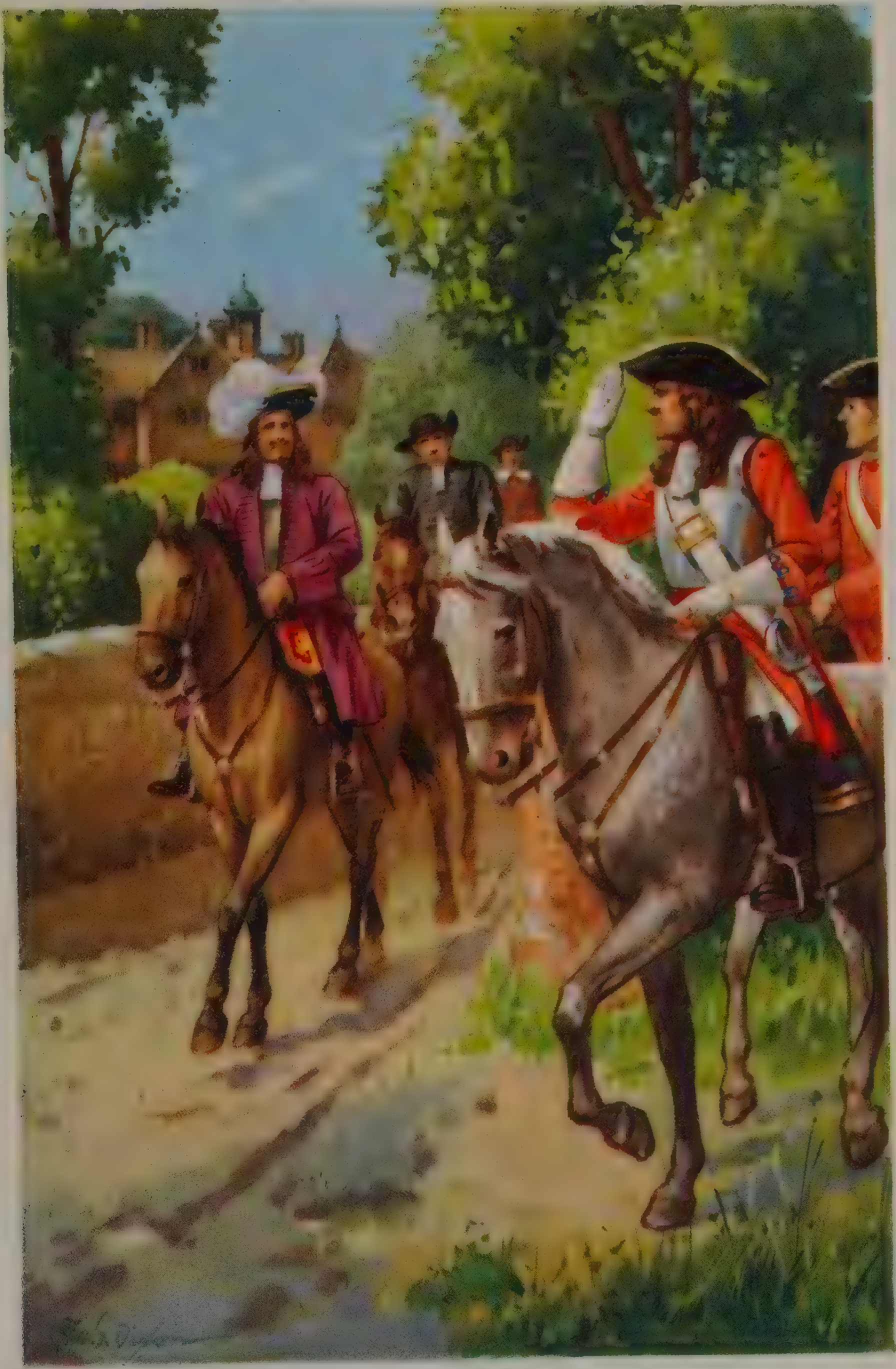
My lord replied that riding was good for his health, that if the captain chose to accompany him he was welcome, and it was then that he made a bow, and they cantered away together.

When he came on to Wansey Down, my lord all of a sudden pulled up, and the party came to a halt at the cross-way.

" Sir " says he to the officer, " we are four to two ; will you be so kind as to take that road, and leave me to go mine ? "

" Your road is mine, my lord " says the officer.

" Then " says my lord, but he had no time to say more,



LORD CASTLEWOOD AND THE OFFICER

for the officer, drawing a pistol, snapped it at his lordship ; as at the same moment Father Holt, drawing a pistol, shot the officer through the head.

It was done, and the man dead in an instant of time. The orderly, gazing at the officer, looked scared for a moment, and galloped away for his life.

" Fire ! fire ! " cries out Father Holt, sending another shot after the trooper, but the two servants were too much surprised to use their pieces, and my lord calling to them to hold their hands, the fellow got away.

" Mr. Holt " says Blaise, " gets off his horse, examines the pockets of the dead officer for papers, gives his money to us two, and says ' The wine is drawn, monsieur le marquis,'—why did he say marquis to monsieur le vicomte ?—' we must drink it.'

" The poor gentleman's horse was a better one than that I rode " Blaise continues. " Mr. Holt bids me to get on him, and so I gave a cut to Whitefoot, and she trotted home. We rode on towards Newbury ; we heard firing towards midday ; at two o'clock a horseman comes up to us as we were giving our cattle water at an inn—and says ' All is done. The Ecossois declared an hour too soon—General Ginckel was down upon them. The whole thing was at an end.

" ' And we've shot an officer on duty, and let his orderly escape ' says my lord.

" ' Blaise ' says Mr. Holt, writing two lines on his table-book, one for my lady and one for you, Master Harry ; ' you must go back to Castlewood and deliver these ' and behold me."

And he gave Harry the two papers. He read that to himself, which only said " Burn the papers in the cupboard, burn this. You know nothing about anything." Harry read this, ran upstairs to his mistress's apartment, where her gentlewoman slept near the door, made her bring a light and wake my lady, into whose hands he gave the paper.

As soon as she had the paper in her hand, Harry stepped back to the chaplain's room, opened the secret cupboard over the fireplace, burned all the papers in it, and, as he had seen the priest do before, took down one of his reverence's manuscript sermons, and half burnt that in the brazier. By the time the papers were quite destroyed it was daylight. Harry ran back to his mistress again. Her gentlewoman ushered him again into her ladyship's chamber ; she told him to bid the coach be got ready, and that she would ride away anon.

But the mysteries of her ladyship's toilet were as awfully long on this day as on any other, and long after the coach was ready my lady was still attiring herself. And just as the viscountess stepped forth from her room, ready for departure, young Job Lockwood comes running up from the village with news that a lawyer, three officers, and twenty or four-and-twenty soldiers, were marching thence upon the house. Job had but two minutes the start of them, and, ere he had well told his story, the troop rode into our courtyard.

. . . . .

At first my lady was for dying, like Mary, Queen of Scots (to whom she fancied she bore a resemblance in beauty) and, stroking her scraggy neck, said " They will find Isabel of Castlewood is equal to her fate." Her gentlewoman, Victoire, persuaded her that her prudent course was, as she could not fly, to receive the troops as though she suspected nothing, and that her chamber was the best place wherein to await them. So her black japan casket which Harry was to carry to the coach was taken back to her ladyship's chamber, whither the maid and mistress retired. Victoire came out presently, bidding the page to say her ladyship was ill, confined to her bed with the rheumatism.

By this time the soldiers had reached Castlewood. Harry Esmond saw them from the window of the tapestry parlour ; a couple of sentinels were posted at the gate—a half-dozen more walked towards the stable ; and some others, preceded by their commander, and a man in black, a lawyer probably, were conducted by one of the servants to the stair leading up to the part of the house which my lord and lady inhabited.

So the captain, a handsome kind man, and the lawyer, came through the ante-room to the tapestry parlour, where now was nobody but young Harry Esmond, the page.

" Tell your mistress, little man " says the captain kindly, " that we must speak to her."

" My mistress is ill abed " said the page.

" What complaint has she ? " asked the captain.

The boy said " The rheumatism ! "

" Rheumatism ! that's a sad complaint " continues the good-natured captain ; " and the coach is in the yard to fetch the doctor, I suppose ? "

" I don't know " says the boy.

" And how long has her ladyship been ill ? "

" I don't know " says the boy.

" When did my lord go away ? "

" Yesterday night."

" With Father Holt ? "

" With Mr. Holt."

" And which way did they travel ? " asks the lawyer.

" They travelled without me " says the page.

" We must see Lady Castlewood."

" I have orders that nobody goes in to her ladyship—she is sick " says the page ; but at this moment Victoire came out. " Hush ! " says she ; and, as if not knowing that any one was near, " What's this noise ? " says she. " Is this gentleman the doctor ? "

" Stuff ! we must see Lady Castlewood " says the lawyer, pushing by.

The curtains of her ladyship's room were down, and the chamber dark, and she was in bed with a nightcap on her head, and propped up by her pillows, looking none the less ghastly because of the red which was still on her cheeks, and which she could not afford to forgo.

" Is that the doctor ? " she said.

"There is no use with this deception, madam" Captain Westbury said (for so he was named). "My duty is to arrest the person of Thomas, Viscount Castlewood, a non-juring peer—of Thomas Tusher, Vicar of Castlewood—and Henry Holt, known under various other names and designations, a Jesuit priest, who officiated as chaplain here in the late King's time, and is now at the head of the conspiracy which was about to break out in this country against the authority of their Majesties, King William and Queen Mary—and my orders are to search the house for such papers or traces of the conspiracy as may be found here. Your ladyship will please to give me your keys, and it will be as well for yourself that you should help us, in every way, in our search."

"You see, sir, that I have the rheumatism, and cannot move" said the lady, looking uncommonly ghastly as she sat up in her bed, where however she had had her cheeks painted, and a new cap put on, so that she might at least look her best when the officers came.

"I shall take leave to place a sentinel in the chamber, so that your ladyship, in case you should wish to rise, may have an arm to lean on" Captain Westbury said. "Your woman will show me where I am to look"; and Madame Victoire, chattering in her half-French and half-English jargon, opened while the captain examined one drawer after another; but, as Harry Esmond thought, rather carelessly, with a smile on his face, as if he were only conducting the examination for form's sake.

Before one of the cupboards Victoire flung herself down, stretching out her arms, and, with a piercing shriek, cried, "*Non, jamais, monsieur l'officier! Jamais!* I will rather die than let you see this wardrobe."

But Captain Westbury would open it, still with a smile on his face, which, when the box was opened, turned into a fair burst of laughter. It contained, not papers regarding the conspiracy, but my lady's wigs, washes, and rouge-pots, and

Victoire said men were monsters, as the captain went on with his perquisition. He tapped the back to see whether or no it was hollow, and as he thrust his hands into the cupboard, my lady from her bed called out with a voice that did not sound like that of a very sick woman, " Is it your commission to insult ladies as well as to arrest gentlemen ? "

" These articles are only dangerous when worn by your ladyship " the captain said with a low bow, and a mock grin of politeness. " I have found nothing that concerns the Government as yet—only the weapons with which beauty is authorized to kill " says he, pointing to a wig with his sword-tip. " We must now proceed to search the rest of the house."

" You are not going to leave that wretch in the room with me " cried my lady, pointing to the soldier.

" What can I do, madam ? Somebody you must have to smooth your pillow and bring your medicine—permit me——"

" Sir ! " screamed out my lady.

" Madam, if you are too ill to leave the bed " the captain then said, rather sternly, " I must have in four of my men to lift you off the sheet ; I must examine this bed, in a word ; papers may be hidden in a bed as elsewhere ; we know that very well, and——"

Here it was her ladyship's turn to shriek, for the captain, with his fist shaking the pillows and bolsters, at last came to ' burn ', as they say in the play of forfeits, and wrenching away one of the pillows, said, " Look, did I not tell you so ? Here is a pillow stuffed with paper."

" Some villain has betrayed us " cried out my lady, sitting up in the bed, showing herself full dressed under her night-rail.

" And now your ladyship can move, I am sure ; permit me to give you my hand to rise. You will have to travel for some distance, as far as Hexton Castle to-night. Will you have your coach ? Your woman shall attend you if you like —and the japan-box ? "

"Sir! you don't strike a *man* when he is down" said my lady, with some dignity: "can you not spare a woman?"

"Your ladyship must please to rise and let me search the bed" said the captain; "there is no more time to lose in bandying talk."

And, without more ado, the gaunt old woman got up. Harry Esmond recollected to the end of his life that figure, with the brocade dress and the white night-rail, and the gold-clocked red stockings, and white red-heeled shoes sitting up in the bed, and stepping down from it. The trunks were ready packed for departure in her ante-room, and the horses ready harnessed in the stable: about all which the captain seemed to know, by information got from some quarter or other; and whence, Esmond could make a pretty shrewd guess in after-times, when Dr. Tusher complained that King William's Government had basely treated him for services done in that cause.

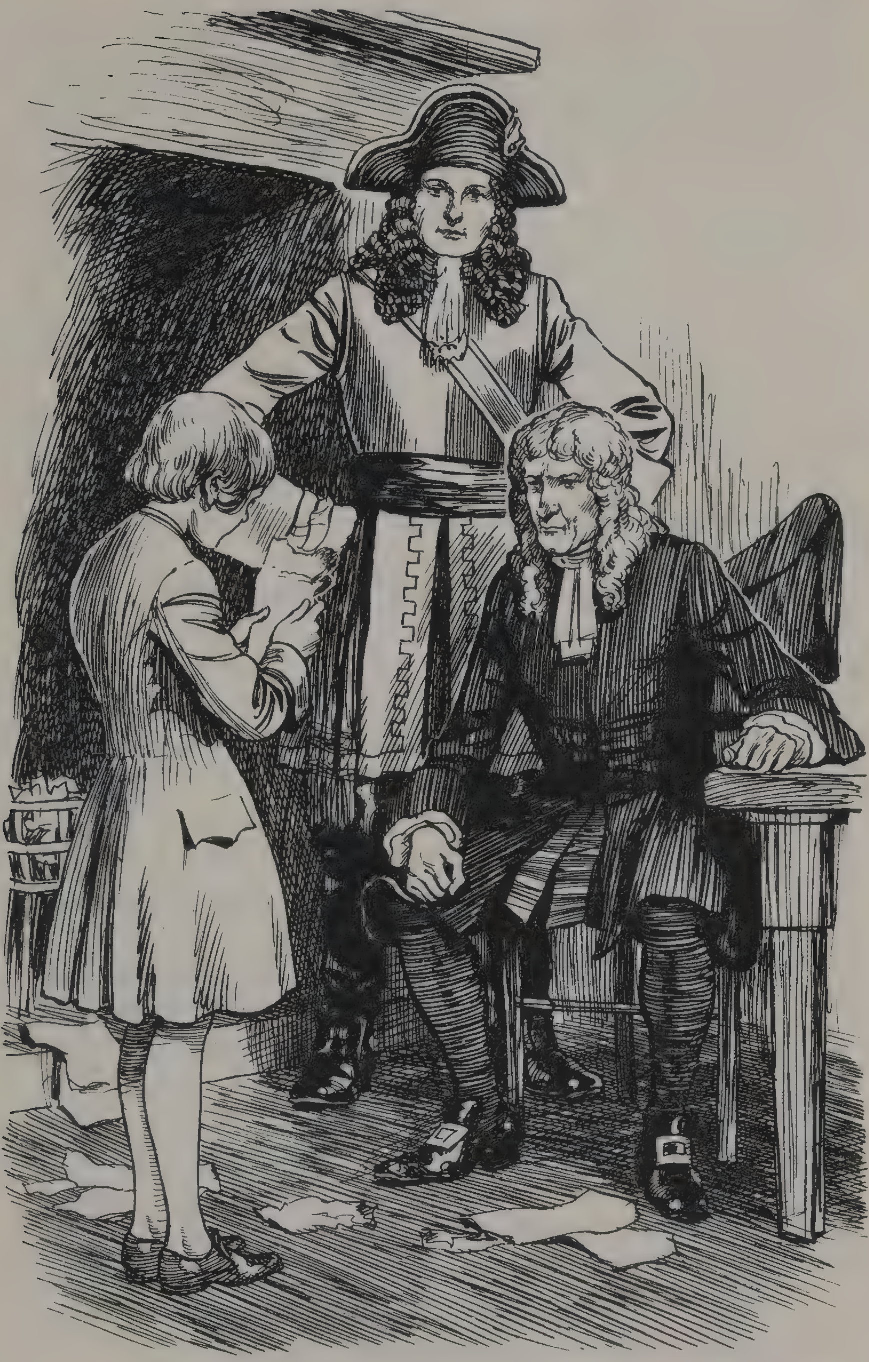
And here he may relate, though he was then too young to know all that was happening, what the papers contained of which Captain Westbury had made a seizure, and which papers had been transferred from the japan-box to the bed when the officers arrived.

There was a list of gentlemen of the county in Father Holt's handwriting—Mr. Freeman's (King James's) friends—a similar paper being found among those of Sir John Fenwick and Mr. Coplestone, who suffered death for the conspiracy.

There was a patent conferring the title of Marquis of Esmond on my Lord Castlewood, and the heirs male of his body; his appointment as lord-lieutenant of the county and major-general.

The rest were various letters from the nobility and gentry, some ardent and some doubtful, in the King's service.

The seizure of the papers effected, the gentlemen did not pursue their further search through Castlewood house very rigorously. They examined Mr. Holt's room, being led



HARRY READING THE PAPERS TO CAPTAIN WESTBURY AND THE LAWYER.

thither by his pupil, who showed, as the father had bidden him, the place where the key of his chamber lay, opened the door for the gentlemen, and conducted them into the room.

When the gentlemen came to the half-burned papers in the brazier, they examined them eagerly enough, and their young guide was a little amused at their perplexity.

“ What are these ? ” says one.

“ They’re written in a foreign language ” says the lawyer. “ What are you laughing at, little whelp ? ” adds he, turning round as he saw the boy smile.

“ Mr. Holt said they were sermons ” Harry said, “ and told me to burn them ” ; which indeed was true of those papers.

“ Sermons indeed—it’s treason, I would lay a wager ” cries the lawyer.

“ Egad ! it’s Greek to me ” says Captain Westbury. “ Can you read it, little boy ? ”

“ Yes, sir, a little ” Harry said.

“ Then read, and read in English, sir, on your peril ” said the lawyer. And Harry began to translate :—

“ Hath not one of your own writers said ‘ The children of Adam are now labouring as much as he himself ever did, about the tree of knowledge of good and evil, shaking the boughs thereof, and seeking the fruit, being for the most part unmindful of the tree of life. O blind generation ! ’tis this tree of knowledge to which the serpent has led you ’ ”—and here the boy was obliged to stop, the rest of the page being charred by the fire : and asked of the lawyer—“ Shall I go on, sir ? ”

The lawyer said—“ This boy is deeper than he seems : who knows that he is not laughing at us ? ”

“ Let’s have in Dick the Scholar ” cried Captain Westbury, laughing ; and he called to a trooper out of the window—“ Ho, Dick, come in here and construe.”

A thick-set soldier, with a square good-humoured face, came in at the summons, saluting the officer.

"Tell us what is this, Dick" says the lawyer.

"My name is Steele, sir" says the soldier. "I may be Dick for my friends, but I don't name gentlemen of your cloth amongst them."

"Well, then, Steele."

"Mr. Steele, sir, if you please. When you address a gentleman of his Majesty's Horse Guards, be pleased not to be so familiar."

"I didn't know, sir" said the lawyer.

"How should you? I take it you are not accustomed to meet with gentlemen" says the trooper.

"Hold thy prate, and read that bit of paper" says Westbury.

"'Tis Latin" says Dick, glancing at it, and again saluting his officer, "and from a sermon of Mr. Cudworth's" and he translated the words pretty much as Henry Esmond had rendered them.

"What a young scholar you are" says the captain to the boy.

"Depend on't, he knows more than he tells" says the lawyer. "I think we will pack him off in the coach with old Jezebel."

"For construing a bit of Latin?" said the captain very good-naturedly.

"I would as lief go there as anywhere," Harry Esmond said, simply, "for there is nobody here to care for me."

The horses were by this time harnessed to the coach; and the viscountess and Victoire came down and were put into the vehicle. The viscountess, giving him her lean hand to kiss, bade him always to be faithful to the house of Esmond.

So then my lady was consigned to her coach, and sent off to Hexton, with her woman and the man of law to bear her company, a couple of troopers riding on either side of the coach. And Harry was left behind at the Hall, belonging as it were to nobody, and quite alone in the world.

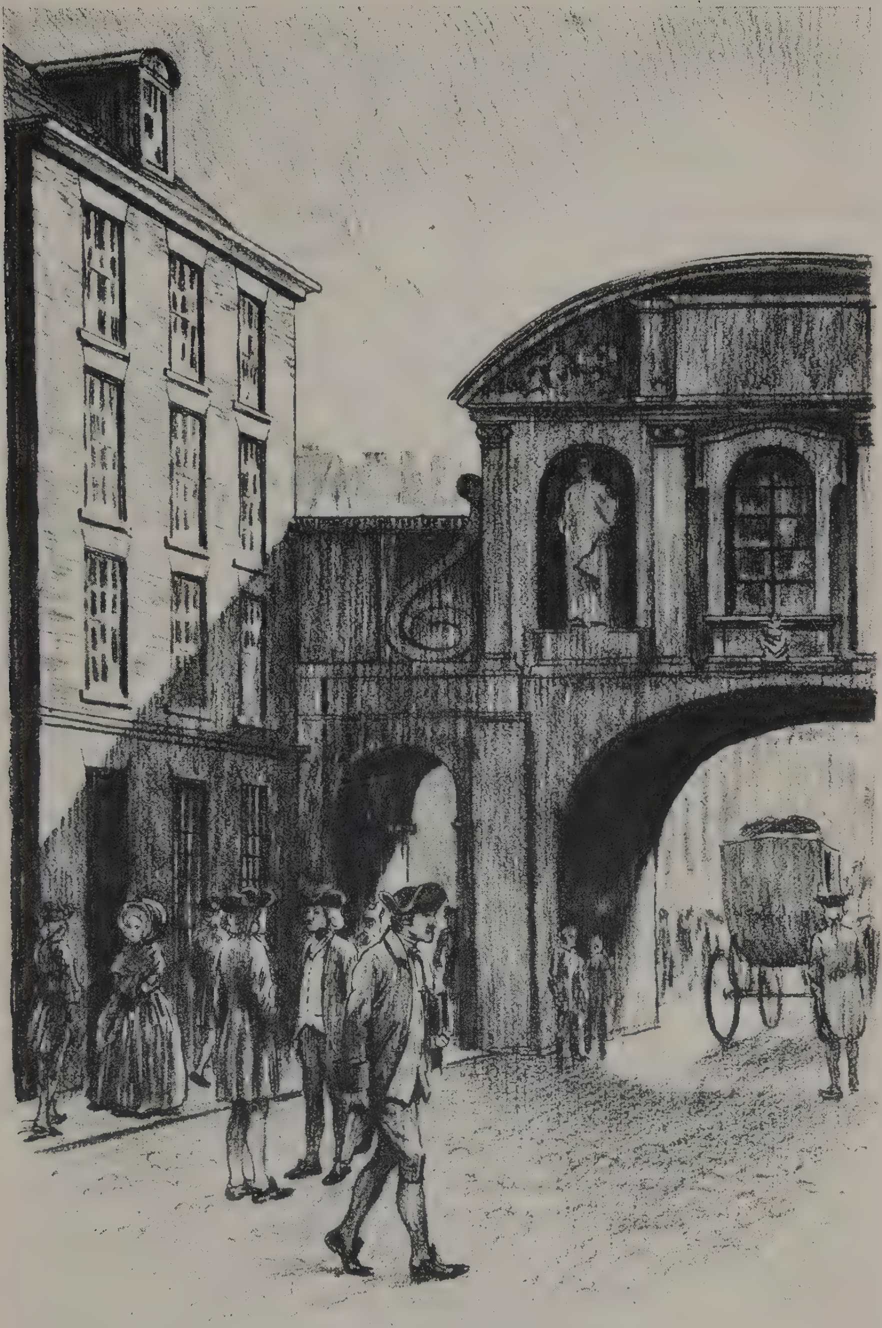
A1 AT LLOYD'S

ABOUT the year 1687 an enterprising Londoner, Edward Lloyd, opened a new coffee-house in Tower Street. The coffee-house was still a comparatively new idea ; the first one in London had been started in 1652, and had proved so successful that others followed.

These coffee-houses soon became the recognised places of resort for the more serious-minded citizens, who met there to hear the latest news and to do business with their friends. They could write letters, read the newspapers, such as they were, meet callers by appointment, collect letters addressed to them there, and enjoy a friendly chat, all for the price of a cup of coffee. Much the same might have been said about the numerous taverns, but the company at these rival establishments was apt to be too noisy and irresponsible for the sedate men of business.

Trade and industry were growing rapidly in the late 17th century, and the coffee-houses played a prominent part in this development. The goldsmith-bankers met in their favourite house, and from an idea which was first discussed there the Bank of England was formed, in 1694, to lend money to the government. Financiers naturally wanted a comfortable meeting-place near the Bank of England ; Jonathan's Coffee-House suited them admirably, and very soon this resort became known as " The Little Stock Exchange ". That was the origin of the present Stock Exchange.

Meanwhile Edward Lloyd's new venture in Tower Street had flourished. It had attracted the captains of the merchant ships tied up in the Pool of London, and the owners of these ships, and the traders who used them, also met there. This select group of clients remained faithful to Lloyd when he moved his coffee-house to more comfortable premises in Lombard Street in 1691.



AN OLD LONDON COFFEE-HOUSE.

It was in these new premises that the business for which the name of "Lloyd's" is now famous all over the world first developed. This is a form of marine insurance. Marine insurance itself is almost as old as the hills. In fact Demosthenes, the Greek orator of the fourth century B.C., gives us details of an attempted swindle based on the insurance of a non-existent cargo for a large sum of money, and the deliberate sinking of the ship which was supposed to be carrying it. The practice in Ancient Greece was for the owner of ship or cargo to borrow a sum of money on the security of his property ; if the voyage was successful he repaid it with large interest, but if the ship was lost he did not pay anything back.

The more modern system of paying a premium to cover the risk of loss on a voyage began about the year 1300, but until the system of Lloyd's coffee-house was developed it was customary for one man to bear the whole risk on any voyage. If he was unfortunate he suffered crushing losses, and sometimes a run of bad luck might find him unable to meet the claims made upon him.

Now in the company which met day by day beneath the roof of Edward Lloyd were the merchants who engaged in overseas trade, the owners of the vessels, and the financiers who were willing to take the risks of insuring ships and cargoes. These men knew the risks involved in any voyage ; they could therefore, no doubt after keen argument, come to some agreement as to the proper premium to be paid. That was one advantage of their meeting together. But there was another advantage even greater. Once the value of the ship and cargo was stated, and once the rate of premium was agreed upon, each of the financiers, or "underwriters" as they came to be called, could take up a small proportion of the risk, to the extent of his inclination at the time. There would be quite a number of them present every day, and a good captain with a good ship would soon find all the cover he wanted. And because the underwriters took only a small share in any one risk, and thus spread their commitments over many vessels, they were rarely faced with disastrous losses. The law of averages worked in their favour.

" Lloyd's " thus quickly became a watchword not merely for marine insurance, but for a peculiarly safe form of that insurance. Big joint stock companies selling insurance were still unknown, and the advantages of the system thus built up at Lloyd's coffee-house may be gauged from the fact that it is still the rule for marine insurance, although all other forms are now in the hands of the big companies.

Edward Lloyd died in 1713, but the coffee-house was kept kept going under this name. The underwriters formed themselves into a society in the middle of the 18th century, and when they moved, in 1769, to larger premises where they could hire a room for their own private use, they took the old name with them. The private room, and the fee which the new society could demand for membership, meant that undesirable men could be excluded, and the reputation of " Lloyd's ", already high, rose still higher. In 1771 the members elected a committee with full powers to look after their joint interests, and this date may be taken for the foundation of Lloyd's as it now exists. But it was not until 1928 that the corporation entered into a home of its own. Before that it had lived, since 1774, in rooms in the Royal Exchange.

The best-known ornament in the building is the *Lutine* bell. The *Lutine* was a British frigate, lost off the Dutch coast in 1799 while carrying a valuable cargo of coin and bullion to Hamburg. The bell is sounded once before the announcement of any loss, and twice before good news.

Edward Lloyd was an astute man. He soon grasped the importance of up-to-date and accurate news to his customers, and in 1696 he started publishing a thrice-weekly newspaper, giving a summary of home and foreign affairs, and reports from the larger seaports of Britain about arrivals and sailings of ships. There were no newspapers then in the modern sense of the word. The official *London Gazette* was published twice a week, but beyond a record of Court affairs there was little in it except announcements of cock-fights and lost dogs, and descriptions of " wanted " highwaymen. Little single-sheet newsletters began to appear as soon as the coming of William III put an end to the strict censorship of James II, but their writers had no organisation for collecting news, and indeed, relied mainly on what they could hear in the various coffee-houses.

Lloyd's News, as the paper was called, did not last long in its original form, but it was too valuable to be allowed to die out completely, and in 1734 it was revived as *Lloyd's List*, devoted entirely to business and shipping interests. It gradually built up an excellent news service from agents in all the big ports of the world.

Another useful invention of the men at Lloyd's is the *Register of Shipping*, first printed about 1730, although earlier lists had circulated in manuscript. This *Register* now gives details of every ship of more than 100 tons burden: name, class, date of construction, owner, dimensions, signal letters, and any other particulars necessary for identification. Underwriters can thus tell at a glance whether or not any ship is suitable for a proposed voyage.

" A1 at Lloyd's " is commonly used to mean " in first class condition ", but in one sense the metaphor is now rather out of date. If you want to move with the times you must now say that you are " 100 A1 ". That is the highest mark for a steel ship. " A1 " by itself refers to wooden ships. The letter refers to the hull, and the figure to the masts, rigging, and other equipment.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

IT was the evening of August 12th in the year of 1704. For more than two years the War of the Spanish Succession had been raging in Europe between England, Holland, Austria on the one side, and France, Spain, and Bavaria on the other. At first the English and Dutch gained several minor victories under the leadership of the Duke of Marlborough, and the French had been driven from many fortresses in the Netherlands. It had seemed that the day had almost dawned when the grasping ambition of King Louis XIV of France would be curbed. But then the fortunes of war had changed. In the next year Marlborough had been hindered by the timidity of Dutch statesmen from following up his previous successes, and many opportunities of dealing a crushing blow at the French army had been thus thrown away. By the close of the campaign in 1703 the tide seemed to have turned against England and her allies, for the enemy had pushed their way east almost to the gates of Vienna, the capital of Austria.

But the Duke of Marlborough had come to realise during the winter months that Austria must at all costs be saved, for without her help—scant though it had been hitherto—England could never win the war outright. And so he had decided to undertake a hazardous venture. At the commencement of the next campaign in the spring of 1704 he had led his army away from the Netherlands right into the heart of Germany, conquered Bavaria after the storming of the Schellenberg, and then joined the Austrian army under Prince Eugene in preparation for a great attack on the enemy, who were in readiness to overrun Austria. The French had been completely hoodwinked by Marlborough's daring march, and it was not until he was well on the way to the River Danube that it was realised he was marching to relieve Vienna. A French army had then hurried eastwards in pursuit, joined the Elector of Bavaria, and were now establishing their camp near the village of Blenheim to await the approach of their enemies.

On the evening of August 12th, the armies of Marlborough and Prince Eugene had halted to the north-east of Tapfheim, a small village within sight of Blenheim. The Duke of Marlborough was now alone in his tent studying a roughly marked chart. Outside could be heard the low murmur of voices, now and then drowned in the raucous laughter of the soldiers as they whiled away the time relating their experiences in previous campaigns. There was a spirit of jollity among the men on this night, due no doubt to the rumour that had spread round a few hours before that the enemy had at last been sighted and an advance was to be made soon after midnight.

The Duke, although deep in thought, was not deaf to the songs and laughter of his soldiers. He had been conscious of the spirit of restlessness pervading the camp of late, and knew that his men were growing weary of the long wait for the arrival of the enemy armies. But now the cloud had lifted. His own inward fears, lest the French might elude him and so render his venture useless, had vanished during the day ; for while inspecting the countryside from the church steeple at Tapfheim, he and his comrade, Prince Eugene, had sighted the enemy making preparations to pitch their camp on the plain to the west of Blenheim.

And so, with a relieved mind, he was now contemplating a plan of action. A battle was to be fought on the morrow ; upon the result would depend the future of Europe—the ambition of the French King would either be curbed or satisfied still further. The events of the preceding years had proved Louis to be a ruler possessed with a lust for dominion and power, striving now to bring Europe under his sway. But there were other thoughts crowding too into Marlborough's mind as he pondered over the forthcoming battle. He had brought his army, upon which the safety of England depended, into the heart of the enemy territory without the permission or, at first, even the knowledge of the British Government. If his venture proved a failure, he realised fully that his country would be in danger of falling a victim to France, and he himself hounded down by political enemies at home, who were only waiting for an opportunity to ruin him.

Yet for brief moments, as he pondered over the chart stretched out before him, his eyes softened and an expression of great tenderness spread over his features. A face seemed to loom up before his eyes, the beautiful face of his wife, the Duchess of Marlborough. For her his love was unfailing ; she remained ever present in his thoughts, bringing gentleness to eyes that had grown hard through long years of war, treachery and political strife.

So pre-occupied was the Duke that he was unaware of the entry of a well built soldier of medium height whose uniform and general bearing indicated high military rank.

" You are deep in thought to-night, your Grace."

The Duke quickly raised his eyes and turned towards the newcomer.

" I did not hear you come in, Prince Eugene " he said. " I trust we are able to come upon the French as stealthily in the morning."

" We'll do our best to surprise them " laughed Eugene and then added, as a roar of hearty laughter came from outside, " The men are in good spirits to-night ! "

" Yes " answered the Duke, " it is a relief to them as well as to us to know the enemy have at last placed themselves within our reach. I was beginning to have fears that they had realised success in this campaign was more likely to come to them through avoiding a battle than seeking one."

" The Elector of Bavaria would not have listened to such wise counsel anyway " retorted Prince Eugene. " I should imagine he is too eager to pay you a visit for laying waste his territory and submitting his army to such discomfort at the storming of the Schellenberg to agree to sit down and do nothing for the rest of the summer ! "

A faint smile crossed the Duke's mouth as his companion uttered these words ; then he turned round and picked up the chart he had been studying some moments before.

" We should commence our advance not later than an hour after midnight " he said, turning again to face his companion, " otherwise we shall have little chance of surprising the enemy. As to our tactics we cannot decide finally until we have obtained a closer view of the enemy's position, but I think it is certain they will attempt to hold the village of Blenheim, and I have decided that Lord Cutts in company with the Earl of Orkney shall be entrusted with the attack at that point. Do you agree ? "

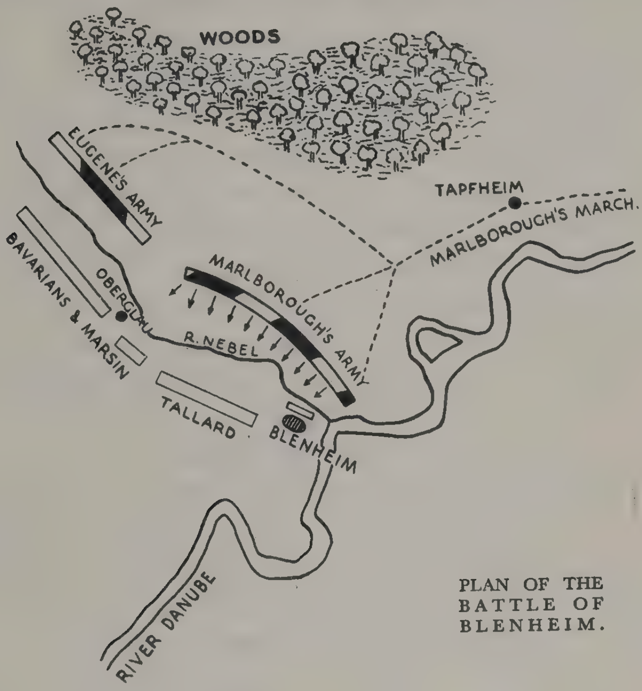
" Certainly " answered Eugene. " And are you still of the opinion that I should take the right wing ? "

" I think so unless the enemy has altered his position by the morning. The country to the west is rough and woody, and you will find it difficult ; but I can rely upon your making all possible haste to come in line with my army in the centre of the plain. Have you any other plans to suggest ? "

" No, your Grace. It is not your custom to leave out even commas for others to add ! "

" We shall, I think, be at an advantage " continued Marlborough, tactfully ignoring the compliment. " In numbers the opposing armies will be evenly matched. But the French have not now the competent Marshal Villars to direct them, and we on the other hand are free of the stifling influence of the timid-minded Prince of Baden. There is one other point. You and I are of one mind concerning the conduct of war, but I doubt if there is a similar unity among the enemy leaders. If I am right, then we must be ready to take advantage of the tactical errors which are certain to result from disagreement between Marshal Tallard, Marsin, and the Elector."

For a moment the Duke paused and remained deep in thought as if making certain he had not omitted any important point. Then apparently satisfied, he exclaimed " It is now about 10 o'clock. You look fatigued, Prince Eugene. You should take some rest before the battle."


WOODS
EUGENE'S ARMY
TAPFHEIM
MARLBOROUGH'S MARCH.
BAVARIANS & MARSIN
OBERGLAU
MARLBOROUGH'S ARMY
R. NEBEL
TALLARD
BLENHEIM
RIVER DANUBE

PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

" I think you're right " answered Eugene. " This frame of mine is not thanking me for the exertions of the past week. But you need rest more than I, your Grace ! "

" I think not " smiled the Duke. " I will take my rest after the battle."

. . . .

When dawn broke on the morning of August 13th, the armies of Marlborough and Prince Eugene had already been some hours on the march and had now reached the edge of the high ground overlooking the plain on which the enemy were encamped. The morning mist still hung low over the ground and prevented the French and Bavarians obtaining a clear view of the approaching armies. They were not expecting so early an attack, and it was not until some time later when the sun had risen to reveal Marlborough's army descending the plain that they realised their enemies were determined to force an engagement. Then all was confusion in the Franco-Bavarian camp. Trumpet sounds and excited shouts filled the air, battalions were rushed hither and thither, and orders were given only to be reversed soon afterwards.

As Marlborough advanced towards the enemy camps he was not slow to detect the confusion which his approach was causing among the French and Bavarians. It soon became clear to him that the main action should be directed at the enemy centre, as most of their infantry were on the wings and their cavalry in the centre. Consequently there would be little chance of the infantry and cavalry co-operating during the battle.

By noon, the Duke of Marlborough had reached a stream, called the Nebel, which flowed westward across the plain into the River Danube, and was now separating the opposing armies. Some few hundred yards to the west of the Danube lay the little villages of Blenheim and Oberglau which had been occupied by the French the previous day. Blenheim was now packed with soldiers under the Marquis of Clerambault, who hoped to be able to make an attack from the rear when the English army advanced. But Marlborough had anticipated that the French would occupy Blenheim and had already instructed the hardy veteran Lord Cutts, to make an assault on the village as soon as the battle commenced.

Meanwhile Prince Eugene was making slow but steady progress through the woody country to the west to take up his position on the right wing opposite the forces of Marsin and the Elector of Bavaria. Time passed ; it was after one o'clock before Eugene came into line on the extreme right ; and the Duke, becoming impatient to start the battle, rode up and down in front of his army, regardless of the stray shots from the enemy guns which tore up the ground quite near at hand.

At last the signal was given that Eugene had come into line and was ready for the battle to commence. A few moments later Marlborough's army in the centre advanced towards the marshy banks of the Nebel, while the left wing, led by Lord Cutts, made a swift charge on the village of Blenheim. The French in the village met the first attack without difficulty, the terrible accuracy of their gun fire causing wide gaps to appear in the British ranks as the soldiers fell dead in lines. The spaces were quickly filled, however, by fresh soldiers, who bravely advanced to the outskirts of Blenheim. The Duke of Marlborough, noticing the determined defence of the French in the village, sent his brother, General Churchill, with reinforcements to support the attack ; and within a short time the French had been driven back into the interior of Blenheim where they were obliged to remain pent up in the narrow streets, unable to form themselves into any order to renew the attack.

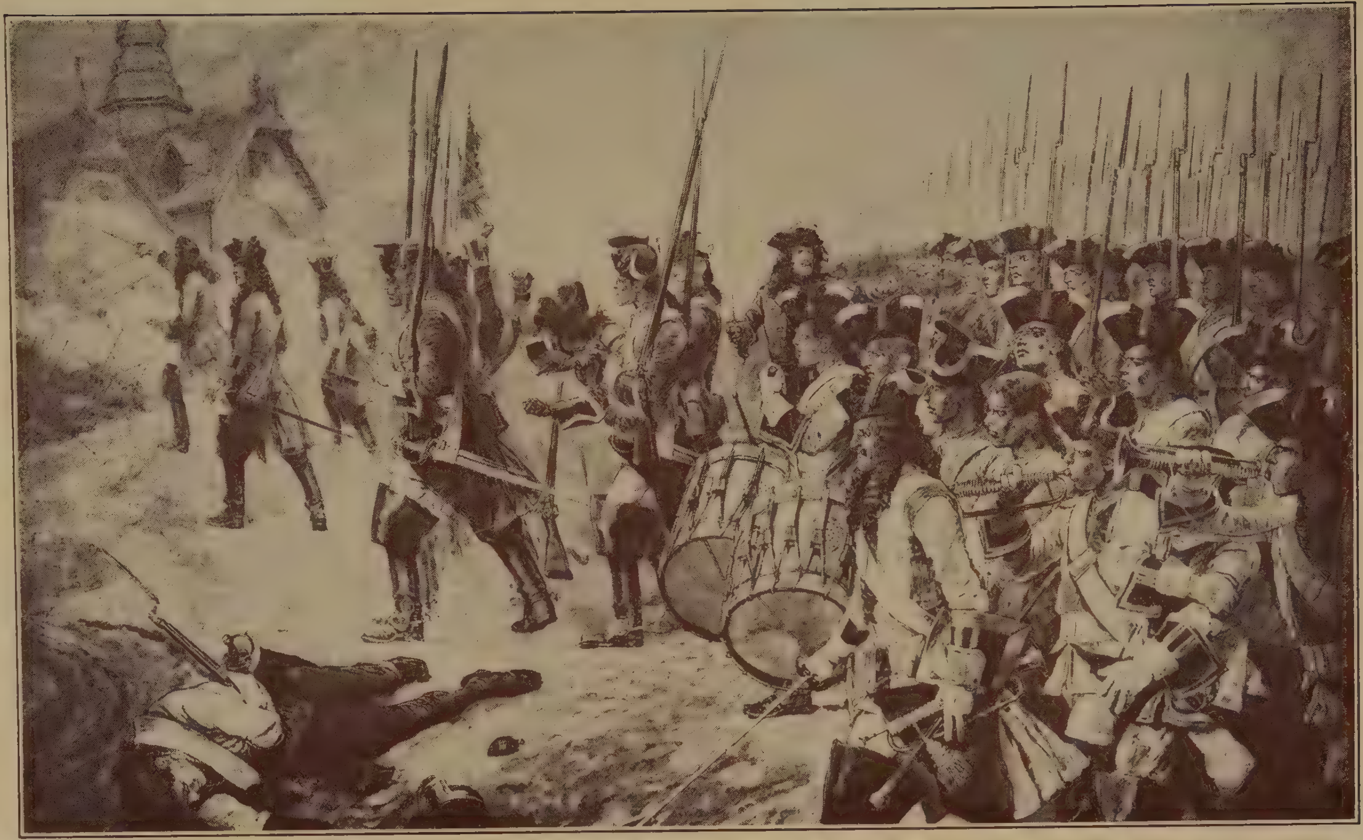
Meanwhile in the centre of the plain Marlborough with his army had taken advantage of a great blunder made by Marshal Tallard and had reached the opposite banks of the Nebel. Tallard purposely offered no resistance while his enemies crossed the stream, his scheme being to launch an attack before they had time to line up after reaching the other side, and thus drive them back to the marshy land adjoining the stream. The scheme, however, failed completely. Although the French Marshal did ultimately give orders for a charge to be made, the army under the Duke of Marlborough was sufficiently prepared after negotiating the Nebel to stand their ground against the fierce French attack.

Marshal Tallard then made another fatal error. Leaving his army in charge of subordinates he hurried off to the left wing to find out how the Elector of Bavaria and Marsin were faring against the army of Eugene. During his absence the French movements were hopelessly mismanaged and the army was deprived of the services of some 3,000 men who were called in by the Marquis of Clerambault to support the defence of Blenheim. The eagle eye of the Duke of Marlborough quickly detected the confusion in the ranks of the enemy opposite him, and he decided to carry out a series of attacks at the weak point—the French army in the centre.

His army was lined up in four ranks, the front and rear ranks being infantry and the two middle ranks cavalry. So when the French made a charge they were met by a volley of shot from Marlborough's front line of infantry. Then the cavalry rode through purposely prepared gaps in the infantry front line and attacked the enemy while they hesitated as a result of the infantry fire. After a fierce onslaught the cavalry retired, and the rear rank of infantry, which had moved forward, covered the retreat by firing a swift volley at the advancing enemy. This movement was carried out time after time, the French being repeatedly driven back in hopeless disorder at the cost of hundreds of men. But in spite of the confusion into which they were thrown by Marlborough's clever manœuvres, the ranks of the harassed French infantry and cavalry remained firm against the enemy charges. These men knew how to fight ; they had been taught too, to face death for their king like heroes.

The hours rolled swiftly by, and still the plain echoed with the roar of guns, the clash of steel, and the thud of horses' hoofs as cavalry thundered to and fro on the field of battle. It was now past six o'clock. A frown had spread over the Duke of Marlborough's face and his mind worked fast as he rallied his men again and again after a charge by the enemy. Within an hour or so dusk would be falling ; unless the French and Bavarians were shattered while it was still daylight the English would be deprived of victory, for Marlborough realised that the enemy would take the opportunity of making a safe retreat as soon as darkness began to fall.

But a drawn battle, even a moral victory, would be useless. The enemy must be defeated outright before dusk. Success depended on Marlborough's being able to smash his way through the French army in the centre of the plain. On the



BATTLE OF BLENHEIM: STORMING THE VILLAGE.

(From the painting by Caton Woodville.)

left wing Lord Cutts was preventing the French emerging from the village to take a further part in the battle ; while on the right Prince Eugene was bravely holding out against the Bavarians. If only the French ranks in the centre could be broken victory would go to the allies.

The Duke of Marlborough mustered his army for a great attack. The French centre was clearly weakening as a result of its loss of men and the constant pressure exerted on it by Marlborough's troops. All that was necessary now to bring about its collapse was for the line to be penetrated.

At a given signal a line of cavalry swept like a wave across the plain and, slowly increasing in speed as it went along, finally smashed with terrific force against the French. The enemy ranks shook, wavered for a few moments, then suddenly broke. Immediately afterwards thousands of panic-stricken French soldiers could be seen in disorderly flight, scattering in every direction. Some reached the Danube and plunged to their death into the water, but the majority were overtaken by their pursuers and either cut down in their retreat or forced to surrender. Marshal Tallard bravely stood his ground and attempted to bring about some order among his harassed men as they fled towards the river. But it was too late ; he himself was suddenly surrounded by advancing cavalrymen and taken prisoner. Being so eminent a soldier he was treated with great respect by his captors, and no sooner had the Duke of Marlborough learned of the capture of the French Marshal than he gave orders for his own coach to be put at the Frenchman's disposal to convey him under escort from the battlefield.

During the course of the battle the Elector of Bavaria and Marsin had held their ground against Prince Eugene, but on seeing the remnants of the French army in full flight with the English cavalry in hot pursuit, they gave up everything for lost and, although not defeated themselves, decided to retire in good order. Eugene's army quickly advanced, and would probably have overtaken the retreating forces had it not been so late in the evening. For during the pursuit Prince Eugene sighted masses of soldiers cutting across the plain in his direction and, not being able to distinguish in the fading light whether they were Frenchmen or Marlborough's troops, he gave the order to halt. The advancing soldiers, who were English and equally uncertain as to the identity of the troops they were approaching, halted also. It was some little time before the misunderstanding was cleared up, and by that time the retreating armies had made good their escape in the growing darkness.

During all this time the victory over the French and Bavarians was being consolidated in the vicinity of the village of Blenheim. As soon as Marlborough's troops had broken the French line in the centre, General Churchill and the Earl of Orkney had advanced round the outskirts of the village and gained command of every exit. The French were thus powerless, unable either to attack or retreat. Some made wild dashes towards the Danube close at hand, but few reached the opposite banks alive. Of the many hundreds who plunged to their death in the river on that fateful evening, was the excitable General, the Marquis de Clerambault, who abandoned his men in Blenheim and made an unsuccessful attempt to escape. Those who remained pent up in the village came to the decision that they had no alternative but surrender, although had they attempted to force their way out they might have succeeded in making good their escape ; for the British forces surrounding the village were actually smaller than the French imagined them to be. By a clever piece of bluff on the part of the Earl of Orkney, the French were deluded into thinking their position hopeless, and finally surrendered to a force far inferior in numbers to their own !

. . . .

" 'E's a marvel " exclaimed one blood-stained soldier, gazing in admiration towards the Duke of Marlborough who was resting on his horse a short distance away.

"Bin on 'is 'orse for fifteen hours" replied a comrade, "and don't look much the wuss for't either."

"Look! 'e's writin' something!" retorted the first soldier. "I wonder who 'e's writin' to."

"Tellin' 'is sharp-tongued missis about the victory, I'll be bound!" was the reply.

And the Duke of Marlborough, resting a crumpled piece of paper on the saddle of his horse, scribbled to his wife a few lines which were to become famous in British History. He wrote

> "I have not time to say more, but to beg you will give my duty to the Queen, and let her know Her Army has had a Glorious Victory. Monsieur Tallard and two other Generals are in my coach and I am following the rest: the bearer my Aide de Camp Coll. Parke will give Her an account of what has passed. I shall do it in a day or two by another more att large.
>
> Marlborough."

1745: THE RETREAT FROM DERBY

From " Waverley "

Sir Walter Scott

Seventeen hundred and forty-five was the year Charles Edward, the Young Pretender, landed in Scotland, gathered the Highlanders to his standard, seized Edinburgh, and penetrated England as far as Derby. But there his troops began to leave him, and he decided to retreat. The Edward Waverley of this story was a young captain in his army.

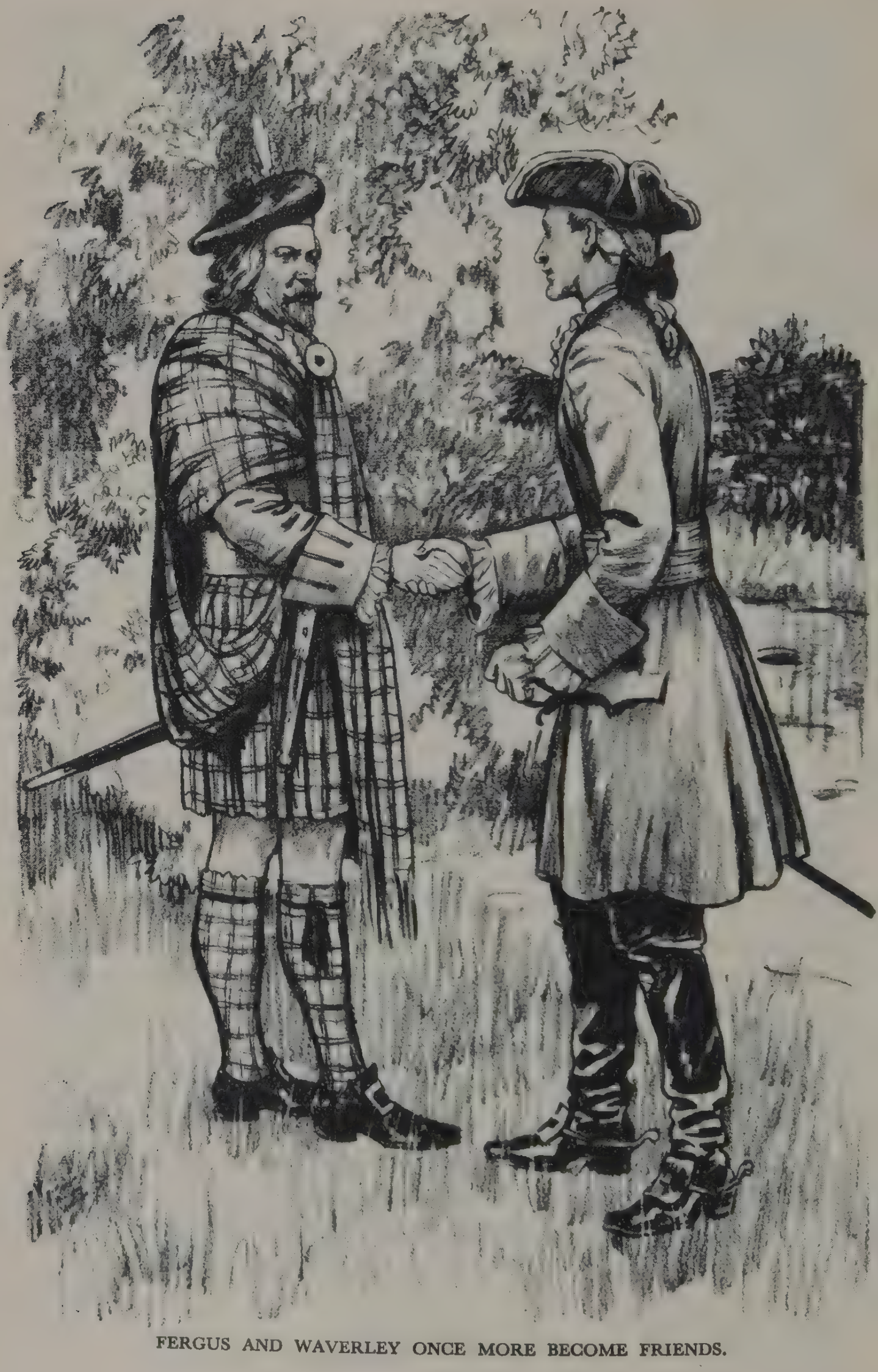
AFTER a council of war was held at Derby on the 5th of December, the Highlanders relinquished their desperate attempt to penetrate farther into England, and, greatly to the dissatisfaction of their young and daring leader, positively determined to return northward. They commenced their retreat accordingly, and, by the extreme celerity of their movements, outstripped the motions of the Duke of Cumberland, who now pursued them with a very large body of cavalry.

This retreat was a virtual resignation of their towering hopes. None had been so sanguine as Fergus Mac-Ivor ; none, consequently, was so cruelly mortified at the change of measures. He argued, or rather remonstrated, with the utmost vehemence at the council of war ; and, when his opinion was rejected, shed tears of grief and indignation. From that moment his whole manner was so much altered, that he could scarcely have been recognised for the same soaring and ardent spirit, for whom the whole earth seemed too narrow but a week before. The retreat had continued for several days, when Edward, to his surprise, early on the 12th of December, received a visit from the Chieftain in his quarters, in a hamlet about half way between Shap and Penrith.

Having had no intercourse with the Chieftain since their rupture, Edward waited with some anxiety an explanation of this unexpected visit: nor could he help being surprised, and somewhat shocked, with the change in his appearance. His eye had lost much of its fire; his cheek was hollow, his voice was languid, even his gait seemed less firm and elastic than it was wont; and his dress, to which he used to be particularly attentive, was now carelessly flung about him. He invited Edward to walk out with him by the little river in the vicinity, and smiled in a melancholy manner when he observed him take down and buckle on his sword.

As soon as they were in a wild sequestered path by the side of the stream, the Chief broke out—" Our fine adventure is now totally ruined, Waverley, and I wish to know what you intend to do—nay, never stare at me, man. I tell you I received a packet from my sister yesterday, and, had I got the information it contains sooner, it would have prevented a quarrel, which I am always vexed when I think of. In a letter written after our dispute, I acquainted her with the cause of it; and she now replies to me, that she never had, nor could have, any purpose of giving you encouragement; so that it seems I have acted like a madman. Poor Flora! she writes in high spirits; what a change will the news of this unhappy retreat make in her state of mind!"

Waverley, who was really much affected by the deep tone of melancholy with which Fergus spoke, affectionately entreated him to banish from his remembrance any unkindness which had arisen between them, and they once more shook hands, but now with sincere cordiality. Fergus again inquired of Waverley what he intended to do. " Had you not better leave this luckless army, and get down before us into Scotland, and embark for the Continent, from some of the eastern ports that are still in our possession? When you are out of the kingdom, your friends will easily negotiate your pardon."



FERGUS AND WAVERLEY ONCE MORE BECOME FRIENDS.

" How " answered Edward " can you advise me to desert the expedition in which we are all embarked ? "

" Embarked ? " said Fergus ; " the vessel is going to pieces, and it is full time for all who can to get into the long-boat and leave her."

" Why, what will other gentlemen do ? " answered Waverley, " and why did the Highland Chiefs consent to this retreat, if it is so ruinous ? "

" Oh " replied Mac-Ivor " they think that, as on former occasions, the heading, hanging, and forfeiting, will chiefly fall to the lot of the Lowland gentry ; that they will be left secure in their poverty and their fastnesses, there, according to their proverb, ' to listen to the wind upon the hill till the waters abate.' But they will be disappointed ; they have been too often troublesome to be so repeatedly passed over, and this time John Bull has been too heartily frightened to recover his humour for some time. The Hanoverian ministers always deserved to be hanged for rascals ; but now, if they get the power into their hands—as, sooner or later, they must, since there is neither rising in England nor assistance from France—they will deserve the gallows as fools, if they leave a single clan in the Highlands in a situation to be again troublesome to government. Ay, they will make root-and-branch work, I warrant them."

" And while you recommend flight to me " said Edward "—a counsel which I would rather die than embrace—what are your own views ? "

" Oh " answered Fergus, with a melancholy air, " my fate is settled. Dead or captive I must be before to-morrow."

" What do you mean by that, my friend ? " said Edward. " The enemy is still a day's march in our rear, and if he comes up, we are still strong enough to keep him in check. Remember Gladsmuir."

" What I tell you is true notwithstanding, so far as I am individually concerned."

"Upon what authority can you found so melancholy a prediction?" asked Waverley.

"Upon one which never failed a person of my house. I have seen" he said, lowering his voice, "I have seen the Bodach Glas."

"Bodach Glas?"

"Yes: have you been so long at Glennaquoich, and never heard of the Grey Spectre? though there is a certain reluctance among us to mention him."

"No, never."

"Ah! it would have been a tale for poor Flora to have told you. Or, if that hill were Benmore, and that long blue lake, which you see just winding towards yon mountainous country, were Loch Tay, or my own Loch an Ri, the tale would be better suited with scenery. However, let us sit down on this knoll; even Saddleback and Ullswater will suit what I have to say better than the English hedgerows, enclosures, and farm-houses. You must know, then, that when my ancestor, Ian nan Chaistel, wasted Northumberland, there was associated with him in the expedition a sort of Southland Chief, or captain of a band of Lowlanders, called Halbert Hall. In their return through the Cheviots, they quarrelled about the division of the great booty they had acquired, and came from words to blows. The Lowlanders were cut off to a man, and their chief fell the last, covered with wounds by the sword of my ancestor. Since that time his spirit has crossed the Vich Ian Vohr on the day when any great disaster was impending, but especially before approaching death. My father saw him twice; once before he was made prisoner at Sheriff-Muir; another time on the morning of the day on which he died."

"How can you, my dear Fergus, tell such nonsense with a grave face?"

"I do not ask you to believe it; but I tell you the truth, ascertained by three hundred years' experience at least, and last night by my own eyes."

" The particulars, for heaven's sake ! " said Waverley, with eagerness.

" I will, on condition you will not attempt a jest on the subject. Since this unhappy retreat commenced, I have scarce ever been able to sleep for thinking of my clan, and of this poor Prince, whom they are leading back like a dog on a string, whether he will or no, and of the downfall of my family. Last night I felt so feverish that I left my quarters, and walked out, in the hopes that the keen frosty air would brace my nerves—I cannot tell how much I dislike going on, for I know you will hardly believe me. However—I crossed a small footbridge, and kept walking backwards and forwards, when I observed with surprise, by the clear moonlight, a tall figure in a grey plaid, such as shepherds wear in the south of Scotland, which, move at what pace I would, kept regularly about four yards before me."

" You saw a Cumberland peasant in his ordinary dress, probably."

" No ; I thought so at first, and was astonished at the man's audacity in daring to dog me. I called to him, but received no answer. I felt an anxious throbbing at my heart, and to ascertain what I dreaded, I stood still, and turned myself on the same spot successively to the four points of the compass. By Heaven, Edward, turn where I would, the figure was instantly before my eyes, at precisely the same distance ! I was then convinced it was the Bodach Glas. My hair bristled, and my knees shook. I manned myself, however, and determined to return to my quarters. My ghastly visitant glided before me (for I cannot say he walked), until he reached the footbridge : there he stopped, and turned full round. I must either wade the river, or pass him as close as I am to you. A desperate courage, founded on the belief that my death was near, made me resolve to make my way in spite of him. I made the sign of the cross, drew my sword, and uttered, ' In the name of God, Evil Spirit, give place ! ' ' Vich Ian Vohr ' it said, in a voice that made my very blood curdle, ' beware of to-morrow!' It seemed at that moment not half a yard from my sword's point; but the words were no sooner spoken than it was gone, and nothing appeared further to obstruct my passage. I got home, and threw myself on my bed, where I spent a few hours heavily enough; and this morning, as no enemy was reported to be near us, I took my horse, and rode forward to make up matters with you. I would not willingly fall until I am in charity with a wronged friend."

Edward had little doubt that this phantom was the operation of an exhausted frame and depressed spirits, working on the belief common to all Highlanders in such superstitions. He did not the less pity Fergus, for whom, in his present distress, he felt all his former regard revive. With the view of diverting his mind from these gloomy images, he offered, with the Baron's permission, which he knew he could readily obtain, to remain in his quarters till Fergus's corps should come up, and then to march with them as usual. The Chief seemed much pleased, yet hesitated to accept the offer.

"We are, you know, in the rear—the post of danger in a retreat."

"And therefore the post of honour."

"Well" replied the Chieftain, "let Alick have your horse in readiness, in case we should be overmatched, and I shall be delighted to have your company once more."

The rear-guard were late in making their appearance, having been delayed by various accidents, and by the badness of the roads. At length they entered the hamlet. When Waverley joined the clan Mac-Ivor, arm-in-arm with their Chieftain, all the resentment they had entertained against him seemed blown off at once. Evan Dhu received him with a grin of congratulation; and even Callum, who was running about as active as ever, pale indeed, and with a great patch on his head, appeared delighted to see him.

"That gallows-bird's skull" said Fergus "must be harder than marble: the lock of the pistol was actually broken."

" How could you strike so young a lad so hard ? " said Waverley with some interest.

" Why, if I did not strike hard sometimes, the rascals would forget themselves."

They were now in full march, every caution being taken to prevent surprise. Fergus's people, and a fine clan regiment from Badenoch, commanded by Cluny Mac-Pherson, had the rear. They had passed a large open moor, and were entering into the enclosures which surround a small village called Clifton. The winter sun had set, and Edward began to rally Fergus upon the false predictions of the Grey Spirit. " The Ides of March are not past," said Mac-Ivor, with a smile ; when, suddenly casting his eyes back on the moor, a large body of cavalry was indistinctly seen to hover upon its brown and dark surface. To line the enclosures facing the open ground, and the road by which the enemy must move from it upon the village, was the work of a short time. While these manœuvres were accomplishing, night sank down, dark and gloomy, though the moon was at full. Sometimes, however, she gleamed forth a dubious light upon the scene of action.

The Highlanders did not long remain undisturbed in the defensive position they had adopted. Favoured by night, one large body of dismounted dragoons attempted to force the enclosures, while another, equally strong, strove to penetrate by the high road. Both were received by such a heavy fire as disconcerted their ranks, and effectually checked their progress. Unsatisfied with the advantage thus gained, Fergus, to whose ardent spirit the approach of danger seemed to restore all its elasticity, drawing his sword, and calling out " Claymore ! " encouraged his men, by voice and example, to break through the hedge which divided them, and rush down upon the enemy. Mingling with the dismounted dragoons, they forced them, at the sword-point, to fly to the open moor, where a considerable number were cut to pieces. But the moon, which suddenly shone out, showed to the

English the small number of assailants, disordered by their own success. Two squadrons of horse moving to the support of their companions, the Highlanders endeavoured to recover the enclosures. But several of them, amongst others their brave Chieftain, were cut off and surrounded before they could effect their purpose. Waverley, looking eagerly for Fergus, from whom, as well as from the retreating body of his followers, he had been separated in the darkness and tumult, saw him, with Evan Dhu and Callum, defending themselves desperately against a dozen of horsemen, who were hewing at them with their long broadswords. The moon was again at that moment totally overclouded, and Edward in the obscurity could neither bring aid to his friends, nor discover which way lay his own road to rejoin the rear-guard. After once or twice narrowly escaping being slain or made prisoner by parties of the cavalry whom he encountered in the darkness, he at length concluded himself in safety.

THE HEROIC WOLTEMAAD

K. P. Thunberg

In 1773, one of the trading vessels of the Dutch East India Company, the *Jonge Thomas*, was driven ashore in a violent gale at the mouth of the Salt River on the eastern side of Table Bay. The following excerpt is from the account of the shipwreck by Karl Peter Thunberg in his book of *Travels* published originally in Latin and translated into English in 1795. Thunberg came to the Cape from Sweden in 1771 to collect plants many South African species of which he introduced to the botanists of Europe. He was a famous botanist and a pupil of the great Linnaeus whom he succeeded as professor of botany at Upsala University.

Wolfrand Woltemaad (or Woltemade) is one of South Africa's national heroes. In his day his brave deed passed unnoticed by the Governor Van Plettenburg and the authorities at the Cape, but subsequently the Dutch East India Company in Holland honoured his memory by naming one of their ships *The Hero Woltemade.* Today a district near Cape Town bears his name.

ON the 1st June, being Whit Monday, there arose a very high north-west wind, with violent hurricanes and showers of rain ; at night, in this storm, the *Jonge Thomas*, one of the four ships belonging to the Company, that were still in the road, having lost all its anchors, one after the other, was driven on the sands near the shore, at Zout rivier, and, in consequence of its heavy lading, split into two pieces in the middle. The surge rose to an amazing height on the shores towards this side, and Zout rivier was so swollen that it was almost impassable. Independently of the loss sustained by the Company, as well in ships as merchandise, there perished also unfortunately on this occasion a number of the crew, who, for the want of assistance, were lost, and met with a deplorable death very near the land. Only 65 men escaped, 149 being unhappily drowned.

The ship had scarcely struck, which happened just at daybreak, when the most efficacious expedients were used to save as much as possible of the Company's property that might chance to be thrown on shore, though I could not perceive that the least care was taken to deliver a single soul of the crew from their forlorn and miserable situation. Thirty men were instantly ordered out, with a stripling of a lieutenant, from the citadel, to the place where the ship lay, in order to keep a strict look-out and prevent any of the Company's effects from being stolen ; and a gibbet was erected, and at the same time an edict issued, importing that whoever should come near the spot should be hanged immediately, without trial or sentence of judgment being passed upon him. This was the cause that the compassionate inhabitants, who had gone out on horseback to afford the wretched sufferers some assistance, were obliged to turn back without being able to do them the least service ; but, on the contrary, were, together with me, ocular witnesses of the brutality and want of feeling shown by certain persons on this occasion, who did not bestow a thought on affording their fellow creatures that sat on the wreck perishing with cold, hunger, and thirst, and were almost in the arms of death, the least assistance or relief. . . .

An action that does great honour to humanity deserves the more to be recorded here, as it shows that at all times, and in all places, there are both good and considerate people, as well as such as have nothing human but the shape. An old man, of the name of Woltemaad, by birth an European, who was at this time the keeper of the beasts in the menagerie near the garden, had a son in the citadel, who was a corporal and among the first who had been ordered out to Paarden Island (Horse Island) where a guard was to be set for the preservation of the wrecked goods. This worthy veteran borrowed a horse, and rode out in the morning with a bottle of wine and a loaf of bread for his son's breakfast. This happened so early that the gibbet had not yet been erected, nor the edict posted up, to point out to the traveller the nearest road to eternity. This hoary sire had no sooner delivered to his son the refreshments he had brought him, and heard the lamentations of the distressed crew from the wreck, than he resolved to ride his horse, which was a good swimmer, to the wreck, with a view of saving some of them. He repeated this dangerous trip six times more, bringing each time two men alive on shore, and thus saved in all fourteen persons. The horse was by this time so much fatigued that he did not think it prudent to venture out again ; but the cries and entreaties of the poor wretches on the wreck increasing, he ventured to take one trip more, which proved so unfortunate that he lost his own life, as on this occasion too many from the wreck rushed upon him at once, some catching hold of the horse's tail, and others of the bridle, by which means the horse, both wearied out and now too heavy laden, turned head over heels, and all were drowned together. This noble and heroic action of a superannuated old man sufficiently shows that a great many lives might probably have been saved, if a strong rope had been fastened by one end to the wreck, and by the other to the shore. Along this rope either a basket or a large copper vessel might have been hauled to and from the ship, with a man in it each time. When the storm and waves had subsided, the ship was found to lie at so small distance from the land that one might have almost leaped from it on shore.

THE NO POPERY RIOTS

From " Barnaby Rudge "

Charles Dickens

In 1780 the events recorded here took place. Parliament had passed a bill allowing Roman Catholics to buy land and to inherit it. The ignorant and half-starved mob, easily deluded and inflamed by fanatics, proceeded to do much damage, and Newgate Prison was burned. Several hundred persons were killed and wounded before the riots were quelled. Lord George Gordon was the leader of the rioters.

THE mob had been divided from its first assemblage into four divisions: the London, the Westminster, the Southwark, and the Scotch. Each of these divisions being subdivided into various bodies, and these bodies being drawn up in various forms and figures, the general arrangement was, except to the few chiefs and leaders, as unintelligible as the plan of a great battle to the meanest soldier in the field. It was not without its method, however; for, in a very short space of time after being put in motion, the crowd had resolved itself into three great parties, and were prepared, as had been arranged, to cross the river by different bridges, and make for the House of Commons in separate detachments.

At the head of the division which had Westminster Bridge for its approach to the scene of action, Lord George Gordon took his post ; with Gashford at his right hand, and sundry ruffians, of most unpromising appearance, forming a kind of staff about him. The conduct of a second party, whose route lay by Blackfriars, was entrusted to a committee of management, including perhaps a dozen men : while the third, which was to go by London Bridge, and through the main streets, in order that their numbers and their serious intentions might be the better known and appreciated by the citizens, were led by Simon Tappertit (assisted by a few subalterns, selected by the Brotherhood of United Bull-dogs), Dennis the hangman, Hugh, and some others.

The word of command being given, each of these great bodies took the road assigned to it, and departed on its way, in perfect order and profound silence. That which went through the City greatly exceeded the others in number, and was of such prodigious extent that when the rear began to move, the front was nearly four miles in advance, notwithstanding that the men marched three abreast and followed very close upon each other.

At the head of this party, in the place where Hugh, in the madness of his humour, had stationed him, and walking between that dangerous companion and the hangman, went Barnaby; as many a man among the thousands who looked on that day afterwards remembered well. Forgetful of all other things in the ecstasy of the moment, his face flushed and his eyes sparkling with delight, heedless of the weight of the great banner he carried, and mindful only of its flashing in the sun and rustling in the summer breeze, on he went, proud, happy, elated past all telling—the only light-hearted, undesigning creature in the whole assembly.

"What do you think of this ?" asked Hugh, as they passed through the crowded streets, and looked up at the windows which were thronged with spectators. "They have all turned out to see our flags and streamers ? Eh, Barnaby ? Why, Barnaby's the greatest man of all the pack ! His flag's the largest of the lot, the brightest too. There's nothing in the show like Barnaby. All eyes are turned on him. Ha, ha, ha !"

"Don't make that din, brother" growled the hangman, glancing with no very approving eyes at Barnaby as he spoke: "I hope he don't think there's nothing to be done but carrying that there piece of blue rag, like a boy at a breaking up.

You're ready for action, I hope, eh? You, I mean" he added, nudging Barnaby roughly with his elbow. "What are you staring at? Why don't you speak?"

Barnaby had been gazing at his flag, and looked vacantly from his questioner to Hugh.

"He don't understand your way" said the latter. "Here, I'll explain it to him. Barnaby, old boy, attend to me."

"I'll attend" said Barnaby, looking anxiously round; "but I wish I could see her somewhere."

"See who?" demanded Dennis in a gruff tone. "You an't in love, I hope, brother? That an't the sort of thing for us, you know. We must have no love here."

"She would be proud indeed to see me now, eh, Hugh?" said Barnaby. "Wouldn't it make her glad to see me at the head of this large show? She'd cry for joy, I know she would. Where *can* she be? She never sees me at my best, and what do I care to be gay and fine if *she's* not by?"

"Why, what palaver's this?" asked Mr. Dennis with supreme disdain. "We an't got no sentimental members among us, I hope."

"Don't be uneasy, brother" cried Hugh; "he's only talking of his mother."

"Of his what?" said Mr. Dennis with a strong oath.

"His mother."

"And I have combined myself with this here section, and turned out on this here memorable day, to hear men talk about their mothers!" growled Mr. Dennis with extreme disgust. "The notion of a man's sweetheart's bad enough, but a man's mother!"—and here his disgust was so extreme that he spat upon the ground, and could say no more.

"Barnaby's right" cried Hugh with a grin, "and I say it. Lookee, bold lad. If she's not here to see, it's because I've provided for her, and sent half a dozen gentlemen, every one of 'em with a blue flag (but not half as fine as yours) to take her, in state, to a grand house all hung round with gold and silver banners, and everything else you please, where she'll wait till you come, and want for nothing."

"Ay!" said Barnaby, his face beaming with delight, "have you indeed? That's good hearing. That's fine! Kind Hugh!"

"But nothing to what will come, bless you" retorted Hugh, with a wink at Dennis, who regarded his new companion-in-arms with great astonishment.

"No, indeed?" cried Barnaby.

"Nothing at all" said Hugh. "Money, cocked hats and feathers, red coats and gold lace; all the fine things there are, ever were, or will be, will belong to us if we are true to that noble gentleman—the best man in the world—carry our flags for a few days, and keep 'em safe. That's all we've got to do."

"Is that all?" cried Barnaby with glistening eyes, as he clutched his pole the tighter; "I warrant you I keep this one safe, then. You have put it in good hands. You know me, Hugh. Nobody shall wrest this flag away."

"Well said!" cried Hugh. "Ha, ha! Nobly said! That's the old stout Barnaby. Don't you see, man" he added in a whisper, as he slipped to the other side of Dennis, "that the lad's a natural, and can be got to do anything, if you take him the right way. Letting alone the fun he is, he's worth a dozen men, in earnest, as you'd find if you tried a fall with him. Leave him to me. You shall soon see whether he's of use or not."

Mr. Dennis received these explanatory remarks with many nods and winks, and softened his behaviour towards Barnaby from that moment. Hugh, laying his finger on his nose, stepped back into his former place, and they proceeded in silence.

It was between two and three o'clock in the afternoon when the three great parties met at Westminster, and, uniting into one huge mass, raised a tremendous shout. This was not only done in token of their presence, but as a signal to those on whom the task devolved, that it was time to take possession of the lobbies of both Houses, and of the various avenues of approach, and of the gallery stairs. To the last-named place, Hugh and Dennis, still with their pupil between them, rushed straightway ; Barnaby having given his flag into the hands of one of their own party, who kept them at the outer door. Their followers pressing on behind, they were borne as on a great wave to the very doors of the gallery, whence it was impossible to retreat, even if they had been so inclined, by reason of the throng which choked up the passages. It is a familiar expression in describing a great crowd, that a person might have walked upon the people's heads. In this case it was actually done ; for a boy who had by some means got among the concourse, and was in imminent danger of suffocation, climbed to the shoulders of a man beside him and walked upon the people's hats and heads into the open street ; traversing in his passage the whole length of two staircases and a long gallery. Nor was the swarm without less dense ; for a basket which had been tossed into the crowd was jerked from head to head, and shoulder to shoulder, and went spinning and whirling on above them, until it was lost to view, without ever once falling in among them or coming near the ground.

Through this vast throng, sprinkled doubtless here and there with honest zealots, but composed for the most part of the very scum and refuse of London, whose growth was fostered by bad criminal laws, bad prison regulations, and the worst conceivable police, such of the members of both Houses of Parliament as had not taken the precaution to be already at their posts, were compelled to fight and force their way. Their carriages were stopped and broken ; the wheels wrenched off ; the glasses shivered to atoms ; the panels beaten in ; drivers, footmen, and masters, pulled from their seats and rolled in the mud. Lords, commoners, and reverend bishops, with little distinction of person or party, were kicked and pinched and hustled ; passed from hand to hand through various stages of ill-usage ; and sent to their fellow-senators at last with their clothes hanging in ribands about them, their bagwigs torn off, themselves speechless and breathless, and their persons covered with the powder which had been cuffed and beaten out of their hair. One lord was so long in the hands of the populace, that the peers as a body resolved to sally forth and rescue him, and were in the act of doing so, when he happily appeared among them covered with dirt and bruises, and hardly to be recognised by those who knew him best. The noise and uproar were on the increase every moment. The air was filled with execrations, hoots and howlings. The mob raged and roared, like a mad monster as it was, unceasingly, and each new outrage served to swell its fury.

Within doors, matters were even yet more threatening. Lord George—preceded by a man who carried the immense petition on a porter's knot through the lobby to the door of the House of Commons, where it was received by two officers of the House who rolled it up to the table ready for presentation—had taken his seat at an early hour, before the Speaker went to prayers. His followers pouring in at the same time, the lobby and all the avenues were immediately filled, as we have seen. Thus the members were not only attacked in their passage through the streets, but were set upon within the very walls of Parliament; while the tumult, both within and without, was so great, that those who attempted to speak could scarcely hear their own voices: far less, consult upon the course it would be wise to take in such extremity, or animate each other to firm and dignified resistance. So sure as any member, just arrived, with dress disordered and dishevelled hair, came struggling through the crowd in the lobby, it yelled and screamed in triumph; and when the door of the House, partially and cautiously opened by those within for his admission, gave them a momentary glimpse of the interior, they grew more wild and savage, like beasts at the sight of prey, and made a rush against the portal which strained its locks and bolts in their staples, and shook the very beams.

The Strangers' Gallery, which was immediately above the door of the House, had been ordered to be closed on the first rumour of disturbance, and was empty ; save that now and then Lord George took his seat there, for the convenience of coming to the head of the stairs which led to it, and repeating to the people what had passed within. It was on these stairs that Barnaby, Hugh, and Dennis were posted. There were two flights, short, steep, and narrow, running parallel to each other, and leading to two little doors communicating with a low passage which opened on the gallery. Between them was a kind of well, or unglazed skylight, for the admission of light and air into the lobby, which might be some eighteen or twenty feet below.

Upon one of these little staircases—not that at the head of which Lord George appeared from time to time, but the other—Gashford stood with his elbow on the bannister, and his cheek resting on his hand, with his usual crafty aspect. Whenever he varied this attitude in the slightest degree—so much as by the gentlest motion of his arm—the uproar was certain to increase, not merely there, but in the lobby below ; from which place, no doubt, some man who acted as fugleman to the rest, was constantly looking up and watching him.

" Order ! " cried Hugh, in a voice which made itself heard even above the roar and tumult, as Lord George appeared at the top of the staircase. " News ! News from my lord ! "

The noise continued, notwithstanding his appearance, until Gashford looked round. There was silence immediately—even among the people in the passages without, and on the other staircases, who could neither see nor hear, but to whom, notwithstanding, the signal was conveyed with marvellous rapidity.

" Gentlemen " said Lord George, who was very pale and agitated, " we must be firm. They talk of delays, but we must have no delays. They talk of taking your petition into consideration next Tuesday, but we must have it considered now. Present appearances look bad for our success, but we must succeed, and will ! "

" We must succeed and will ! " echoed the crowd. And so among their shouts and cheers and other cries, he bowed to them and retired, and presently came back again. There was another gesture from Gashford, and a dead silence directly.

" I am afraid " he said, this time, " that we have little reason, gentlemen, to hope for any redress from the proceedings of Parliament. But we must redress our own grievances, we must meet again, we must put our trust in Providence, and it will bless our endeavours."

This speech being a little more temperate than the last, was not so favourably received. When the noise and exasperation were at their height, he came back once more, and told them that the alarm had gone forth for many miles round ; that when the King heard of their assembling together in that great body, he had no doubt, his Majesty would send down private orders to have their wishes complied with ; and—with the manner of his speech as childish, irresolute, and uncertain as his matter—was proceeding in this strain, when two gentlemen suddenly appeared at the door where he stood, and pressing past him and coming a step or two lower down upon the stairs, confronted the people.

The boldness of this action took them by surprise. They were not the less disconcerted when one of the gentlemen, turning to Lord George, spoke thus—in a loud voice that they might hear him well, but quite coolly and collectedly :

" You may tell these people, if you please, my lord, that I am General Conway of whom they have heard, and that I oppose this petition, and all their proceedings, and yours. I am a soldier, you may tell them, and I will protect the freedom of this place with my sword. You see, my lord, that the members of this House are all in arms to-day ; you know that the entrance to it is a narrow one ; you cannot be ignorant that there are men within these walls who are determined to defend that pass to the last, and before whom many lives must fall if your adherents persevere. Have a care what you do."

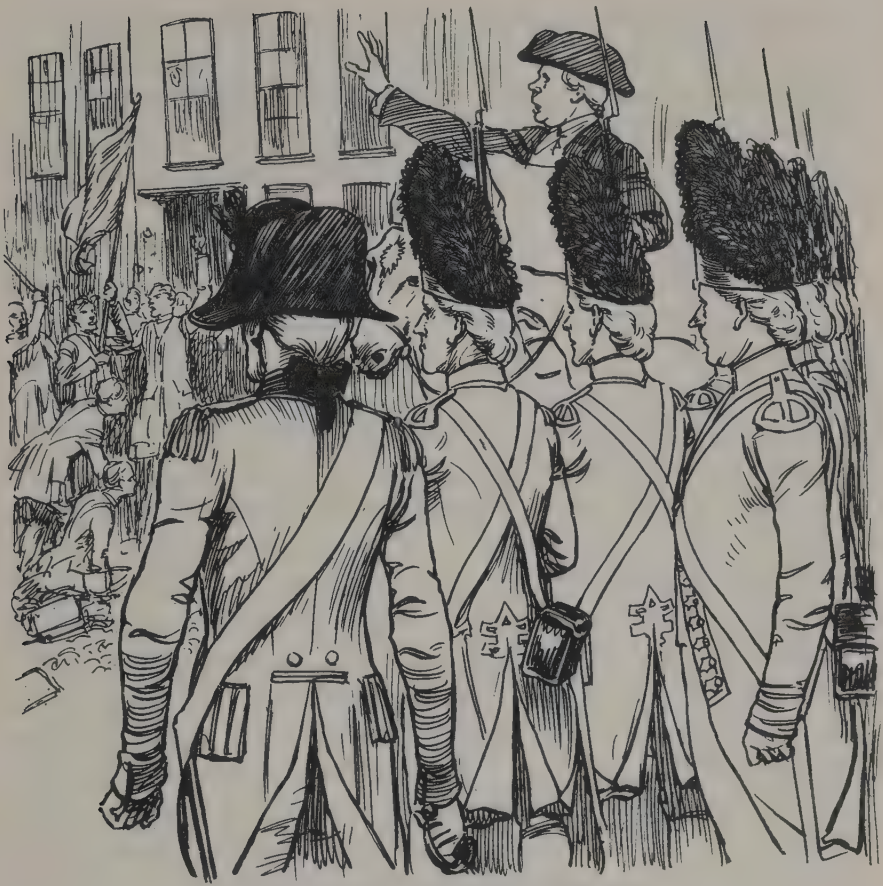
"And my Lord George" said the other gentlemen, addressing him in like manner, "I desire them to hear this, from me—Colonel Gordon—your near relation. If a man among this crowd, whose uproar strikes us deaf, crosses the threshold of the House of Commons, I swear to run my sword that moment—not into his, but into your body!"

With that, they stepped back again, keeping their faces towards the crowd; took each an arm of the misguided nobleman; drew him into the passage, and shut the door; which they directly locked and fastened on the inside.

This was so quickly done, and the demeanour of both gentlemen—who were not young men either—was so gallant and resolute, that the crowd faltered and stared at each other with irresolute and timid looks. Many tried to turn towards the door; some of the faintest-hearted cried they had best go back, and called to those behind to give way; and the panic and confusion were increasing rapidly, when Gashford whispered to Hugh.

"What now?" Hugh roared aloud, turning towards them. "Why go back? Where can you do better than here, boys? One good rush against these doors and one below at the same time will do the business. Rush on, then! As to the door below, let those stand back who are afraid. Let those who are not afraid try who shall be the first to pass it. Here goes! Look out, down there!"

Without the delay of an instant, he threw himself headlong over the bannisters into the lobby below. He had hardly touched the ground when Barnaby was at his side. The chaplain's assistant, and some members who were imploring the people to retire, immediately withdrew; and then with a great shout, both crowds threw themselves against the doors pell-mell, and besieged the House in earnest.



READING THE RIOT ACT TO THE MOB.

At that moment, when a second onset must have brought them into collision with those who stood on the defensive within, in which case great loss of life and bloodshed would inevitably have ensued—the hindmost portion of the crowd gave way, and the rumour spread from mouth to mouth that a messenger had been despatched by water for the military, who were forming in the street. Fearful of sustaining a charge in the narrow passages in which they were so closely wedged together, the throng poured out as impetuously as they had flocked in. As the whole stream turned at once, Barnaby and Hugh went with it: and so, fighting and struggling and trampling on fallen men, and being trampled on in turn themselves, they and the whole mass floated by degrees into the open street, where a large detachment of the Guards, both horse and foot, came hurrying up ; clearing the ground before them so rapidly that the people seemed to melt away as they advanced.

The word of command to halt being given, the soldiers formed across the street ; the rioters, breathless and exhausted with their late exertions, formed likewise, though in a very irregular and disorderly manner. The commanding officer rode hastily into the open space between the two bodies, accompanied by a magistrate and an officer of the House of Commons, for whose accommodation a couple of troopers had hastily dismounted. The Riot Act was read, but not a man stirred.

In the first rank of the insurgents, Barnaby and Hugh stood side by side. Somebody had thrust into Barnaby's hands when he came out into the street his precious flag ; which, now being rolled up and tied round the pole, looked like a giant quarter-staff as he grasped it firmly and stood upon his guard. If ever man believed with his whole heart and soul that he was engaged in a just cause, and that he was bound to stand by his leader to the last, poor Barnaby believed it of himself and Lord George Gordon.

After an ineffectual attempt to make himself heard, the magistrate gave the word and the Horse Guards came riding in among the crowd. But, even then, he galloped here and there, exhorting the people to disperse ; and, although heavy stones were thrown at the men, and some were desperately cut and bruised, they had no orders but to make prisoners of such of the rioters as were the most active, and to drive the people back with the flat of their sabres. As the horses came in among them, the throng gave way at many points, and the Guards, following up their advantage, were rapidly clearing the ground, when two or three of the foremost, who were in a manner cut off from the rest by the people closing round them, made straight towards Barnaby and Hugh, who had no doubt been pointed out as the two men who dropped into the lobby ; laying about them now with some effect, and inflicting on the more turbulent of their opponents a few slight flesh wounds, under the influence of which a man dropped here and there into the arms of his fellows, amid much groaning and confusion.

At the sight of gashed and bloody faces, seen for a moment in the crowd, then hidden by the press around them, Barnaby turned pale and sick. But he stood his ground, and grasping his pole more firmly yet, kept his eye fixed upon the nearest soldier—nodding his head meanwhile, as Hugh, with a scowling visage, whispered in his ear.

The soldier came spurring on, making his horse rear as the people pressed about him, cutting at the hands of those who would have grasped his rein and forced his charger back, and waving to his comrades to follow—and still Barnaby, without retreating an inch, waited for his coming. Some called to him to fly, and some were in the very act of closing round him, to prevent his being taken, when the pole swept into the air above the people's heads, and the man's saddle was empty in an instant.

Then he and Hugh turned and fled, the crowd opening to let them pass, and closing up again so quickly that there was no clue to the course they had taken. Panting for breath, hot, dusty, and exhausted with fatigue, they reached the riverside in safety, and getting into a boat with all despatch were soon out of any immediate danger.

As they glided down the river, they plainly heard the people cheering ; and supposing they might have forced the soldiers to reatreat, lay upon their oars for a few minutes, uncertain whether to return or not. But the crowd passing along Westminster Bridge soon assured them that the populace were dispersing ; and Hugh rightly guessed from this, that they had cheered the magistrate for offering to dismiss the military on condition of their immediate departure to their several homes, and that he and Barnaby were better where they were. He advised therefore, that they should proceed to Blackfriars, and, going ashore at the bridge, make the best of their way to The Boot ; where there was not only good entertainment and safe lodging, but where they would certainly be joined by many of their late companions. Barnaby assenting, they decided on this course of action, and pulled for Blackfriars accordingly.

They landed at a critical time, and fortunately for themselves, at the right moment. For, coming into Fleet Street, they found it in an unusual stir ; and, inquiring the cause, were told that a body of Horse Guards had just galloped past, and that they were escorting some rioters whom they had made prisoners to Newgate for safety. Not at all ill-pleased to have so narrowly escaped the cavalcade, they lost no more time in asking questions, but hurried to The Boot with as much speed as Hugh considered it prudent to make, without appearing singular or attracting an inconvenient share of public notice.

FALL OF THE BASTILLE

From " A Tale of Two Cities "

Charles Dickens

HEADLONG, mad, and dangerous footsteps to force their way into anybody's life, footsteps not easily made clean again if once stained red, these footsteps raged in Saint Antoine afar off in Paris at the beginning of the great revolution.

Saint Antoine had been, that morning, a vast dusky mass of scarecrows heaving to and fro, with frequent gleams of light above the billowy heads, where steel blades and bayonets shone in the sun. A tremendous roar arose from the throat of Saint Antoine, and a forest of naked arms struggled in the air like shrivelled branches of trees in a winter wind: all the fingers convulsively clutching at every weapon or semblance of a weapon that was thrown up from the depths below, no matter how far off.

Who gave them out, whence they last came, where they began, through what agency they crookedly quivered and jerked, scores at a time, over the heads of the crowd, like a kind of lightning, no eye in the throng could have told ; but, muskets were being distributed—so were cartridges, powder, and ball, bars of iron and wood, knives, axes, pikes, every weapon that distracted ingenuity could discover or devise. People who could lay hold of nothing else, set themselves with bleeding hands to force stones and bricks out of their places in walls. Every pulse and heart in Saint Antoine was on high-fever strain and at high-fever heat. Every living creature there held life as no account, and was demented with a passionate readiness to sacrifice it.

As a whirlpool of boiling waters has a centre point, so, all this raging circled round Defarge's wine-shop, and every human drop in the cauldron had a tendency to be sucked towards the vortex where Defarge himself, already begrimed with gunpowder and sweat, issued orders, issued arms, thrust this man back, dragged this man forward, disarmed one to arm another, laboured and strove in the thickest of the uproar.

" Keep near to me, Jacques Three " cried Defarge ; " and do you, Jacques One and Two, separate and put yourselves at the head of as many of these patriots as you can. Where is my wife ? "

" Eh, well ! Here you see me ! " said madame, composed as ever, but not knitting to-day. Madame's resolute right hand was occupied with an axe, in place of the usual softer implements, and in her girdle were a pistol and a cruel knife.

" Where do you go, my wife ? "

" I go " said madame " with you at present. You shall see me at the head of women, by-and-by."

" Come, then ! " cried Defarge, in a resounding voice. " Patriots and friends, we are ready ! The Bastille ! "

With a roar that sounded as if all the breath in France had been shaped into the detested word, the living sea rose, wave on wave, depth on depth, and overflowed the city to that point. Alarm-bells ringing, drums beating, the sea raging and thundering on its new beach, the attack began.

Deep ditches, double drawbridge, massive stone walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire and smoke. Through the fire and through the smoke—in the fire and in the smoke, for the sea cast him up against a cannon, and on the instant he became a cannonier—Defarge of the wine-shop worked like a manful soldier, two fierce hours.

Deep ditch, single drawbridge, massive stone walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire and smoke. One drawbridge down ! " Work, comrades all, work ! Work, Jacques One, Jacques Two, Jacques One Thousand, Jacques Two Thousand, Jacques Five-and-Twenty Thousand ; in the name of all the Angels or the Devils—which you prefer—work ! "

Thus Defarge of the wine-shop, still at his gun, which had long grown hot.

"To me, women!" cried madame his wife. "What! We can kill as well as the men when the place is taken!" And to her, with a shrill thirsty cry, trooping women variously armed, but all armed alike in hunger and revenge.

Cannon, muskets, fire and smoke; but, still the deep ditch, the single drawbridge, the massive stone walls, and the eight great towers. Slight displacements of the raging sea, made by the falling wounded. Flashing weapons, blazing torches, smoking waggon-loads of wet straw, hard work at neighbouring barricades in all directions, shrieks, volleys, execrations, bravery without stint, boom, smash and rattle, and the furious sounding of the living sea; but still the deep ditch, and the single drawbridge, and the massive stone walls, and the eight great towers, and still Defarge of the wine-shop at his gun, grown doubly hot by the service of four fierce hours.

A white flag from within the fortress, and a parley—this dimly perceptible through the raging storm, nothing audible in it—suddenly the sea rose immeasurably wider and higher, and swept Defarge of the wine-shop over the lowered drawbridge, past the massive stone outer walls, in among the eight great towers surrendered!

So resistless was the force of the ocean bearing him on, that even to draw his breath or turn his head was as impracticable as if he had been struggling in the surf at the South Sea, until he was landed in the outer court-yard of the Bastille. There, against an angle of a wall, he made a struggle to look about him. Jacques Three was nearly at his side; Madame Defarge, still heading some of her women, was visible in the inner distance, and her knife was in her hand. Everywhere was tumult, exultation, deafening and maniacal bewilderment, astounding noise, yet furious dumb-show.

"The Prisoners!"

"The Records!"

"The secret cells!"

"The instruments of torture!"

"The Prisoners!"

Of all these cries, and ten thousand incoherencies, "The Prisoners!" was the cry most taken up by the sea that rushed in, as if there were an eternity of people, as well as of time and space. When the foremost billows rolled past, bearing the prison officers with them, and threatening them all with instant death if any secret nook remained undisclosed, Defarge laid his strong hand on the breast of one of these men—a man with a grey head, who had a lighted torch in his hand—separated him from the rest, and got him between himself and the wall.

"Show me the North Tower!" said Defarge. "Quick!"

"I will faithfully" replied the man "if you will come with me. But there is no one there."

"What is the meaning of One Hundred and Five, North Tower?" asked Defarge. "Quick!"

"The meaning, monsieur?"

"Does it mean a captive, or a place of captivity? Or do you mean that I shall strike you dead?"

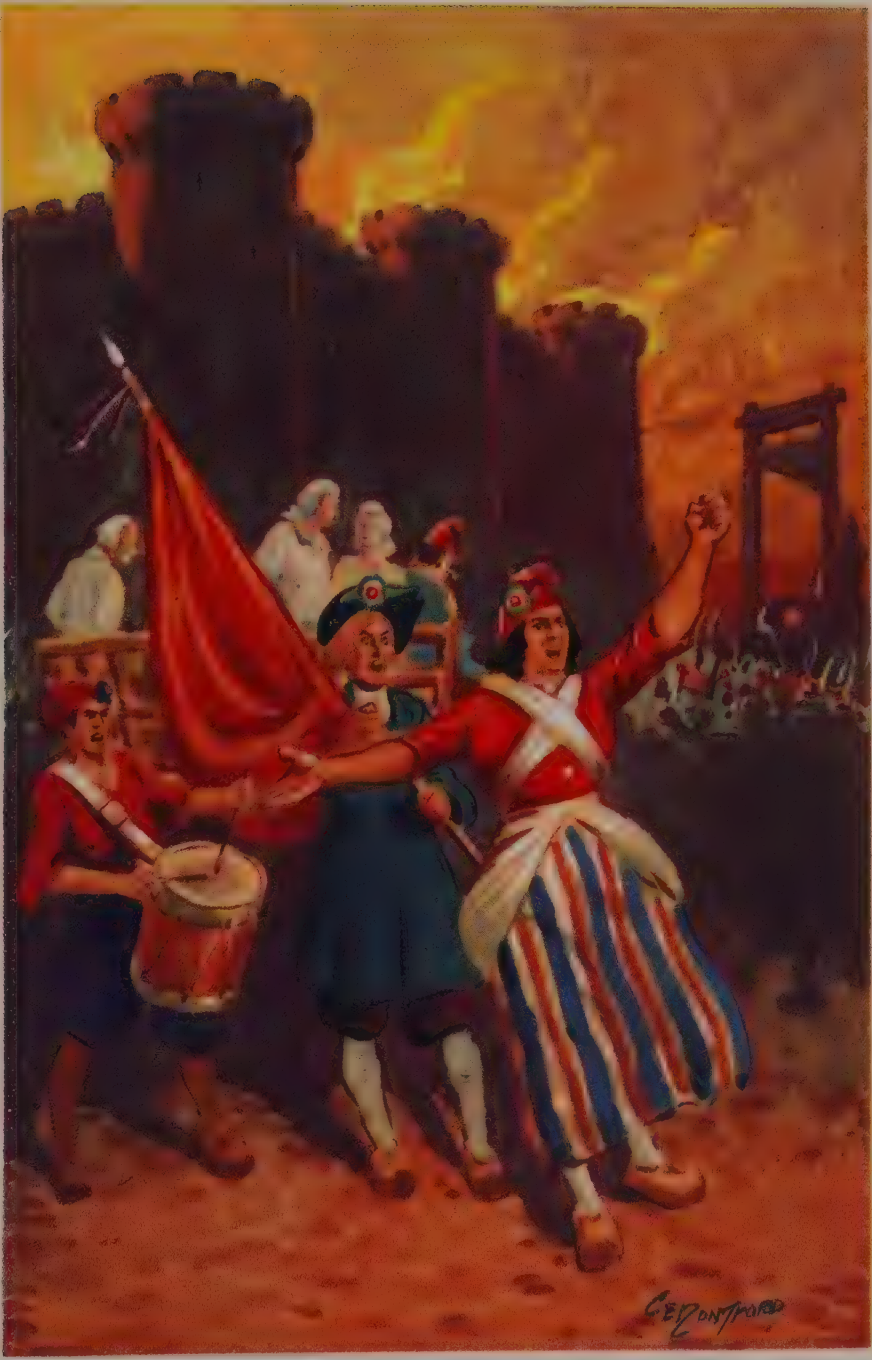
"Kill him!" croaked Jacques Three, who had come close up.

"Monsieur, it is a cell."

"Show it me!"

"Pass this way, then."

Jacques Three, with his usual craving on him, and evidently disappointed by the dialogue taking a turn that did not seem to promise bloodshed, held by Defarge's arm as he held by the turnkey's. Their three heads had been close together during this brief discourse, and it had been as much as they could do to hear one another, even then: so tremendous was the noise of the living ocean, in its irruption into the Fortress, and its inundation of the courts and passages and staircases. All around outside, too, it beat the walls with a deep, hoarse roar, from which, occasionally, some partial shouts of tumult broke and leaped into the air like spray.


C E MONTFORD

THE FALL OF THE BASTILLE

Through gloomy vaults where the light of day had never shone, past hideous doors of dark dens and cages, down cavernous flights of steps, and again up steep rugged ascents of stone brick, more like dry waterfalls than staircases, Defarge, the turnkey, and Jacques Three, linked hand in arm, went with all the speed they could make. Here and there, especially at first, the inundation started on them and swept by; but when they had done descending, and were winding and climbing up a tower, they were alone. Hemmed in here by the massive thickness of walls and arches, the storm within the fortress and without was only audible to them in a dull, subdued way, as if the noise out of which they had come had almost destroyed their sense of hearing.

The turnkey stopped at a low door, put a key in a clashing lock, swung the door slowly open, and said, as they all bent their heads and passed in:

" One hundred and five, North Tower ! "

There was a small, heavily-grated, unglazed window high in the wall, with a stone screen before it, so that the sky could be only seen by stooping low and looking up. There was a small chimney, heavily barred across, a few feet within. There was a heap of old feathery wood-ashes on the hearth. There was a stool, and table, and a straw bed. There were the four blackened walls, and a rusted iron ring in one of them.

" Pass that torch slowly along these walls, that I may see them " said Defarge to the turnkey.

The man obeyed, and Defarge followed the light closely with his eyes.

" Stop !—Look here, Jacques ! "

" A.M. ! " croaked Jacques Three, as he read greedily.

" Alexandre Manette " said Defarge in his ear, following the letters with his swart forefinger, deeply engrained with gunpowder. " And here he wrote ' a poor physician.' And it was he, without doubt, who scratched a calendar on this stone. What is that in your hand ? A crowbar ? Give it me ! "

He had still the linstock of his gun in his own hand. He made a sudden exchange of the two instruments, and turning on the worm-eaten stool and table, beat them to pieces in a few blows.

" Hold the light higher ! " he said, wrathfully, to the turnkey. " Look among those fragments with care, Jacques. And see ! Here is my knife," throwing it to him ; " rip open that bed, and search the straw. Hold the light higher, you ! "

With a menacing look at the turnkey he crawled upon the hearth, and, peering up the chimney, struck and prised at its sides with the crowbar, and worked at the iron grating across it. In a few minutes, some mortar and dust came dropping down, which he averted his face to avoid ; and in it, and in the old wood ashes, and in a crevice in the chimney into which his weapon had slipped or wrought itself, he groped with a cautious touch.

" Nothing in the wood, and nothing in the straw, Jacques?"

" Nothing."

" Let us collect them together, in the middle of the cell. So ! Light them you ! "

The turnkey fired the little pile, which blazed high and hot. Stooping again to come out of the low-arched door, they left it burning, and retraced their way to the court-yard ; seeming to recover their sense of hearing as they came down, until they were in the raging flood once more.

They found it surging and tossing, in quest of Defarge himself. Saint Antoine was clamorous to have its wine-shop keeper foremost in the guard upon the governor who had defended the Bastille and shot the people. Otherwise, the governor would not be marched to the Hotel de Ville for judgment. Otherwise, the governor would escape, and the people's blood (suddenly of some value, after many years of worthlessness) be unavenged.

In the howling universe of passion and contention that seemed to encompass this grim old officer conspicuous in his grey coat and red decoration, there was but one quiet steady figure, and that was a woman's. "See, there is my husband !" she cried, pointing him out. "See Defarge ! " She stood immovable close to the grim old officer, and remained immovable close to him ; remained immovable close to him through the streets, as Defarge and the rest bore him along ; remained immovable close to him when he was got near his destination, and began to be struck at from behind ; remained immovable close to him when the long-gathering rain of stabs and blows fell heavy ; was so close to him when he dropped dead under it, that, suddenly animated, she put her foot upon his neck, and with her cruel knife—long ready—hewed off his head.

The hour was come, when Saint Antoine was to execute his horrible idea of hoisting up men for lamps to show what he could be and do. Saint Antoine's blood was up, and the blood of tyranny and domination by the iron hand was down —down on the steps of the Hotel de Ville where the governor's body lay—down on the sole of the shoe of Madame Defarge where she had trodden on the body to steady it for mutilation. "Lower the lamp yonder ! " cried Saint Antoine, after glaring round for a new means of death ; "here is one of his soldiers to be left on guard ! " The swinging sentinel was posted, and the sea rushed on.

The sea of black and threatening waters, and of destructive upheaving of wave against wave, whose depths were yet unfathomed and whose forces were yet unknown. The remorseless sea of turbulently swaying shapes, voices of vengeance, and faces hardened in the furnaces of suffering until the touch of pity could make no mark on them.

But, in the ocean of faces where every fierce and furious expression was in vivid life, there were two groups of faces—each seven in number—so fixedly contrasting with the rest, that never did sea roll which bore more memorable wrecks with it. Seven faces of prisoners, suddenly released by the storm that had burst their tomb, were carried high overhead: all scared, all lost, all wondering and amazed, as if the Last Day were come, and those who rejoiced around them were lost spirits. Other seven dead faces, whose drooping eyelids and half-seen eyes awaited the Last Day. Impassive faces, yet with a suspended—not an abolished—expression on them; faces, rather, in a fearful pause, as having yet to raise the dropped lids of the eyes, and bear witness with the bloodless lips "THOU DIDST IT!"

Seven prisoners released, seven gory heads on pikes, the keys of the accursed fortress of the eight strong towers, some discovered letters and other memorials of prisoners of old time, long dead of broken hearts—such, and such-like, the loudly echoing footsteps of Saint Antoine escort through the Paris streets in mid-July, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine. Now, Heaven defeat the fancy of Lucie Darnay, and keep those feet far out of her life! For, they are headlong, mad, and dangerous; and in the years so long after the breaking of the cask at Defarge's wine-shop door, they are not easily purified when once stained red.

THE BATTLE OF ST. VINCENT

From " Peter Simple "

Captain Marryat

In this stirring sea-picture of the battle of St. Vincent in 1797, we have the record by an eye-witness of the victory of Nelson and Jervis over the fleets of the French Republicans and their Spanish Allies.

I HAD the first watch that night, when Swinburne, the quarter-master, came up to me, and asked me all the particulars of the affair, for he was not in the boats. " Well " said he, " that Mr. Chucks appeared to be a very good boatswain in his way, if he could only have kept his rattan a little quiet. He was a smart fellow, and knew his duty. We had just such another killed in our ship, in the action off Cape St. Vincent."

" What ! were you in that action ? " replied I.

" Yes, I was, and belonged to the *Captain*, Lord Nelson's ship."

" Well, then, suppose you tell me all about it."

" Why, Mr. Simple, d'ye see, I've no objection to spin a yarn now and then " replied Swinburne ; " but as Mr. Chucks used to say, allow me to observe in the most delicate manner in the world, that I perceive that the man who has charge of your hammock and slings you a clean one now and then, has very often a good glass of grog for his yarns, and I do not see but that mine are as well worth a glass of grog as his."

" So they are, Swinburne, and better too ; and I promise you a good stiff one to-morrow evening."

" That will do, sir ; now then I'll tell you all about it, and more about it too than most can, for I know how the action was brought about."

I hove the log, marked the board, and then sat down abaft on the signal chest with Swinburne, who commenced his narrative as follows.

"You must know, Mr. Simple, that when the English fleet came down the Mediterranean, after the 'vackyation of Corsica, they did not muster more than seventeen sail of the line, while the Spanish fleet, from Ferrol and Carthagena, had joined company at Cadiz, and 'mounted to near thirty. Sir John Jervis had the command of our fleet at the time, but as the Dons did not seem at all inclined to come out and have a brush with us, almost two to one, Sir John left Sir Hyde Parker, with six sail of the line, to watch the Spanish beggars while he went into Lisbon with the remainder of the fleet, to water and refit. Now, you see, Mr. Simple, Portugal was at that time what they calls neutral, that is to say, she didn't meddle at all in the affair, being friends with both parties, and just as willing to supply fresh beef and water to the Spaniards as to the English, if so be the Spaniards had come out to ax for it, which they dar'n't. The Portuguese and the English have always been the best of friends, because we can't get no port wine anywhere else, and they can't get nobody else to buy it of them ; so the Portuguese gave up their arsenal at Lisbon for the use of the English, and there we kept all our stores, under the charge of that old dare-devil, Sir Isaac Coffin. Now it so happened that one of the clerks in old Sir Isaac's office, a Portuguese chap, had been some time before that in the office of the Spanish ambassador ; he was a very smart sort of a chap, and sarved as interpreter, and the old commissioner put great faith in him."

"But how did you learn all this, Swinburne ?"

"Why, I'll tell you, Mr. Simple ; I steered the yawl, as coxswain, and when admirals and captains talk in the stern sheets, they very often forget that the coxswain is close behind them. I only learnt half of it that way, the rest I put together when I compared logs with the admiral's steward, who of course heard a great deal now and then. The first I heard of it was when old Sir John called out to Sir Isaac, after the second bottle, 'I say, Sir Isaac, who killed the Spanish messenger ?' 'Not I' replied Sir Isaac ; 'I only left him for dead' ; and then they both laughed, and so did Nelson, who was sitting with them.

"Well, Mr. Simple, it was reported to Sir Isaac that his clerk was often seen taking memorandums of the different orders given to the fleet, particularly those as to there being no wasteful expenditure of his Majesty's stores. Upon which Sir Isaac goes to the admiral, and requests that the man might be discharged. 'Not so, commissioner—perhaps we may catch them in their own trap.' So the admiral sits down, and calls for pen and ink, and he flourishes out a long letter to the commissioner, stating that all the stores of the fleet were expended, representing as how it would be impossible to go to sea without a supply, and wishing to know when the commissioner expected more transports from England. He also said, that if the Spanish fleet were now to come out from Cadiz, it would be impossible for him to protect Sir H. Parker with his six sail of the line, who was watching the Spanish fleet, as he could not quit the port in his present condition.

"To this letter the commissioner answered, that from the last accounts, he thought that in the course of six weeks or two months they might receive supplies from England, but that sooner than that was impossible. These letters were put in the way of the d——d Portuguese spy clerk, who copied them, and was seen that evening to go into the house of the Spanish ambassador. Sir John then sent a message to Ferro—that's a small town on the Portuguese coast to the southward, with a dispatch to Sir Hyde Parker, desiring him to run away to Cape St. Vincent, and decoy the Spanish fleet there in case they should come out after him.

"Well, Mr. Simple, so far d'ye see the train was well laid. The next thing to do was to watch the Spanish ambassador's house, and see if he sent away any dispatches. Two days after the letters had been taken to him by this rascal of a clerk, the Spanish ambassador sent away two messengers, one for Cadiz and the other for Madrid, which is the town where the king of Spain lives. The one to Cadiz was permitted to go, but the one to Madrid was stopped by the directions of the admiral, and this job was confided to the commissioner, Sir Isaac, who settled it somehow or another; and that was the reason why the admiral called out to him, 'I say, Sir Isaac, who killed the messenger?' They brought back his dispatches, by which they found out that advice had been sent to the Spanish admiral—I forget his name: something like Magazine—informing him of the supposed crippled state of our squadron. Sir John, taking it for granted that the Spaniards would not lose an opportunity of taking six sail of the line—more English ships than they have ever taken in their lives—waited a few days to give them time, and then sailed from Lisbon for Cape St. Vincent, where he joined Sir Hyde Parker, and fell in with the Spaniards sure enough, and a pretty drubbing we gave them. Now, it's not everybody that could tell you all that, Mr. Simple."

"Well, but now for the action, Swinburne."

"Lord bless you, Mr. Simple! it's now past seven bells, and I can't fight the battle of St. Vincent in half an hour; besides which, it's well worth another glass of grog to hear all about that battle."

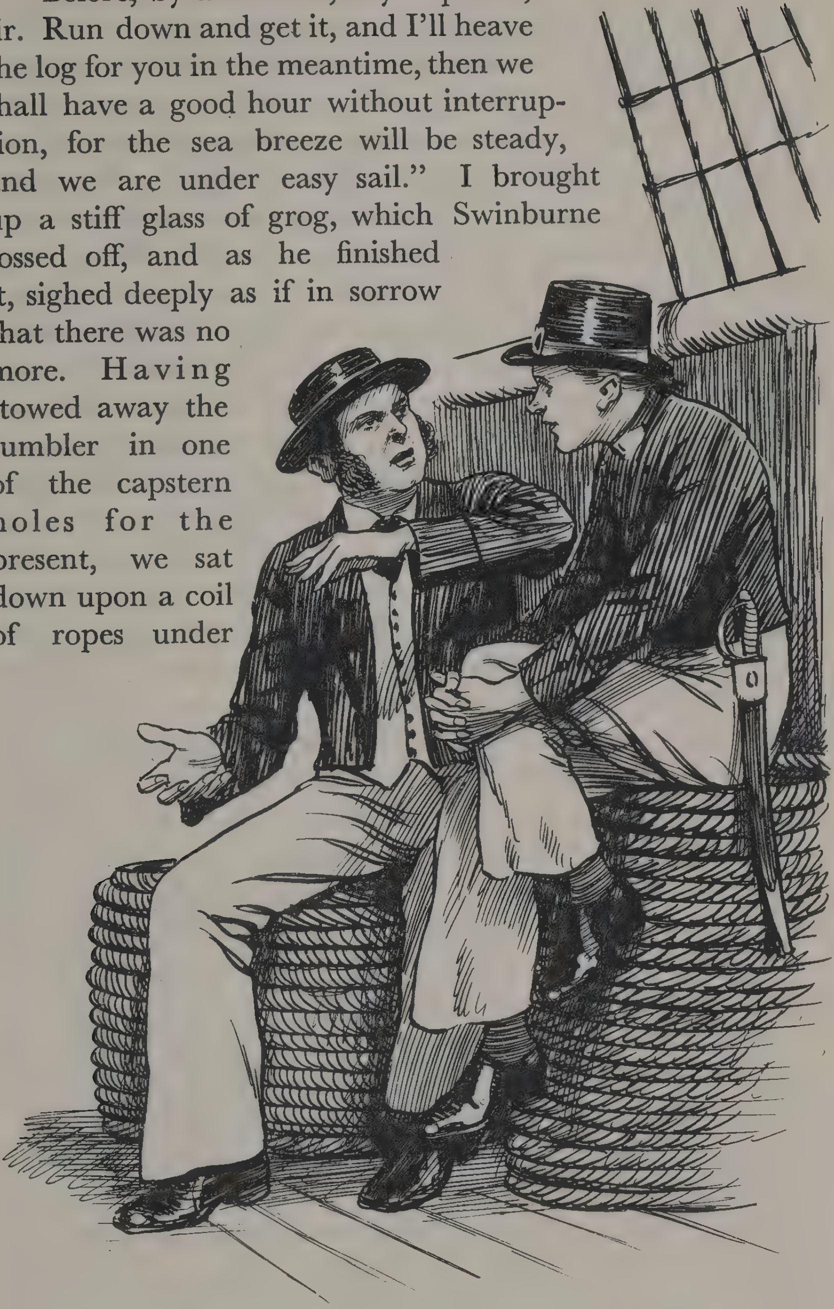
"Well, you shall have one, Swinburne; only don't forget to tell it to me."

Swinburne and I then separated, and in less than an hour afterwards I was dreaming of dispatches—Sir John Jervis—Sir Isaac Coffin—and Spanish messengers.

The second night after this we had the middle watch, and I claimed Swinburne's promise that he would spin his yarn relative to the battle of St. Vincent. "Well, Mr. Simple, so I will; but I require a little priming, or I shall never go off."

"Will you have your glass of grog before or after?"

"Before, by all means, if you please, sir. Run down and get it, and I'll heave the log for you in the meantime, then we shall have a good hour without interruption, for the sea breeze will be steady, and we are under easy sail." I brought up a stiff glass of grog, which Swinburne tossed off, and as he finished it, sighed deeply as if in sorrow that there was no more. Having stowed away the tumbler in one of the capstern holes for the present, we sat down upon a coil of ropes under



SWINBURNE RELATING THE BATTLE OF ST. VINCENT TO MR. SIMPLE.

the weather bulwark, and Swinburne, replacing his quid of tobacco, commenced as follows.

"Well, Mr. Simple, as I told you before, old Jervis started with all his fleet for Cape St. Vincent. We lost one of our fleet—and a three-decker too—the *St. George;* she took the ground, and was obliged to go back to Lisbon ; but we soon afterwards were joined by five sail of the line, sent out from England, so that we mustered fifteen sail in all. We had like to lose another of our mess, for d'ye see, the old *Culloden* and *Colossus* fell foul of each other, and the *Culloden* had the worst on it, but Troubridge, who commanded her, was not a man to shy his work, and ax to go in to refit, when there was a chance of meeting the enemy—so he patched her up somehow or another, and reported himself ready for action the very next day. Ready for action he always was, that's sure enough, but whether his ship was in a fit state to go into action is quite another thing. But as the sailors used to say in joking, he was a 'true bridge' and you might trust to him ; which meant as much as to say that he knew how to take his ship into action, and how to fight her when he was fairly in it. I think it was the next day that Cockburn joined us in the *Minerve*, and he brought Nelson along with him, with the intelligence that the Dons had chased him, and that the whole Spanish fleet was out in pursuit of us. Well, Mr. Simple, you may guess we were not a little happy in the *Captain* when Nelson joined us, as we knew that if we fell in with the Spaniards, our ship would cut a figure—and so she did, sure enough.

"That was on the morning of the 13th, and old Jervis made the signal to prepare for action, and keep close order, which means to have your flying jib-boom in at the starn windows of the ship ahead of you ; and we did keep close order, for a man might have walked right round from one ship to the other, either lee or weather line of the fleet. I shan't forget that night, Mr. Simple, as long as I live and breathe. Every now and then we heard the signal guns of the Spanish fleet booming at a distance, to windward of us, and you may guess how our hearts leaped at the sound, and how we watched with all our ears for the next gun that was fired, trying to make out their bearings and distance, as we assembled in little knots upon the booms and weather-gangway. It was my middle watch, and I was signal man at the time, so of course I had no time to take a caulk if I was inclined. When my watch was over, I could not go down to my hammock, so I kept the morning watch too, as did most of the men on board ; as for Nelson, he walked the deck the whole night, quite in a fever.

"At daylight it was thick and hazy weather, and we could not make them out ; but about five bells, the old *Culloden*, who, if she had broke her nose, had not lost the use of her eyes, made the signal for a part of the Spanish fleet in sight. Old Jervis repeated the signal to prepare for action, but he might have saved the wear and tear of the bunting, for we were all ready, bulk-heads down, screens up, guns shotted, tackles rove, yards slung, powder filled, shot on deck, and fire out—and what's more, Mr. Simple, I'll be d——d if we weren't all willing too.

"About six bells in the forenoon, the fog and haze all cleared away at once, just like the rising of the foresail, that they lower down at the Portsmouth theatre, and discovered the whole of the Spanish fleet. I counted them all. 'How many, Swinburne ?' cries Nelson. 'Twenty-six sail, sir,' answered I. Nelson walked the quarter-deck backwards and forwards, rubbing his hands and laughing to himself, and then he called for his glass, and went to the gangway with Captain Miller. 'Swinburne, keep a good look upon the admiral' says he. 'Ay, ay, sir' says I. Now you see, Mr. Simple, twenty-six sail against fifteen were great odds upon paper ; but we didn't think so, because we know'd the difference between the two fleets. There was our fifteen sail of the line all in apple-pie order, packed up as close as dominoes, and every man on board of them longing to come to the scratch ; while there was their twenty-six, all somehow nohow, two lines here, and no line there, with a great gap of water in the middle of them. For this gap between their ships we all steered, with all the sail we could carry, because, d'ye see, Mr. Simple, by getting them on both sides of us, we had the advantage of fighting both broadsides, which is just as easy as fighting one, and makes shorter work of it. Just as it struck seven bells, Troubridge opened the ball, setting to half a dozen of the Spaniards and making them reel 'Tom Collins, whether or no.' Bang—bang—bang, bang. O Mr. Simple, it's a beautiful sight to see the first guns fired, that are to bring on a general action. 'He's the luckiest dog, that Troubridge' said Nelson, stamping with impatience. Our ships were soon hard at it, hammer and tongs (me eyes, how they did pelt it in !) and old Sir John in the *Victory* smashed the cabin windows of the Spanish admiral with such a raking broadside. Lord-a-mercy, you might have drove a Portsmouth wagon into his starn—the broadside of the *Victory* had made room enough. However, they were soon all smothered up in smoke, and we could not make out how things were going on—but we made a pretty good guess.

"Well, Mr. Simple, as they say at the play, that was act the first, scene the first ; and now we had to make our appearance, and I'll leave you to judge, after I've told my tale, whether the old *Captain* wasn't principal performer, and top sawyer over them all. But stop a moment, I'll just look at the binnacle, for that young topman's nodding at the wheel.—I say, Mr. Smith, are you shutting your eyes to keep them warm, and letting the ship run half a point out of her course ? Take care I don't send for another helmsman, that's all, and give the reason why. You'll make a wry face upon six-water grog, to-morrow, at seven bells."

Swinburne, after this genteel admonition to the man at the wheel, reseated himself, and continued his narrative.

"All this while, Mr. Simple, we in the *Captain* had not fired a gun ; but were ranging up as fast as we could to where the enemy lay in a heap. There were plenty to pick and choose from ; and Nelson looked out sharp for a big one, as little boys do when they have to choose an apple ; and, by the piper that played before Moses ! it was a big one that he ordered the master to put him alongside of. She was a four-decker, called the *Santissima Trinidad.* We had to pass some whoppers, which would have satisfied any reasonable man ; for there was the *San Josef*, and *Salvador del Mondo*, and *San Nicolas* ; but nothing would suit Nelson but this four-decked ship, so we crossed the hawse of about six of them, and as soon as we were abreast of her, and at the word 'Fire !' every gun went off at once, slap into her, and the old *Captain* reeled at the discharge as if she was drunk. I wish you'd only seen how we pitched it into this 'Holy Trinity' ; she was 'holy' enough before we had done with her, riddled like a sieve, several of her ports knocked into one, and every scupper of her running blood and water. Not but what she stood to it as bold as brass, and gave us nearly gun for gun, and made a very pretty general average in our ship's company. Many of the old captains went to kingdom-come in that business, and many more were obliged to bear up for Greenwich Hospital.

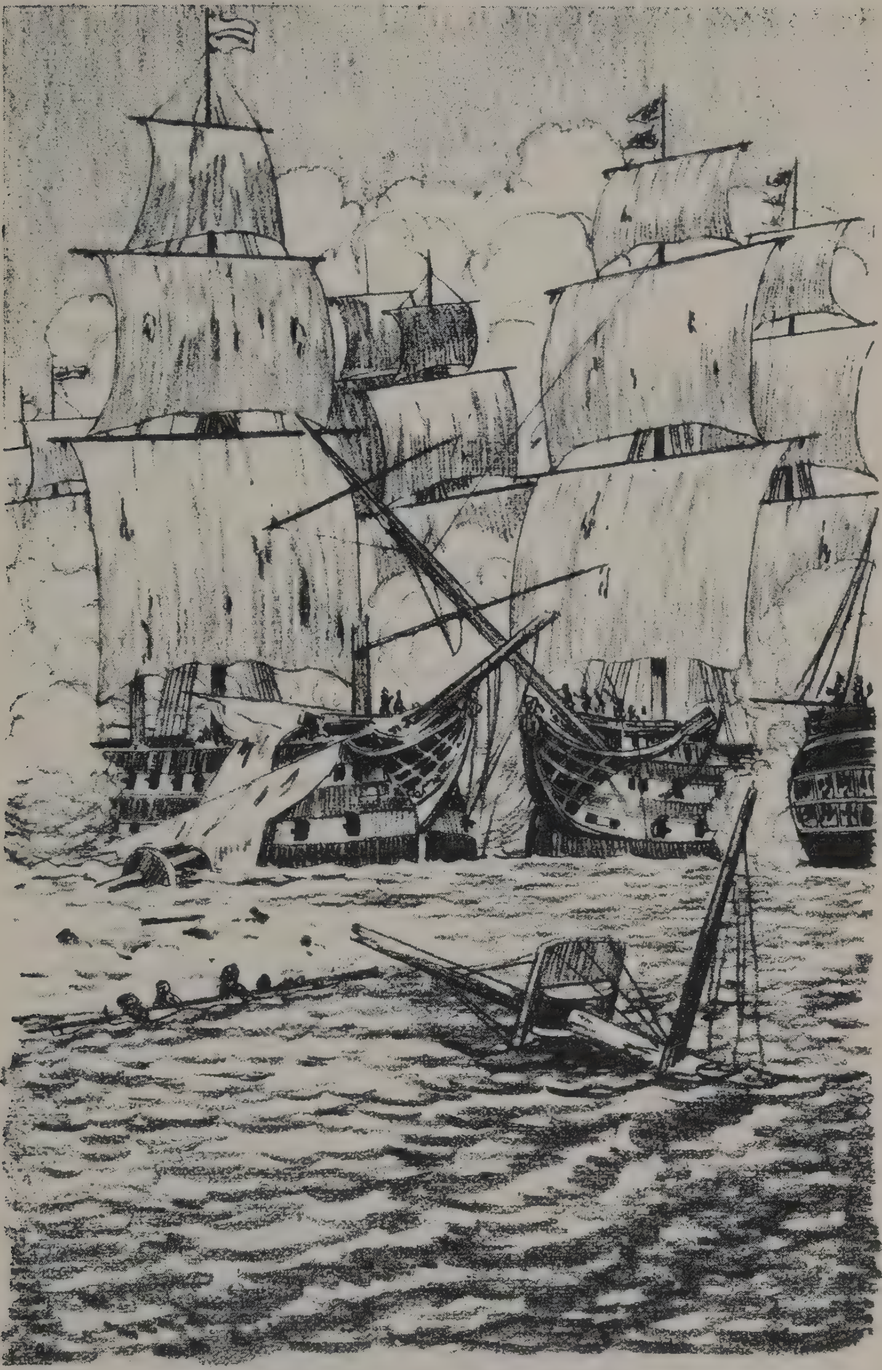
'Fire away, my lads—steady aim !' cries Nelson. 'Jump down there, Mr. Thomas, pass the word to reduce the cartridges, the shot go clean through her. Double shot the guns there, fore and aft.'

" So we were at it for about half an hour, when our guns became so hot from quick firing, that they bounced up to the beams overhead, tearing away their ringbolts, and snapping the breechings like rope yarns. By this time we were almost as much unrigged as if we had been two days paying off in Portsmouth harbour. The four-decker forged ahead, and Troubridge, in the jolly old *Culloden*, came between us and two other Spanish ships who were playing into us. She was as fresh as a daisy, and gave them a dose which quite astonished them. They shook their ears, and fell astern, when the

Blenheim laid hold of them, and mauled them so that they went astern again. But it was out of the frying-pan into the fire ; for the *Orion*, *Prince George*, and one or two others were coming up, and knocked the very guts out of them. Wasn't a four-decker enough for any two-decker without any more coming on us ? and couldn't the beggars have matched themselves like gentlemen ? Well, Mr. Simple, this gave us a minute or two to fetch our breath, let the guns cool, and repair damages, and swab the blood from the decks ; but we lost our four-decker, for we could not get near her again."

"What odd names the Spaniards give to their ships, Swinburne."

"Why, yes they do ; it would almost appear wicked to belabour the *Holy Trinity* as we did. But why they should call a four-decked ship the 'Holy Trinity' seeing as how there's only three of them, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I can't tell. Bill Saunders said that the fourth deck was for the Pope, who was as great a personage as the others ; but I can't understand how that can be. Well, Mr. Simple, as I was head signalman, I was perched on the poop, and didn't serve at a gun. I had to report all I could see, which was not much, the smoke was so thick ; but now and then I could get a peep, as it were, through the holes in the blanket. Of course I was obliged to keep my eye as much as possible upon the admiral, not to make out his signals, for Commodore Nelson wouldn't thank me for that ; I knew he hated a signal when in action, so I never took no notice of the bunting, but just watched to see what he was about. So while we are repairing damages, I'll just tell you what I saw of the rest of the fleet. As soon as old Jervis had done for the Spanish admiral, he hauled his wind on the larboard tack, and, followed by four or five other ships, weathered the Spanish line, and joined Collingwood in the *Excellent*. Then they all dashed through the line : the *Excellent* was the leading ship, and she first took the shine out of the *Salvador del Mondo*, and then left her to be picked up by the other ships, while



"HEARTS OF OAK" AT ST. VINCENT.

she attacked a two-decker, who hauled down her colours—I forget her name just now. As soon as the *Victory* ran alongside of the *Salvador del Mondo*, down went her colours, and ' Excellent ' reasons had she for striking her flag. And now, Mr. Simple, the old *Captain* comes into play again. Having parted company with the four-decker, we had recommenced action with the *San Nicolas*, a Spanish eighty, and while we were hard at it, old Collingwood comes up in the *Excellent*. The *San Nicolas*, knowing that the *Excellent's* broadside would send her to Old Nick, put her helm up to avoid being raked ; in so doing, she fell foul of the *San Josef*, a Spanish three-decker, and we being all cut to pieces, and unmanageable—all of us indeed reeling about like drunken men—Nelson ordered his helm a-starboard, and in a jiffy there we were all three hugging each other, running in one another's guns, smashing our chain plates and poking our yard-arms through each other's canvas.

" ' All hands to board ! ' roared Nelson, leaping on the hammocks, and waving his sword.

" ' Hurrah ! hurrah ! ' echoed through the decks, and up flew the men, like as many angry bees out of a bee-hive. In a moment, pikes, tomahawks, cutlasses, and pistols were seized (for it was quite unexpected, Mr. Simple) and our men poured into the eighty-gun ship, and in two minutes the decks were cleared, and all the Dons pitched below. I joined the boarders, and was on the main deck when Captain Miller came down, and cried out ' On deck again immediately.' Up we went, and what do you think it was for, Mr. Simple ? Why, to board a second time ; for Nelson, having taken the two-decker, swore that he'd have the three-decker as well. So away we went again, clambering up her lofty sides how we could, and dropping down on her decks like hailstones. We all made for the quarter-deck, beat down every Spanish beggar that showed fight, and in five minutes more we had hauled down the colours of two of the finest ships in the Spanish navy. If that wasn't taking the shine out of the

Dons, I should like to know what is. And didn't the old captains cheer and shake hands, as Commodore Nelson stood on the deck of the *San Josef* and received the swords of the Spanish officers! There was enough of them to go right round the capstern, and plenty to spare. Now, Mr. Simple, what do you think of that for a spree?"

"Why, Swinburne, I can only say that I wish I had been there."

"So did every man in the fleet, Mr. Simple, I can tell you."

"But what became of the *Santissima Trinidad*?"

"Upon my word, she behaved one deck better than all the others. She held out against four of our ships for a long while, and then hauled down her colours, and no disgrace to her, considering what a precious hammering she had taken first. But the lee division of the Spanish weather fleet, if I may so call it, consisting of eleven sail of the line, came up to her assistance, and surrounded her, so that they got her off. Our ships were too much cut up to commence a new action, and the admiral made the signal to secure the prizes. The Spanish fleet then did what they should have done before—got into line; and we lost no time in doing the same. But we both had had fighting enough."

"But do you think, Swinburne, that the Spaniards fought well?"

"They'd have fought better, if they'd only have known how. There's no want of courage in the Dons, Mr. Simple, but they did not support each other. Only observe how Troubridge supported us. Lord, Mr. Simple, he was the real fellow, and Nelson knew it well. He was Nelson's right-hand man; but you know there wasn't room for two Nelsons. Their ships engaged held out well, it must be acknowledged, but why weren't they all in their proper berths? Had they kept close order of sailing, and all had fought as well as those who were captured, it would not have been a very easy matter for fifteen ships to gain a victory over twenty-six. That's long odds, even when backed with British seamen."

"Well, how did you separate?"

"Why, the next morning the Spaniards had the weather gage, so they had the option whether to fight or not. At one time they had half a mind, for they bore down to us; upon which we hauled our wind, to show them we were all ready to meet them, and then they thought better of it, and rounded to again. So as they wouldn't fight, and we didn't wish it, we parted company in the night; and two days afterwards we anchored, with our four prizes, in Lagos Bay. So now you have the whole of it, Mr. Simple, and I've talked till I'm quite hoarse. You haven't by chance another drop of the stuff left to clear my throat? It would be quite a charity."

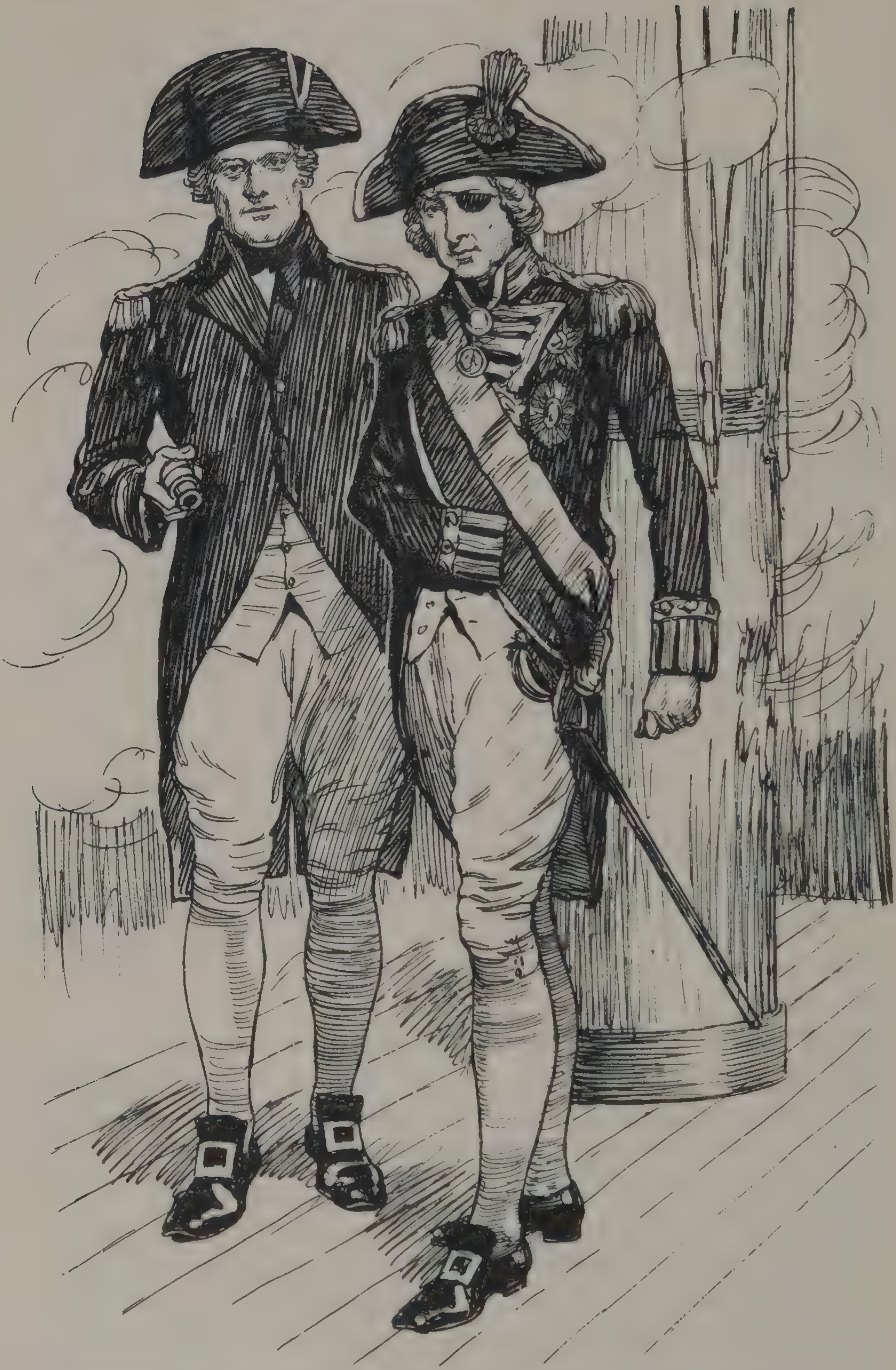
"I think I have, Swinburne; and as you deserve it, I will go and fetch it."

NELSON AT TRAFALGAR

Robert Southey

THE station which Nelson had chosen was some fifty or sixty miles to the west of Cadiz, near Cape St. Mary. At this distance he hoped to decoy the enemy out, while he guarded against the danger of being caught with a westerly wind near Cadiz, and driven within the Straits. The blockade of the port was rigorously enforced, in hopes that the combined fleets might be forced to sea by want. The Danish vessels therefore, which were carrying provisions from the French ports in the bay, under the name of Danish property, to all the little ports from Ayamonte to Algeziras, from whence they were conveyed in coasting boats to Cadiz, were seized. Without this proper exertion of power the blockade would have been rendered nugatory by the advantage thus taken of the neutral flag. The supplies from France were thus effectually cut off. There was now every indication that the enemy would speedily venture out ; officers and men were in the highest spirits at the prospect of giving them a decisive blow—such, indeed, as would put an end to all further contests upon the seas.

On the 9th Nelson sent Collingwood what he called in his diary the ' Nelson touch.' " I send you " said he " my plan of attack, as far as a man dare venture to guess at the very uncertain position the enemy may be found in ; but it is to place you perfectly at ease respecting my intentions, and to give full scope to your judgment for carrying them into effect. We can, my dear Coll, have no little jealousies. We have only one great object in view, that of annihilating our enemies, and getting a glorious peace for our country. No man has



LORD NELSON AND CAPTAIN HARDY ON THE QUARTERDECK OF THE "VICTORY."

more confidence in another than I have in you, and no man will render your services more justice than your very old friend, Nelson and Bronte."

The order of sailing was to be the order of battle—the fleet in two lines, with an advanced squadron of eight of the fastest sailing two-deckers. The second in command, having the entire direction of his line, was to break through the enemy, about the twelfth ship from their rear ; he would lead through the centre, and the advanced squadron was to cut off three or four ahead of the centre. This plan was to be adapted to the strength of the enemy, so that they should always be one-fourth superior to those whom they cut off. Nelson said that "his admirals and captains, knowing his precise object to be that of close and decisive action, would supply any deficiency of signals and act accordingly. In case signals cannot be seen or clearly understood, no captain can do wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy."

About half-past nine in the morning of the 19th the *Mars*, being the nearest to the fleet of the ships which formed the line of communication with the frigates inshore, repeated the signal that the enemy were coming out of port. The wind was at this time very light, with partial breezes, mostly from the S. S. W. Nelson ordered the signal to be made for a chase in the south-east quarter. About two the repeating ships announced that the enemy were at sea. All night the British fleet continued under all sail, steering to the south-east. At daybreak they were in the entrance of the Straits, but the enemy were not in sight. About seven, one of the frigates made signal that the enemy were bearing north. Upon this the *Victory* hove to, and shortly afterwards Nelson made sail again to the northward. In the afternoon the wind blew fresh from the south-west, and the English began to fear that the foe might be forced to return to port.

A little before sunset, however, Blackwood, in the *Euryalus*, telegraphed that they appeared determined to go to the westward. "And that" said the Admiral in his diary, "they shall not do, if it is the power of Nelson and Bronte to prevent them." Nelson had signified to Blackwood that he depended upon him to keep sight of the enemy. They were observed so well that all their motions were made known to him, and as they wore twice, he inferred that they were aiming to keep the port of Cadiz open, and would retreat there as soon as they saw the British fleet ; for this reason he was very careful not to approach near enough to be seen by them during the night. At daybreak the combined fleets were distinctly seen from the *Victory's* deck, formed in a close line of battle ahead, on the starboard tack, about twelve miles to leeward, and standing to the south. Our fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line and four frigates ; theirs of thirty-three and seven large frigates. Their superiority was greater in size and weight of metal than in numbers. They had four thousand troops on board, and the best riflemen that could be procured, many of them Tyrolese, were dispersed through the ships.

Soon after daylight Nelson came upon deck. The 21st of October was a festival in his family, because on that day his uncle, Captain Suckling, in the *Dreadnought*, with two other line-of-battle ships, had beaten off a French squadron of four sail of the line and three frigates. Nelson, with that sort of superstition from which few persons are entirely exempt, had more than once expressed his persuasion that this was to be the day of his battle also, and he was well pleased at seeing his prediction about to be verified. The wind was now from the west—light breezes, with a long heavy swell. Signal was made to bear down upon the enemy in two lines, and the fleet set all sail. Collingwood, in the *Royal Sovereign*, led the lee line of thirteen ships ; the *Victory* led the weather line of fourteen. Having seen that all was as it should be, Nelson retired to his cabin, and wrote the following prayer—

"May the great God whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory, and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it, and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet! For myself individually, I commit my life to Him that made me, and may His blessing alight on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully! To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen, Amen, Amen."

Blackwood went on board the *Victory* about six. He found him in good spirits, but very calm; not in that exhilaration which he felt upon entering battle at Aboukir and Copenhagen; he knew that his own life would be particularly aimed at, and seems to have looked for death with almost as sure an expectation as for victory. His whole attention was fixed upon the enemy. They tacked to the northward, and formed their line on the larboard tack; thus bringing the shoals of Trafalgar and St. Pedro under the lee of the British, and keeping the port of Cadiz open for themselves. This was judiciously done; and Nelson, aware of all the advantages which he gave them, made signal to prepare to anchor.

Villeneuve was a skilful seaman, worthy of serving a better master and a better cause. His plan of defence was as well conceived and as original as the plan of attack. He formed the fleet in a double line, every alternate ship being about a cable's length to windward of her second ahead and astern. Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood what he should consider as a victory. That officer answered that, considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured. He replied "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty." Soon afterwards he asked him if he did not think there was a signal wanting. Captain Blackwood made answer that he thought the whole fleet seemed clearly to understand what they were about. These words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made which will be remembered as long as the language or even the memory of England shall endure—" ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY!" It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed and the feeling which it expressed. " Now " said Lord Nelson, " I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

He wore that day, as usual, his admiral's frock-coat, bearing on the left breast four stars of the different orders with which he was invested. Ornaments which rendered him so conspicuous a mark for the enemy were beheld with ominous apprehension by his officers. It was known that there were riflemen on board the French ships, and it could not be doubted but that his life would be particularly aimed at. They communicated their fears to each other, and the surgeon, Mr. Beatty, spoke to the chaplain, Dr. Scott, and to Mr. Scott, the public secretary, desiring that some person would entreat him to change his dress or cover the stars; but they knew that such a request would highly displease him. " In honour I gained them " he had said when such a thing had been hinted to him formerly " and in honour I will die with them." Mr. Beatty, however, would not have been deterred by any fear of exciting his displeasure from speaking to him himself upon a subject in which the weal of England, as well as the life of Nelson, was concerned; but he was ordered from the deck before he could find an opportunity. This was a point upon which Nelson's officers knew that it was hopeless to remonstrate or reason with him; but both Blackwood and his own captain, Hardy, represented to him how advantageous to the fleet it would be for him to keep out of action as long as possible, and he consented at last to let the *Leviathan* and the *Temeraire*, which were sailing abreast of the *Victory*, be ordered to pass ahead.

Yet even here the last infirmity of this noble mind was indulged, for these ships could not pass ahead if the *Victory* continued to carry all her sail; and so far was Nelson from shortening sail, that it was evident he took pleasure in pressing on, and rendering it impossible for them to obey his own orders. A long swell was setting into the Bay of Cadiz. Our ships, crowding all sail, moved majestically before it, with light winds from the south-west. The sun shone on the sails of the enemy, but their well-formed line, with their numerous three-deckers, made an appearance which any other assailants would have thought formidable, but the British sailors only admired the beauty and the splendour of the spectacle, and in full confidence of winning what they saw, remarked to each other what a fine sight yonder ships would make at Spithead!

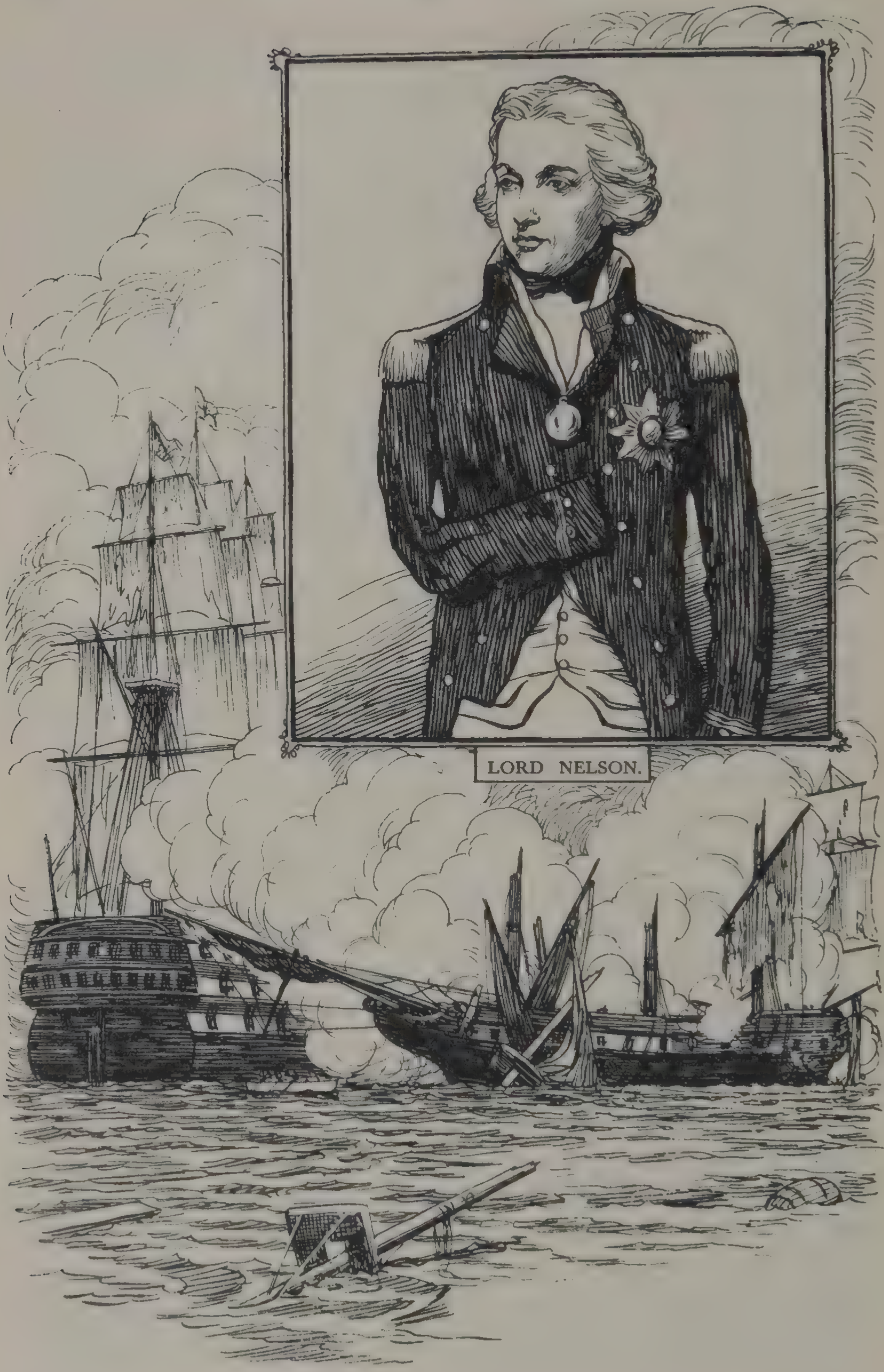
The French admiral, from the *Bucentaure*, beheld the new manner in which his enemy was advancing—Nelson and Collingwood, each leading his line; and pointing them out to his officers, he is said to have exclaimed that such conduct could not fail to be successful. Yet Villeneuve had made his own dispositions with the utmost skill, and the fleets under his command waited for the attack with perfect coolness. Ten minutes before twelve they opened their fire. Eight or nine of the ships immediately ahead of the *Victory*, and across her bows, fired single guns at her to ascertain whether she was yet within their range. As soon as Nelson perceived that their shot passed over him, he desired Blackwood and Captain Prowse, of the *Sirius*, to repair to their respective frigates, and on their way to tell all the captains of the line-of-battle ships that he depended on their exertions, and that, if by the prescribed mode of attack they found it impracticable to get into action immediately, they might adopt whatever they thought best, provided it led them quickly and closely alongside an enemy. As they were standing on the poop, Blackwood took him by the hand, saying he hoped soon to return and find him in possession of twenty prizes. He replied "God bless you, Blackwood; I shall never see you again."

Nelson's column was steered about two points more to the north than Collingwood's, in order to cut off the enemy's escape into Cadiz. The lee line, therefore, was first engaged. "See" cried Nelson, pointing to the *Royal Sovereign*, as she steered right for the centre of the enemy's line, cut through it astern of the *Santa Anna*, three-decker, and engaged her at the muzzle of her guns on the starboard side; "see how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action!" Collingwood, delighted at being first in the heat of the fire, and knowing the feelings of his commander and old friend, turned to his captain and exclaimed "Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here!" Both these brave officers, perhaps, at this moment thought of Nelson with gratitude for a circumstance which had occurred on the preceding day. Admiral Collingwood, with some of the captains, having gone on board the *Victory* to receive instructions, Nelson inquired of him where his captain was, and was told in reply that they were not upon good terms with each other. "Terms!" said Nelson; "good terms with each other!" Immediately he sent a boat for Captain Rotherham, led him, so soon as he arrived, to Collingwood, and saying "Look, yonder are the enemy!" bade them shake hands like Englishmen.

The enemy continued to fire a gun at a time at the *Victory* till they saw that a shot had passed through her main-topgallant sail; then they opened their broadsides, aiming chiefly at her rigging, in the hope of disabling her before she could close with them. Nelson as usual had hoisted several flags, lest one should be shot away. The enemy showed no colours till late in the action, when they began to feel the necessity of having them to strike. For this reason the *Santissima Trinidad*, Nelson's old acquaintance, as he used to call her, was distinguishable only by her four decks, and to the bow of this opponent he ordered the *Victory* to be steered. Meantime an incessant raking fire was kept up upon the *Victory*. The Admiral's secretary was one of the first who fell; he was killed by a cannon shot while conversing with Hardy. Captain Adair, of the marines, with the help of a sailor, endeavoured to remove the body from Nelson's sight, who had a great regard for Mr. Scott, but he anxiously asked " Is that poor Scott that's gone ? " and being informed that it was indeed so, exclaimed " Poor fellow ! "

Presently a double-headed shot struck a party of marines who were drawn up on the poop, and killed eight of them, upon which Nelson immediately desired Captain Adair to disperse the men round the ship, that they might not suffer so much from being together. A few minutes afterwards a shot struck the fore-brace bits on the quarter-deck, and passed between Nelson and Hardy, a splinter from the bit tearing off Hardy's buckle and bruising his foot. Both stopped, and looked anxiously at each other : each supposed the other to be wounded. Nelson then smiled, and said " This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long."

The *Victory* had not yet returned a single gun ; fifty of her men had by this time been killed or wounded, and her main-topmast, with all her studding sails and their booms, shot away. Nelson declared that in all his battles he had seen nothing which surpassed the cool courage of his crew on this occasion. At four minutes after twelve she opened her fire from both sides of her deck. It was not possible to break the enemy's lines without running on board one of their ships ; Hardy informed him of this, and asked him which he would prefer. Nelson replied " Take your choice, Hardy ; it does not signify much." The master was ordered to put the helm to port, and the *Victory* ran on board the *Redoubtable* just as her tiller-ropes were shot away. The French ship received her with a broadside, then instantly let down her lower-deck ports for fear of being boarded through them, and never afterwards fired a great gun during the action. Her tops, like those of all the enemy's ships, were filled with riflemen. Nelson never placed musketry in his tops ; he had a strong dislike to the practice, not merely because it endangers setting fire to the sails, but also because it is a murderous sort of warfare, by which individuals may suffer and a



LORD NELSON.

commander now and then be picked off, but which never can decide the fate of a general engagement.

Captain Harvey, in the *Temeraire*, fell on board the *Redoubtable* on the side ; another enemy was in like manner on board the *Temeraire* ; so that these four ships formed as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads all lying the same way. The lieutenants of the *Victory* seeing this, depressed their guns of the middle and lower decks, and fired with a diminished charge, lest the shot should pass through and injure the *Temeraire* ; and because there was danger that the *Redoubtable* might take fire from the lower deck guns, the muzzles of which touched her side when they were run out, the fireman of each gun stood ready with a bucket of water, which, as soon as the gun was discharged, he dashed into the hole made by the shot. An incessant fire was kept up from the *Victory* from both sides, her larboard guns playing upon the *Bucentaure* and the huge *Santissima Trinidad*.

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet should be distinguished by humanity in the victory he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent ; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen-top, which in the then situation of the two vessels was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. " They have done for me at last, Hardy ! " said he. " I hope not ! " cried Hardy. " Yes " he replied, " my backbone is shot through ! "

Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presencc of mind, he observed as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller-ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately. Then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England perhaps would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back and the gush of blood he felt momently within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful, " for " said he " you can do nothing for me."

All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurrahed, and at every hurrah a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy, and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried, " Will no one bring Hardy to me ? He must be killed ! He is surely dead ! "

An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence ; Hardy in vain struggling to express the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. " Well, Hardy " said Nelson, " how goes the day with us ? " " Very well " replied Hardy ; " ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."

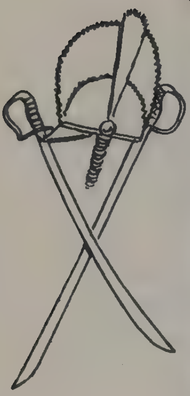
" I hope " said Nelson, " none of our ships have struck."

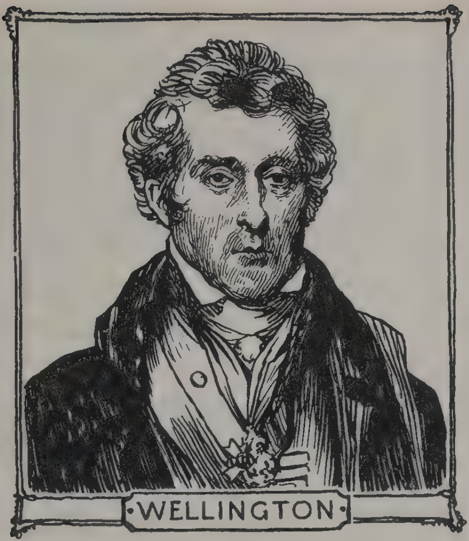
Hardy answered " There is no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. " I am a dead man, Hardy " said he ; " I am going fast ; it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me." Hardy observed that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. " Oh, no ! " he replied " it is impossible ; my back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Captain Hardy then once more shook hands with him, and with a heart almost bursting hastened upon deck.

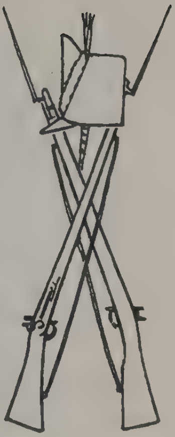
By this time all feeling below the breast was gone ; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him " You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast "—putting his hand on his left side—" which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied " So great that he wished he was dead." " Yet " said he in a lower voice " one would like to live a little longer too ! " Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned, and again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly ; but fourteen or fifteen at least. " That's well ! " cried Nelson ; " but I bargained for twenty." And then in a stronger voice he said " Anchor, Hardy, anchor." Hardy upon this hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. " Not while I live, Hardy " said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed ; " do you anchor."

His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice " Don't throw me overboard" ; and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then turning to Hardy "Kiss me, Hardy" said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek, and Nelson said "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty!" Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said "I wish I had not left the deck, for I shall soon be gone." Death was indeed rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain "Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner." His articulation now became difficult, but he was distinctly heard to say "Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he repeatedly pronounced. And they were the last words that he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four, three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.







WATERLOO

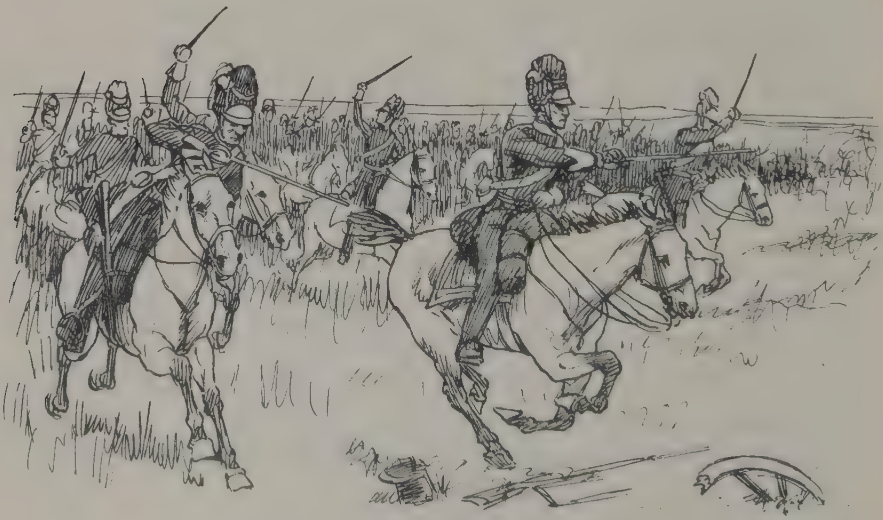
Lord Byron

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell ;
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

Did ye not hear it ?—No ; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
Arm ! Arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar !

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear ;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell ;
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated ; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise !



And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—'The foe! they come! they come!'

And wild and high the 'Cameron's gathering' rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope shall moulder cold and low.

THE MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS

ON the night of May 10, 1941, the German bombers made a heavy raid on London, and the House of Commons was destroyed. This achievement produced an unholy glee among the Nazis, for the House of Commons stood for just those things which they most hated: free speech; and government by sensible argument and discussion, followed by a free vote.

The destruction of the building caused no dismay among the British people. They realised that the principles for which it stood would continue just the same. But it did upset the actual Members. Like so many of their constituents they were now homeless, and although the Lords kindly moved to a smaller Chamber, and allowed them to use the House of Lords, they could not feel at home there. The atmosphere was wrong, and the richly ornamented building did not fit in with the ancient traditions and procedure of the Commons.

At the first convenient moment Mr. Churchill moved that the House of Commons be rebuilt, with " such alterations as may be considered desirable while preserving all its essential features." " We shape our buildings " he said " and afterwards our buildings shape us." And since he was proud of the history which had been shaped in the old House of Commons he was particularly insistent that its two chief characteristics should be retained in the new.

The first of these was the oblong shape. He had no use for the semi-circular assembly which allows any man, or any group, to drift quietly and unostentatiously to the right or the left " according as the weather changes." He preferred the oblong shape with its downright insistence on a man belonging to one party or the other, and to being either for or against the government. In such a room any pronounced change of views could only find expression by a dramatic crossing of the floor—a " difficult process " which required serious consideration, but one which he had accomplished " not only once but twice."

The second characteristic of the old House was that it should not be big enough to contain all its members at once without overcrowding. The actual debating chamber was indeed only seventy-five feet long by forty-five wide, giving seats to some 360 members in the leather-covered benches on the floor of the House. This was ample room for the ordinary occasion. When more than that number of members were present they over-flowed into the side galleries, where they could hear quite well all that was said, but where they had practically no chance at all of " catching the Speaker's eye ", and taking any part in the debate. This small size was an advantage ; it not only meant that the ordinary session was carried on in an atmosphere of busy, conversational comfort instead of under the depressing dullness of rows of empty seats, but also that the importance of the big occasion, when it did arrive, was emphasized by the " sense of crowd and urgency."

The Dominion parliaments, as Mr. Churchill pointed out, have followed the example of the British parliament in many ways, even to the extent of copying the Chair in which the Speaker sits. The Chair in Westminster, designed by Pugin, perished in the " blitz ", but there was an exact replica in Australia in the Commonwealth House of Representatives, and a copy of this copy was made by Australian craftsmen to present to the new House of Commons in London.

The first elected English parliament met in 1265, summoned by the rebel Simon de Montfort. There had been national assemblies before this date, such as the Witan of the Saxon kings, and the Curia Regis of the Normans, and to some of these latter, in Henry III's reign, came two or more Knights, elected by the Shire Courts to represent their county. Simon, however, after his temporarily successful revolution, summoned not only the knights of the shires, but two burgesses from each chartered borough as well. His example was followed by Edward I, and thus the precedent of an elected assembly was securely established.

Gradually the powers of this assembly increased, and as the work became heavier and more important so did it become more necessary that certain rules of procedure should be followed. These developed gradually to meet the changing circumstances of the centuries until now there is a code of rules and a body of traditions which the new member infringes at his peril.

A broad aisle runs up the middle of the Chamber. At the end is the clerks' table, on which rests the mace, the symbol of the Commons' authority. Behind and above this table sits the Speaker. The front bench on his right hand is called the Treasury bench. It is reserved for Cabinet ministers, while the bench opposite it, on the Speaker's left, is occupied by leaders of the opposition. Staunch supporters of the government or the opposition sit behind their respective leaders. Members who are not anxious to be too closely identified with either party sit below a gangway which crosses the floor at right angles to the aisle.

Parliament is elected for five years. Usually it is dissolved before the fifth year, and only in a time of grave national emergency can it prolong its life beyond this span. It holds one session each year, usually beginning early in February, and ending shortly before Christmas, with holidays at Easter, Whitsuntide, and in August. The close of the session puts an end to all unfinished business. Bills which have not passed through all their stages must be dropped. An exception is made, however, for "private bills"—not to be confused with "private members' bills." A private bill empowers some corporate body such as a railway company or a local authority to provide some public service—transport, gas, water, or the like—and its passage through parliament is an expensive proceeding, especially if there is any opposition. If such a private bill cannot be taken through all its stages in the one session, an order is made that it be taken up again at the beginning of the next session from the point already reached. The Commons always plan to do more work than can be completed in the time at their disposal, and every year, about Whitsuntide, the government announces which bills will have to be sacrificed.

The House of Commons has been aptiy called "the talking shop." Its function is not so much to make laws as to discuss, from every possible angle, the new laws which the Cabinet thinks desirable and practicable. It is true that members have the right to introduce their own private bills, but only a very small fraction of the time is allotted to this. Members ballot for the privilege of introducing their private bills, and only the fortunate few who come first out of the hat have any hope of seeing their measures discussed. From the opening of the session until Easter the late evenings of Tuesday and Wednesday (after about 8.15 p.m.) and the brief Friday afternoon sitting are devoted to private members' business, but between Easter and Whitsuntide the Tuesday evening sitting is taken by the government programme, and after Whitsuntide the whole of the time, except the third and fourth Fridays following is thus commandeered. This is all to the good. It means that most of the time is devoted to matters of general public welfare instead of being frittered away by cranks, or by log-rolling sectional interests.

From Monday to Thursday the Commons meet at 2.30* and sit until 11.30 p.m. On Fridays they meet at 11 a.m. and sit until 4.30. The last half-hour of each sitting must be devoted to unopposed business unless a minister gives notice, at the beginning of the sitting, that he wants the debate on some bill to continue beyond the usual hour. This is often necessary towards the close of the session to complete the government's programme of work.

Although the sitting is continuous between the above-mentioned hours there is always a break about 8 p.m.

*All times were altered during the war.

Formerly the House adjourned for dinner. Now there is only a change in the work.

Let us see what happens on a typical day. After the Speaker has taken the chair some routine business first calls for attention. Private bills are dealt with, unopposed ones first. If an opposed private bill is still being discussed at 3 p.m. it is then postponed until after the evening break on some specified day.

Public petitions are next presented, usually by being dropped silently into a bag behind the Speaker's chair. No debate is held on them. They are dealt with by the committee of public petitions. This business must also be finished by 3 p.m.

At this hour " Question Time " begins, and the House wakes up. Any member may ask a question, but it must be addressed to the appropriate Cabinet Minister, who must be given notice of the member's intention so that a reply can be prepared. Some of the questions are inspired by a genuine desire for knowledge, but more often they are meant to draw public attention to the shortcomings, real or imaginary, of the Minister to whom they are addressed, or to the working of his department. Question time, as Lord Wedgewood said, is " the grand inquest on the bureaucracy, the main chance for democracy to keep officials in check." If a member is not satisfied with the answer to his question he can rise at the end of Question Time and move that the House adjourn " for the purpose of discussing a definite matter of urgent public importance." And if forty members support his proposal the matter comes up for debate after the evening break.

Meanwhile the House passes on to any other non-controversial business and then to the main work of the sitting, the debate on the bill or resolution mentioned in the programme for the day. This goes on until the break, after which there may be a possible motion for the adjournment, as mentioned above, followed by any postponed private business, which will give most of the members a rest. Then the House settles down again to the bill under discussion, or to some other motion.

Tuesday and Wednesday evenings in the early part of the session are devoted to "notices of motion," or resolutions. These take widely different forms, but even if a resolution is adopted it does not come into force. Unless it is a direct criticism of some government policy it is regarded as a mere aspiration or hope, and it does not lead to any action being taken. The practice allows questions which cut across party distinctions to be debated, and gives the back-benchers a chance of "catching the Speaker's eye." The right to propose a notice of motion is ballotted for.

Now let us see what happens to a bill in its passage through Parliament. The first reading is purely formal. The Member or Minister appears with his bill at the bar of the House, the Speaker calls him by name, and he delivers the bill to the clerk of the House who reads the title aloud. The Speaker moves "that the bill be now read a first time." This is passed without a debate, and an order is made that the bill be printed and read a second time on a given date. The bill thus takes its place among the "orders of the day", the official programme of the House.

On the motion that it be read a second time the House discusses the general principle of the bill, without bothering about the details. This debate is usually brief, though it may be stormy, and its purpose is to decide whether or not the bill is worthy of close attention. If the motion is passed, the bill next reaches the committee stage. Highly technical bills are dealt with by a standing committee of some sixty members claiming special knowledge of the problems involved, but more often a bill comes before a committee of the whole House.

When the House turns itself into a committee the Speaker leaves the chair, the mace is put under the table, and the Chairman of Committees takes charge. Apart from this the change is purely formal except for one important point. Only in committee may a Member speak more than once in a debate on any question.

In this committee stage the bill is discussed clause by clause, and amendments may be made to any part of it. This is the time when all the hard work is done on the bill, and if it is of major importance many days or even weeks will be needed to complete the debates. As may be imagined there are often far more Members longing to speak than the House wants to hear. The opposition, too, will often try to impede the progress of a bill by moving endless amendments. The House must therefore have some means of protecting itself against the flood of oratory, and any member can now, with the Speaker's consent, move the closure of a debate. But he must have a majority of one hundred votes to carry his motion.

When the committee stage is finished an order is made for the consideration of the bill, as amended in committee, on a given day. This is called the "report" stage, and the Speaker is again in the chair. If the bill is passed, a motion is made "that the bill be read a third time." Once again this is a matter of form, and on the motion being carried an order is made that the Clerk of the House "carry the bill to the Lords and desire their concurrence."

The procedure is very similar in the House of Lords. If the bill is accepted there without amendment it is ready for the royal assent. If the Lords make some amendments these have to be considered by the Commons. If the Commons accept them, all well and good. If not, a committee will draw up a statement showing the reasons for their refusal, and send this to the Lords. Usually some compromise can be reached. The Lords can only delay the passing of a bill. An ordinary bill becomes law whatever the Lords may say if it is passed by the Commons in three successive sessions. A money bill, such as the budget, cannot be delayed by the Lords for more than one month.

Finally there is one more way in which the Commons can serve the public, and keep a watchful eye on the administration. Twenty days in each session are devoted to debates on " supply." On these days the policy and administration of each of the Ministries—Treasury, War Office, Foreign Office, Education, and so on comes up in turn for discussion and criticism. A member of the Opposition will move that the amount of money allocated to the work of one of these ministries in the national budget be reduced by £100. This motion serves as the pretext for any critical remarks the members may have to make, and in this way full publicity is given to any grievances, real or imaginary. Parliament may be a " talking shop " but it is the guardian of our rights and liberties.

THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR

OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR

WHEN the first Great War of 1914-18 came to a close, the people of Britain were united in wanting to pay their tribute of homage and gratitude to those men who had given their lives in the cause of freedom. They realised, more keenly than ever before, that victory had not been won by the genius of the generals or admirals alone, but by the efforts of every soldier, sailor, and airman who had done his duty.

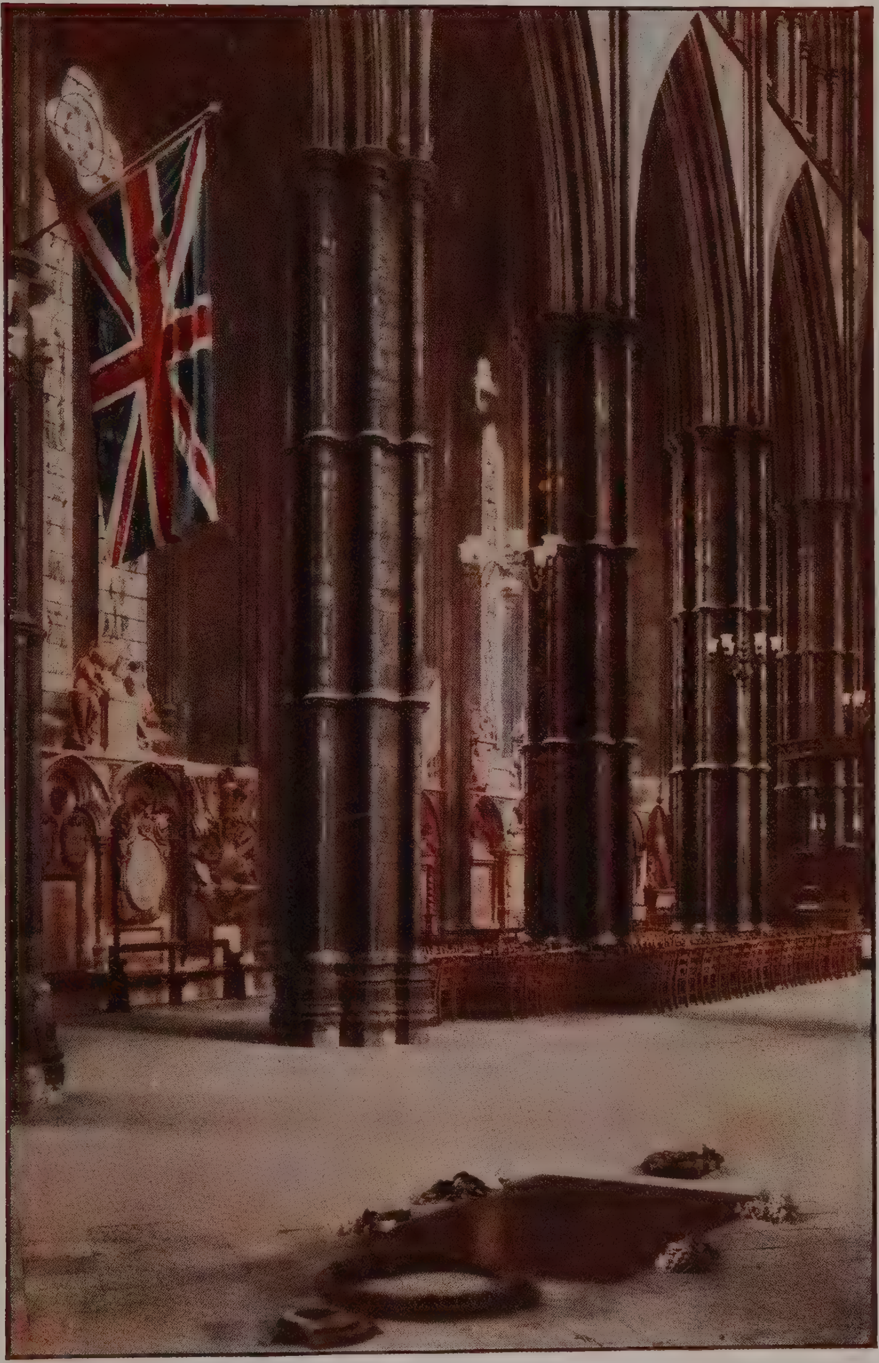
It was impossible to pay the highest honour to all the hundreds of thousands who had been killed, so it was decided to pay this tribute to one anonymous soldier who would represent

> " all those hearts which proudly bled
> To make this rose of England red."

The bodies of five unknown soldiers were taken from five different parts of the battle front, and one of these was chosen. Thus no one knows, and no one will ever know, the identity of the Unknown Warrior.

The body was brought with all due honour and reverence to London. On November 11th, 1920, it rested before the Cenotaph while the Archbishop of Canterbury conducted a short service. King George V unveiled the Cenotaph, and the Two Minutes' Silence followed.

A procession was then formed, with the King as Chief Mourner, and the body was taken to Westminster Abbey and buried in soil brought from the battlefields of France. Thus the Unknown Warrior rests among the greatest of Britain's sons.



THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR'S GRAVE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, LONDON.

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